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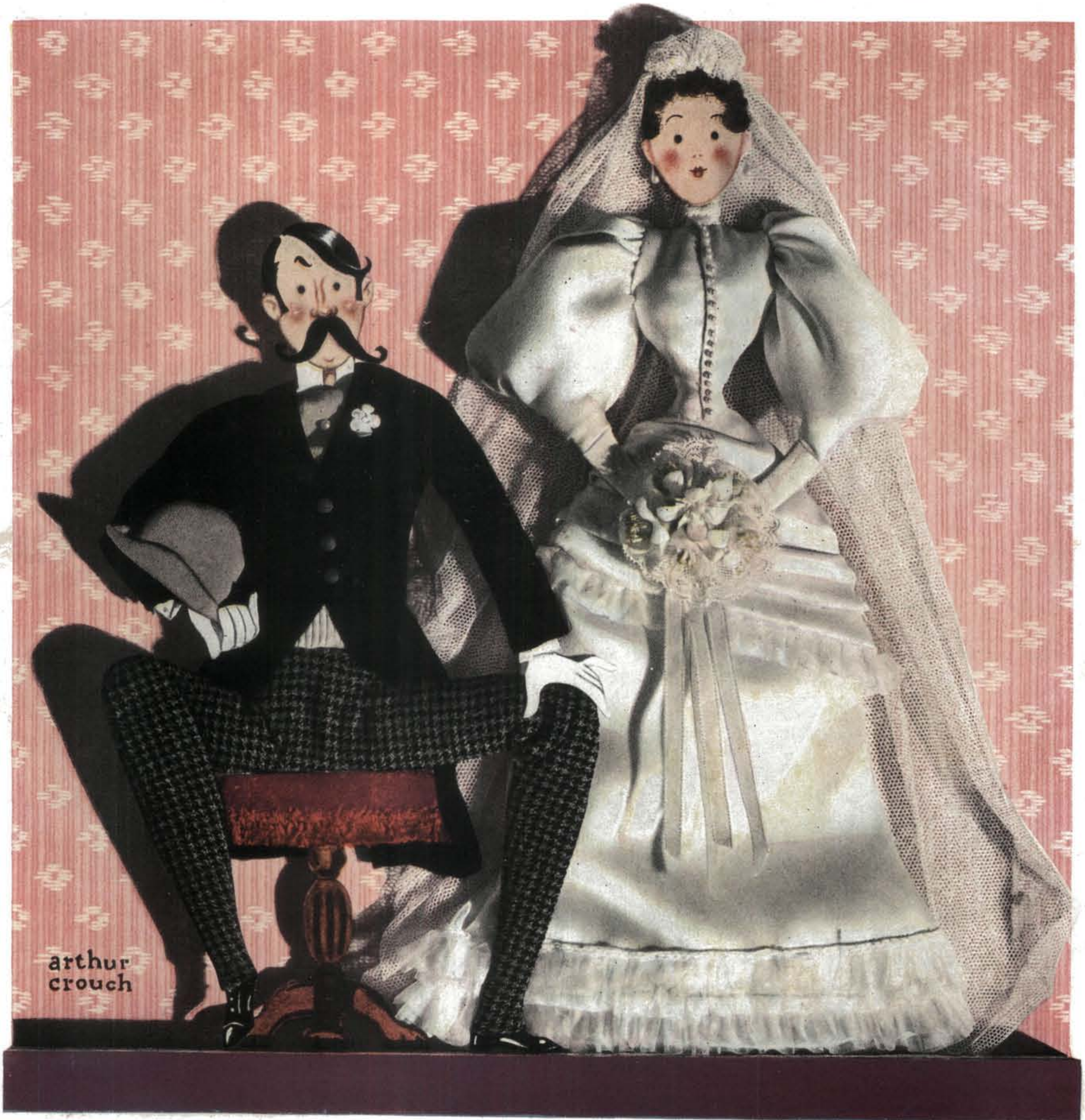
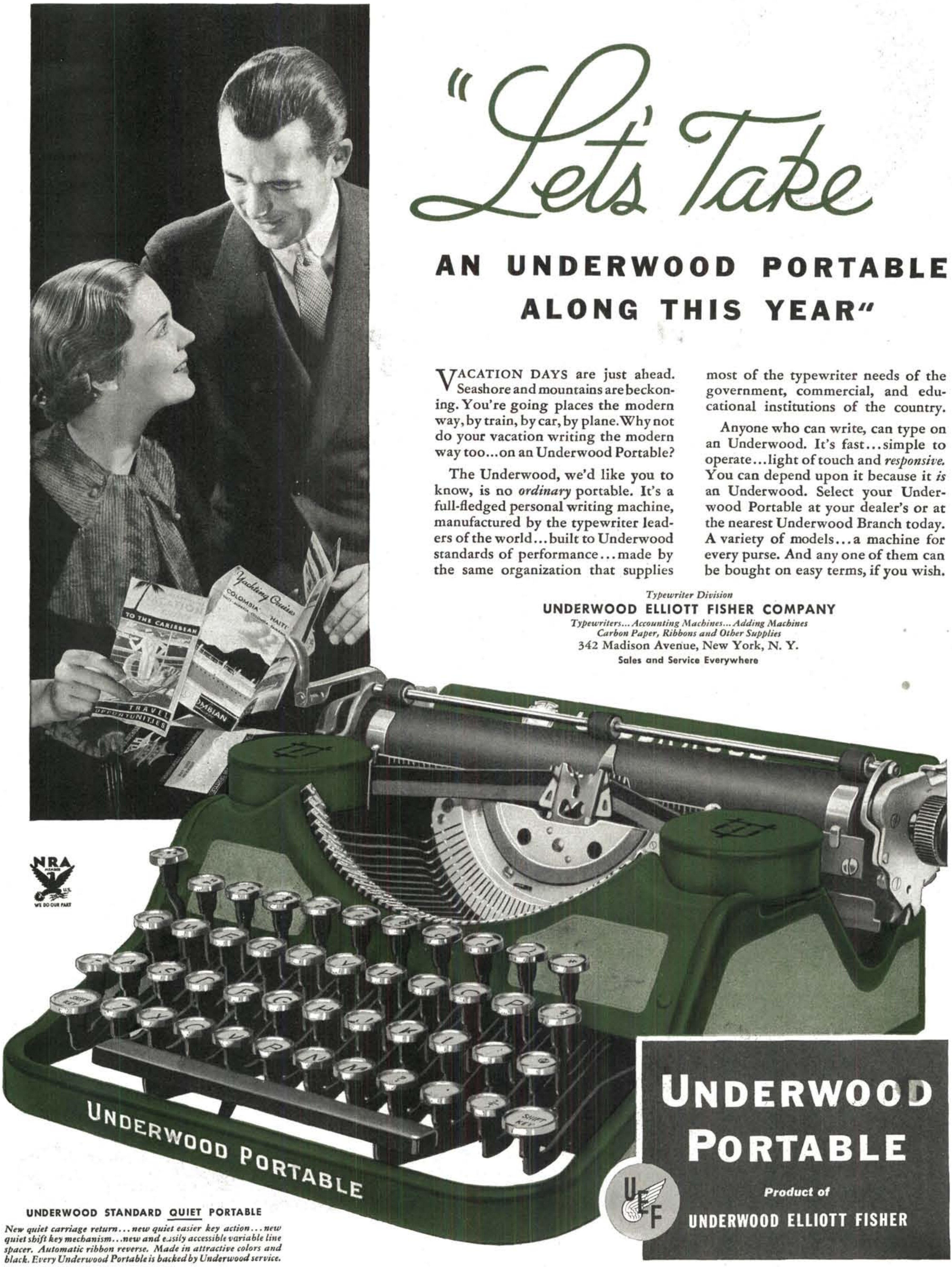
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Frank Condon Walter Davenport Frank Buck

James Warner Bellah Everett Rhodes Castle

UNE 9, 1934



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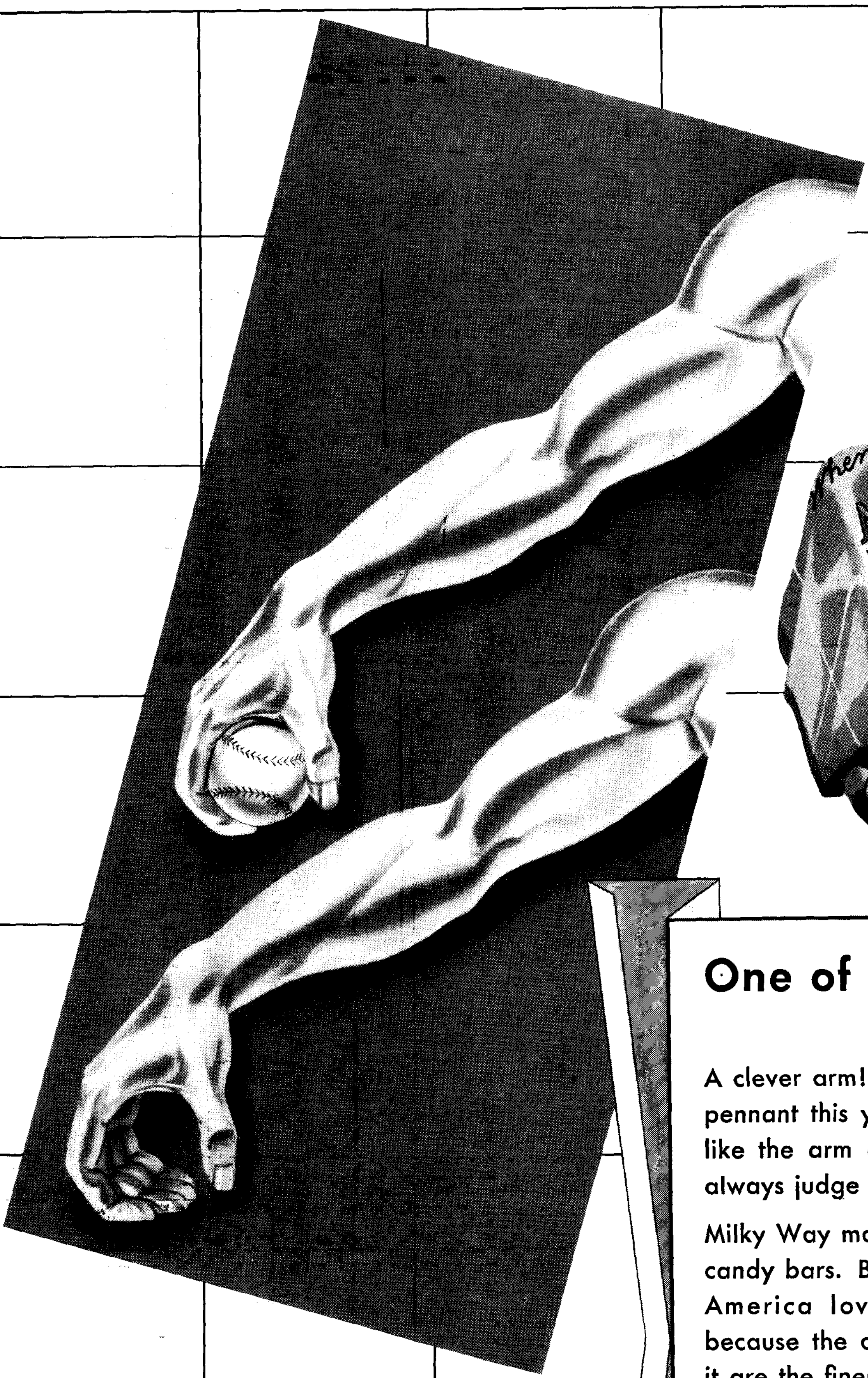

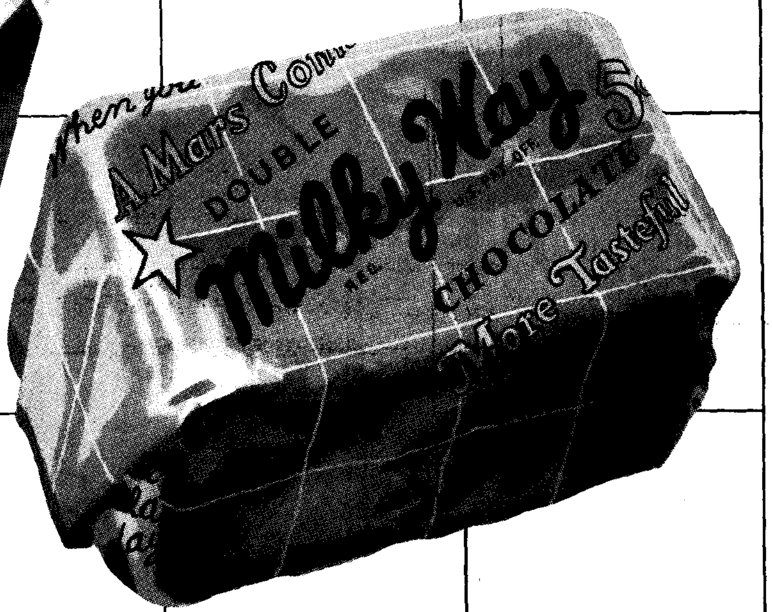

One of these is a great arm

A clever arm! And it may help to win the pennant this year. Yet it looks very much like the arm of a husky clerk. You can't always judge by appearances.

Milky Way may look something like other candy bars. But the *taste?* That's the test. America loves that Milky Way taste, because the choice ingredients that make it are the finest that money can buy. And they are happily balanced and blended in a sun-flooded factory, always kept at laboratory cleanliness. That's why Milky Way is the best-selling candy bar in the world. Try freezing them in your refrigerator.

Under the same ideal conditions, Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slices, Two Bits, and Thrills.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

GRACE DIVINE was always in fashion. She had to be, especially these days when she was slipping a bit, when the expiration of a contract meant an anxious period of waiting to see whether it would be renewed. She had to be very careful to do just what was expected of her. And because this was the year when movie stars were having babies, Grace Divine had one too.

If you have never had the job of looking after the infant offspring of a fading but temperamental movie queen you will not be able to appreciate just what Corinne Yates was up against in her first "Private Case." But she found adventure there—and romance. Teresa Hyde Phillips writes her story.

DURING the last few years the farmer has been having a bad time of it, and people are pretty well agreed that something should be done about it. One plan is to take 43,000,000 acres out of production. Another is to increase the available crop-raising land by the expenditure of $227,000,000 upon irrigation projects. The only funny thing about that is that both plans are being tried simultaneously.

The theory, of course, is that the farmer will prosper and grow rich upon the irrigated land. Unfortunately the past records of the Reclamation Bureau show that the tenants of irrigated land have not been able to pay upkeep costs, and the only people who have grown rich are the land speculators. "Spare that Desert!" is Owen P. White's plea, and he goes into details.

BUCK STARBUCK got a job as lifeguard on the strength of a gold medal—that someone else had won. Buck didn't like to go into the water. Nobody had ever seen him in the water. But he was a lifeguard just the same. In an uproarious short story Albert Treynor tells you how he saved a shark's life.

MRS. GEORGIE BRACKENRIDGE had violet eyes and golden hair. She had been married, in rapid succession, to a millionaire, a prize fighter and an explorer. She piloted her own airplane, gave dance recitals for charity—and was crazy as a coot. To this model prospect Mr. Michael Fitzhugh undertook to sell a "Green Bathtub." His adventures are recorded by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding.

GEORGES SURDEZ writes the Short Short. Howard S. Reed and W. B. Courtney contribute another stirring big game article, "Gunning for Man-eaters." Edward Muller, Marie Beynon Ray, Quentin Reynolds, James Warner Bellah, Sax Rohmer and others knock out one home run apiece. Add up the score.

This Week

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June 9, 1934

Cover by Arthur Crouch

CHARLES L. CLIFFORD
Soldier Woman. Gayety and bandits on the Mexican border, plus a woman who won her spurs. Page 7

WALTER DAVENPORT
In Freedom's Name. Philippine independence—the inside story. Page 10

HARLAN WARE
Celebrity Party. Including one mind reader. Page 12

EVERETT RHODES CASTLE
Keep Them Kissable. And take the consequences. Page 14

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Big Man, Little Man, by Frank Condon. Page 16

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
He Grew Up Late. Rabbit Maranville, baseball player. Page 17

SAX ROHMER
The Trail of Fu Manchu, Part VII. Fuel for the furnace. Page 18

KYLE CRICHTON
Getting Away from It All. All aboard! This is a pleasure cruise. Page 19

JAMES WARNER BELLAH
Woman of Honor, Part II. A night in Paris. Page 20

WILLIAM MacHARG
The Man on the Truck. Laughing gas, but a hanging matter. Page 22

W. B. COURTNEY
The Prop Man. The Collier Trophy Committee makes its award. Page 24

FRANK BUCK
It Happened in the Islands. A romantic story, as you might expect, but this time true. Page 26

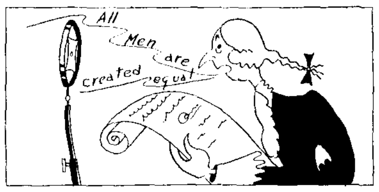
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. A few well-chosen facts. Page 29

EDITORIAL
The Last Few Years. Page 58

●

Any Week

REJOICING is being indulged in by Mr. H. G. Davis of Kansas City, Missouri. "Aren't you glad," cries he, "that the Constitution was written before the days of radio? What if we had to listen to the announcer interrupt our favorite program with: 'Stand by, folks; the Brain Trust has worked out another Article. Professor Jefferson will read it to you'? Whereat the professor would mumble something about the right of the people to bear arms shall never be abridged and in the morning there would be screaming headlines: 'Jefferson Backs Up Gangsters. Favors Two Tommies for Every Hoodlum.' Then Professor Hamilton would crowd in with something about free speech and free assemblage only to be bawled out on the front page: 'Hamilton Demands Rights for Reds.' Aren't you glad? About the only fun I'd get out of life if it were that way would be to go over to the stock yards and listen to the squeals of the pigs they're giving away to the poor."



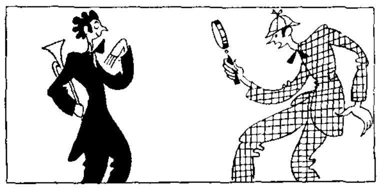
AND Mr. L. R. Nelson of Beaverdam, Ohio, suspects that "the boys in Washington have been holding out on Mr. Ickes." He reports seeing in his newspaper that "Mr. Ickes recently became highly agitated because some eight or nine bids on steel and cement for a Nebraska project were identical. Haven't the boys told him there are codes? Or is it possible that he failed to recognize one of his own children? Maybe those bidders should have got together and made all their estimates different. Then Mr. Ickes could have made a selection without tearing any hair."

NOT long ago we had a few kind words to say about Secretary Wallace. We said them. Mr. Andrew N. Hildebrand, a lawyer in South Bend, Indiana, read them. He didn't like them. And he lost no time in saying so. "I," says he, "was raised on a 402-acre farm that my father and his family bought and paid for. Here is his remedy given to me more than forty-two years ago. He had gone through the depressions of 1873 and 1893. He said: 'Tax the owners of farms over 160 acres a dollar an acre and exempt the farmers of 160 acres.' We paid for that farm by following the plow—something neither Secretary Wallace nor you could do. We could not edit your magazine, nor would we attempt to do so."

MR. G. NORMAN LERNER of Fort Worth, Texas, wishes us to notify the world that he and "a nice job in the electrical line have joined forces and are getting along fine." In other words and after an idleness of sixteen months, Mr. Lerner is working again. "I feel," says he, "like a guy who has come home after a long absence and I'm naturally looking around to locate the old things and scenes I used to know. Maybe you can tell me this: What has become of Technocracy?"

MR. N. E. BRERTON of Oakland, California, was feeling young and fine. Everything in prime working order. The sun was shining, business was so merry that it was laughing in his face and it wouldn't have taken so much as a snap of one's finger to have caused Mr. Brerton to burst into hearty cheers. Then he had to open his newspaper to the sports page and learned that Cleveland has a rookie pitcher named for Woodrow Wilson. "It's always something," sighs Mr. Brerton.

ANYWAY there is something decidedly wrong somewhere. Mr. Frank Giordano of New York City says he was getting along all right until recently. "Somebody," says Mr. Giordano, "has been making off with trumpet players. You can't have a good orchestra without trumpet players and up to a couple of weeks ago all I had to do was to whistle and I would have trumpet players all over me. But suddenly there are no more trumpet players. I needed six the other day and all I could find was a converted sax blower and he had a split lip. What do you think has happened? Why would anybody be doing away with unemployed trumpets? A trumpet player all alone is no more use than a one-armed cymbals operator."



YOU are not invited to submit solutions to Mr. Giordano's problem through us. We feel sure that somebody is going to suggest that the missing trumpets have gone off on a toot. And we will tolerate nothing like that here. But perhaps the answer is suggested on a post card from Miss Bernice C. McDuffie of Helena, Montana. With neither preamble nor postscript nor any other explanatory words she writes one simple declarative sentence:

"YOU ought," says she, "to be ashamed."

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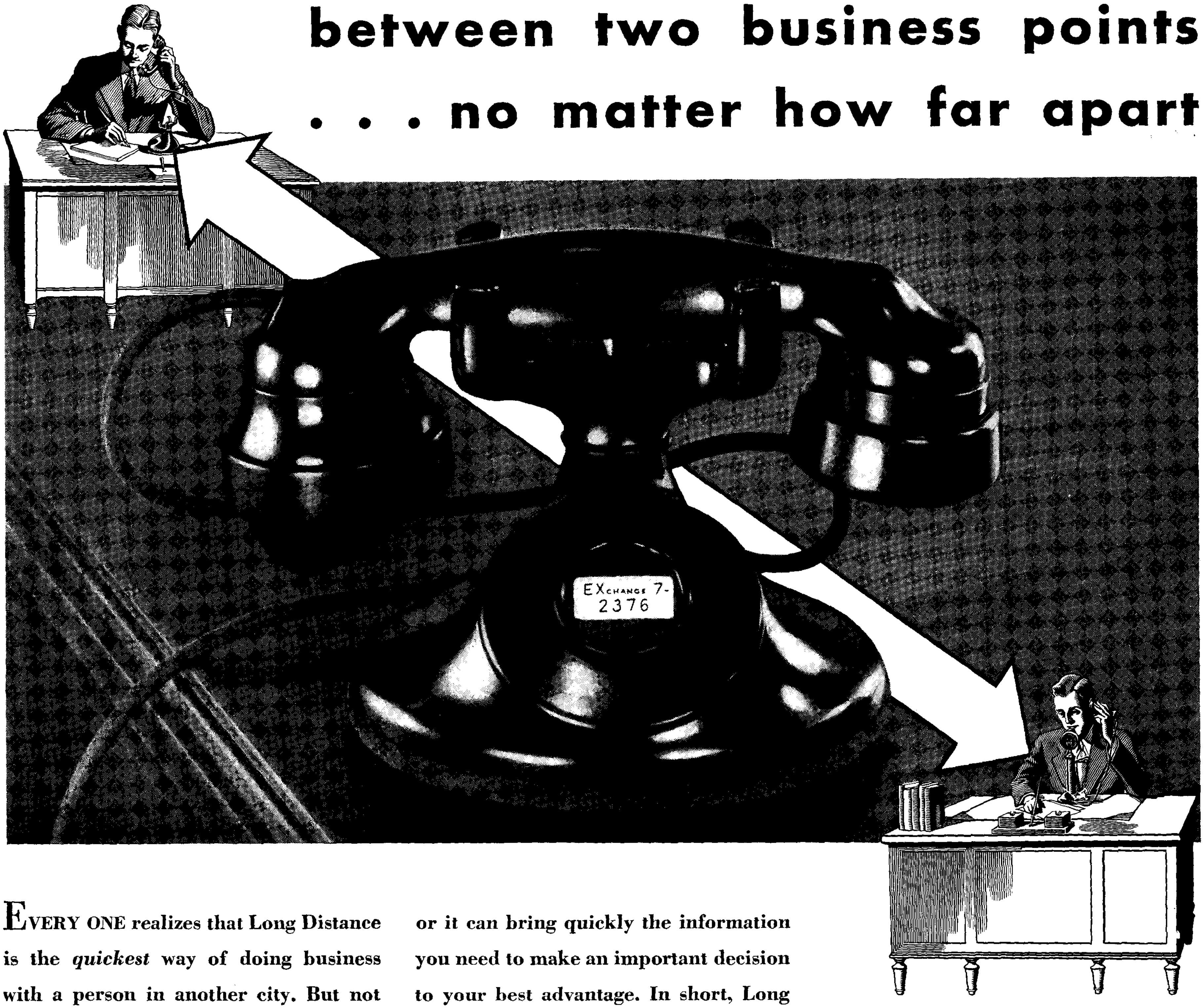

EVERY ONE realizes that Long Distance is the *quickest* way of doing business with a person in another city. But not every one knows that it is often the *most profitable* way.

- A telephone call can gain a big order, which repays its cost many times over. It can straighten out a misunderstanding that threatens the loss of a profitable customer. It can help you save a substantial sum on a purchase by getting several quotations and allowing you to close on the most favorable . . . or it can bring quickly the information you need to make an important decision to your best advantage. In short, Long Distance *pays its way* by the results it brings.

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Atlanta	Washington, D.C.	2.35	1.95	1.30
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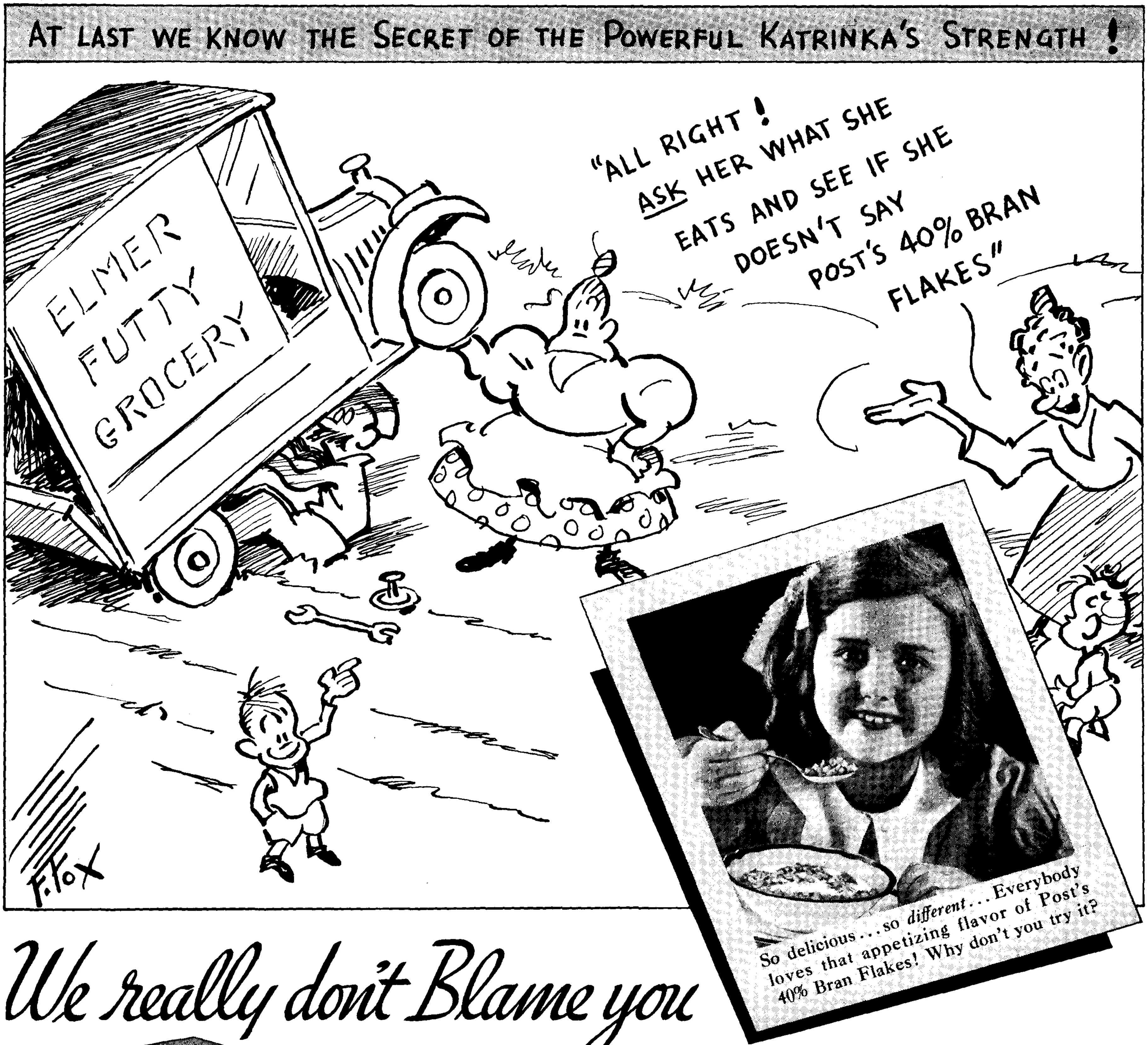
AT LAST WE KNOW THE SECRET OF THE POWERFUL KATRINKA'S STRENGTH!
"ALL RIGHT! ASK HER WHAT SHE EATS AND SEE IF SHE DOESN'T SAY POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES"
ELMER FUTTY GROCERY
F. Fox

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MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
THE NEW CRISP PACK
A Delicious Cereal
A Gentle Laxative

FRANKLY we question whether Post's 40% Bran Flakes will give you Katrinka's strength, but we do want to emphasize this:

If you're finding yourself not quite so "up and coming" as you used to be . . . if you have a sort of worn-out, "no account" feeling, it may be that you have a sluggish intestine, due to lack of bulk in your diet.

In that case, why don't you try Post's 40% Bran Flakes? Eat it every morning for breakfast for awhile!

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It also contains other parts of wheat to give it that appetizing flavor.

Just try it! We know you'll say it's really delicious. And you may find it's what you need to bring back your old lively self. Every grocer has it . . . and it costs so little. Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat is a product of General Foods.

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Soldier Woman

By Charles L. Clifford

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

As beautiful a story as ever came out of our Army, where, it would appear, they can't court-martial a man for falling in love

"YOU see that woman?" Tap said. There were a lot of people in the Gato Blanco. We had been there drinking since an hour after the game ended. That was at four. We got the corps area cup at, say, four fifteen, bathed and changed and drove the few miles from Fort Bliss to Juarez on the Mexican side. Well, now it was about ten; and things were high, wide and handsome.

"I see a lot of women," I said. And that was a fact, too, because by that hour every night the place was packed with tourists—one-nighters who stopped off to see the sights on their way to the coast.

But Tap was excited. "There's only one," he said. Bill Brogden was with us too. Harris, our number four, had a wife from Kansas, so he couldn't be with us to celebrate the polo triumph of the eighth corps area.

"You shouldn't point," Bill said. "It's very bad form."

"Well, I almost married her once," Tap Jones said, a little dazed. "In the Islands. That was ten years ago. I'm an old man. And look at *her!* She hasn't changed . . . she's younger, if anything."

Tap stared, drink and the vision of this woman he'd nearly married almost too much for him. His eyes were positively glazed. I was watching them throw real money into the tin horn of the Kitty. I never could understand that. It always fascinated me. Those giddy tourists with a stop-over from the Limited throwing good money into that tin horn at the raucous yells from the orchestra leader. "Feed the Kitty! Ev-rybody!"

"I don't see why they listen to him," I said.

"God, you should have seen her then," Tap said. "It was a transport party. At the Army and Navy Club. She had a gold dress on . . . I got her out in a *calesa* for a drive. You've been in the Islands, Dink. You know what that moon is over the Luneta . . . along the sea wall. You . . ."

"WHY do those fools throw good money into that tin horn? They spoil it for the rest of us. We live here. We could drink champagne for hours for the dough that fat guy keeps throwing in the Kitty."

"We *are* drinking champagne," Bill Brogden said. "We're very fine polo players—the best in the Army. We're hard as nails. Would you like to be able to throw money away like that—and have the stomach that goes with it?"

"No," I said. "But . . . we could have that much more. Look—"

"She turned me down," Tap said. "I asked her . . . just as we got to Pier Number Two. The Empress of Russia was in. All the lights were on. I asked her just as we got to the bow . . ."

"And she turned you down," Bill Brogden said. "What do you say we go out to the bar and play the slot machines? I feel lucky. This is our lucky day."

He was getting up to lead the way when this woman danced by. Murel—Murel Standish. That was her name. She was dancing with a man I knew by sight: a young mining man who had inherited a pot of money from a grand old man of the border—Pete Pilling. Pete had spoiled the boy. Sent him east to school and kept his pockets full of money. The result was as usual: a jazz-hound wastrel, a cut above the border and with an unconvincing Harvard accent.

Bill Brogden was standing there. He wanted me to go with him because he knew I was no good at slot machines and he wanted to laugh. I always got so sore at that insulting click. He didn't even see the woman; he wasn't interested in women—yet. He wanted to get a handful of quarters and feed those machines.

"Tap Beers! Tap *darling!*"

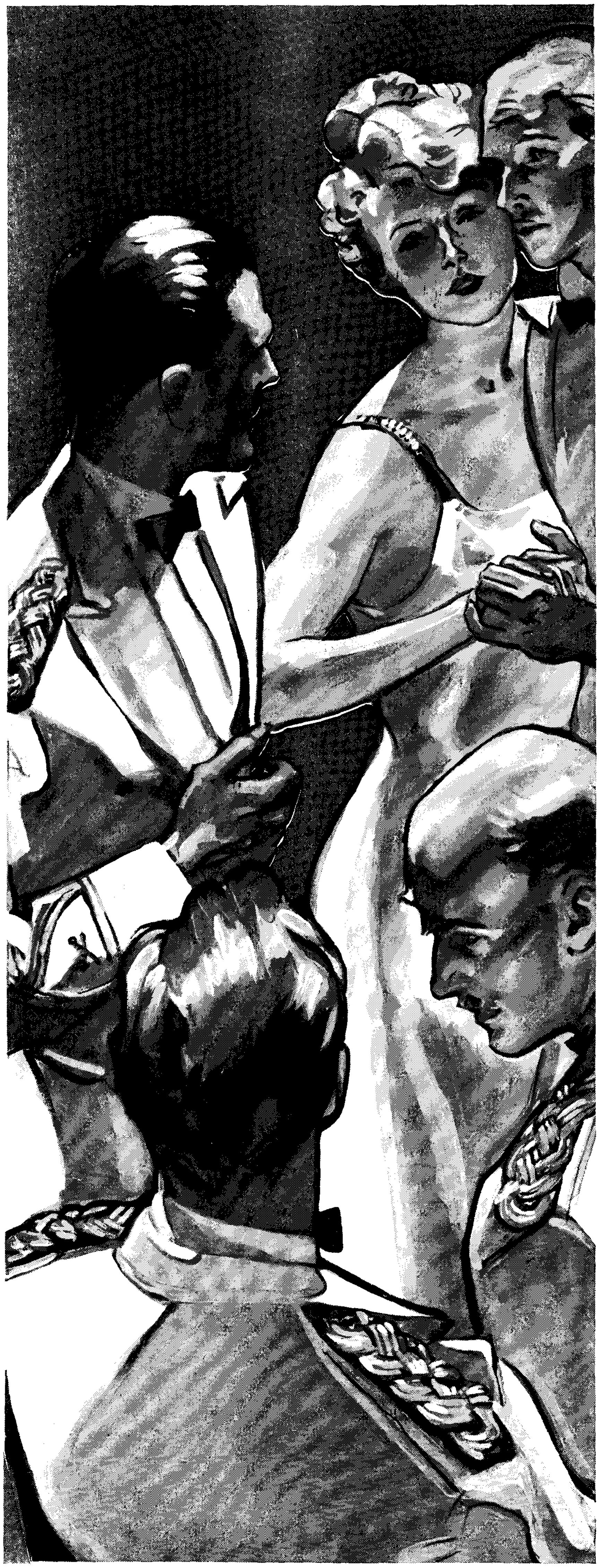
SHE had a silver dress on this time . . . too much of a dress for a night out in Juarez. She threw herself at old Tap but her eyes were sideways on Bill Brogden. Bill, you should know, was the best-looking man in the Army. In any army. He was six feet, could hit a polo ball a hundred and fifty yards through the air and had a head on him like a Greek statue.

"Hello, Dink," she said to me. There was a little malice in her look. She knew I didn't like her; and she knew why. But she always pretended about it. The last words I'd heard out of her up to this night were: "I did it for your own good, darling." (She called everybody darling except waiters.) "She could never have been happy in the army—married to a shavetail. She's used to luxury . . ."

She'd done me dirt all right with that girl. Well, I was glad of it now, of course. But that didn't let her out. . . .

She kept looking at Bill Brogden.

She introduced us to Pilling. She knew I hated that type. I didn't conceal it. Tap kept devouring her with his drink-blurred eyes. And this marshmallow Pilling kept his arm about her; kept tapping his feet. He wanted to make it clear that they were dancing. I knew how he felt about us, about any army officers. It is common enough on the border . . . "Come on, Murel," he said.



He was getting up to lead the way when this woman danced by

And then I looked at Bill Brogden. I looked because Bill and I saw nose to nose on this subject; I expected to meet a broad grin. There was no grin. There was the most stricken look I'd ever seen on a man's face; and I've seen some pretty badly wounded. I burst out laughing; but not from any sense of merriment. I'd seen that look on a good many men's faces when they saw Murel Standish for the first time . . .

I don't think they were introduced. No, they were never introduced. Bill just reached out that long arm, his big hand went about her waist—and they were off. The Pilling just stood there, dazed, gazing after them.

Tap Beers laughed unpleasantly.

We all sat down and the marshmallow sulked. But he ordered champagne to show what a man of the world he was, how much money he had, and what he thought of brass buttons. I enjoyed it. I looked back from watching Bill and his prize. Her head was close to him and he was staring wildly down into her violet eyes. They really were.

I said: "Well, there goes another, Tap. She's got him tied in knots. One thing about her—she does love them at the time."

Pilling glared at me. "I take exception to that," he said. "Miss Standish is engaged to marry me. I consider that insulting."

AN ODD, ugly feeling took hold of me. I thought the world of Bill Brogden. He'd been a captain in my squadron for three years. And now this had happened to him. I knew it had. I'd watched his face. I called the Pilling a very bad name. "You can go to hell," I said. "So now what?"

That waiter had just placed a new bottle on the table. Pilling gave me a very nasty look, the kind women give, picked up his bottle, and walked away.

"You're a lot of help," Tap said.

"I feel sick at my stomach," I said. "First she married this naval officer."

"That was a long time ago. She was just a kid," Tap said.

"She was never just a kid. . . . And then . . . a marine, wasn't it?"

"That was just a rebound," Tap said mournfully. "She was all broken up."

"It was a bad bounce, anyway. He shot himself, didn't he?"

"But that was afterwards."

"While she was married to the . . ."

"That was Herrick," Tap said.

"Well, something happened to him, too."

"But that wasn't her fault," Tap said fervently. "Smashed up in the Pulitzer Air race. How can you blame her for that?"

"I blame her for anything that happens to any man that she has anything to do with. Here . . . there's some left in our own bottle."

Tap sipped, watching me curiously. "Are you jealous, or what? Did you ever—?"

"No," I said. "I wouldn't . . . But, Tap . . . Bill Brogden's my bunkie. He's young. They've all gone for him and he's kept his head. Now this comes along. She's TNT. You heard that gardenia a minute ago . . ."

"Then what are you worried about? He says they're engaged."

That made me laugh. "There's still the Infantry and the Artillery. Don't you know that type? She'll have been in every branch of the service before she calls it a day. They don't marry civilians . . . not those flames like Murel Standish. And she doesn't need his money. She's got enough of her own . . ."

But Tap wasn't listening very carefully. His eyes were on the packed dancers and I looked and saw Murel Standish lay her cheek against that wide shoulder of my best troop commander. Tap sighed: "He's a very lucky guy if you're right."

"He's a ruined guy," I said, and I got up. "We've got to drive three hundred miles tomorrow. Back to that damned post."

"Let's have one more drink," Tap said.

"At the bar then. I can't stand any more of this."

The last thing I saw as we left the mad dancing was the white, drunken face of Pilling staring across the room at that lithe body in the very scant dress of silver.

WE GOT back all right to that deadly army post late the next afternoon. But Bill Brogden wasn't with us. His bags were in the room they had assigned him in the officers' club, but no Bill. And there was no finding him about the post. So we pushed off without him.

"He'll come on the train," Tap said. "Beat us in."

I didn't say anything. I knew. I knew that woman.

The colonel sent for me the next day. "Where is Captain Brogden?"

I had to say I didn't know. The Old Man glared at me. "You were in charge of the team. It was your responsibility." I felt like yelling in his face: "Have you ever seen Murel Standish? Heard of her? Been married to her?"

Bill came in the next day. He was put in arrest for absence without leave. He came over to my quarters after he had reported at headquarters and been put in hock. "I couldn't help it, Dink," he said miserably. "I hope . . ."

"I'm just restricted to the post for ten days," I said. "Because I couldn't manage to bring four men back from El Paso," I said bitterly. "And also because . . ."

His eyes flared. He looked haggard, as though he'd been on a sleepless drunk for a week. "Don't! Don't say it, Dink! I might as well tell you now I love her. She warned me about you. Told me what you think of her. If it wasn't that we've been friends so long . . ."

"We don't have to be friends," I said. "And I still say the same thing. You've let me down for a pretty face you saw in a drunken dance hall. You can go to hell!"

HE TURNED on me with a savage threat in his eyes. I thought he was going to hit me. Then the light went out of his face. He groaned. "You've been a good friend of mine," he said softly. "We've been through a lot together. I want you to answer me something. I want the truth. And I swear it won't make any difference in our friendship."

"It's too late," I said. "It's too late for you to hear the truth."

"I swear," he said. "Just tell me. Was there . . . God almighty, Dink, come clean! Was there ever anything between you? Did you . . ."

I burst out laughing then. His face was twisted with agony. "I know," he said, "that when a woman knocks a man it's because there's been something between them and he quit first. Or because he didn't fall for her advances. Dink—"

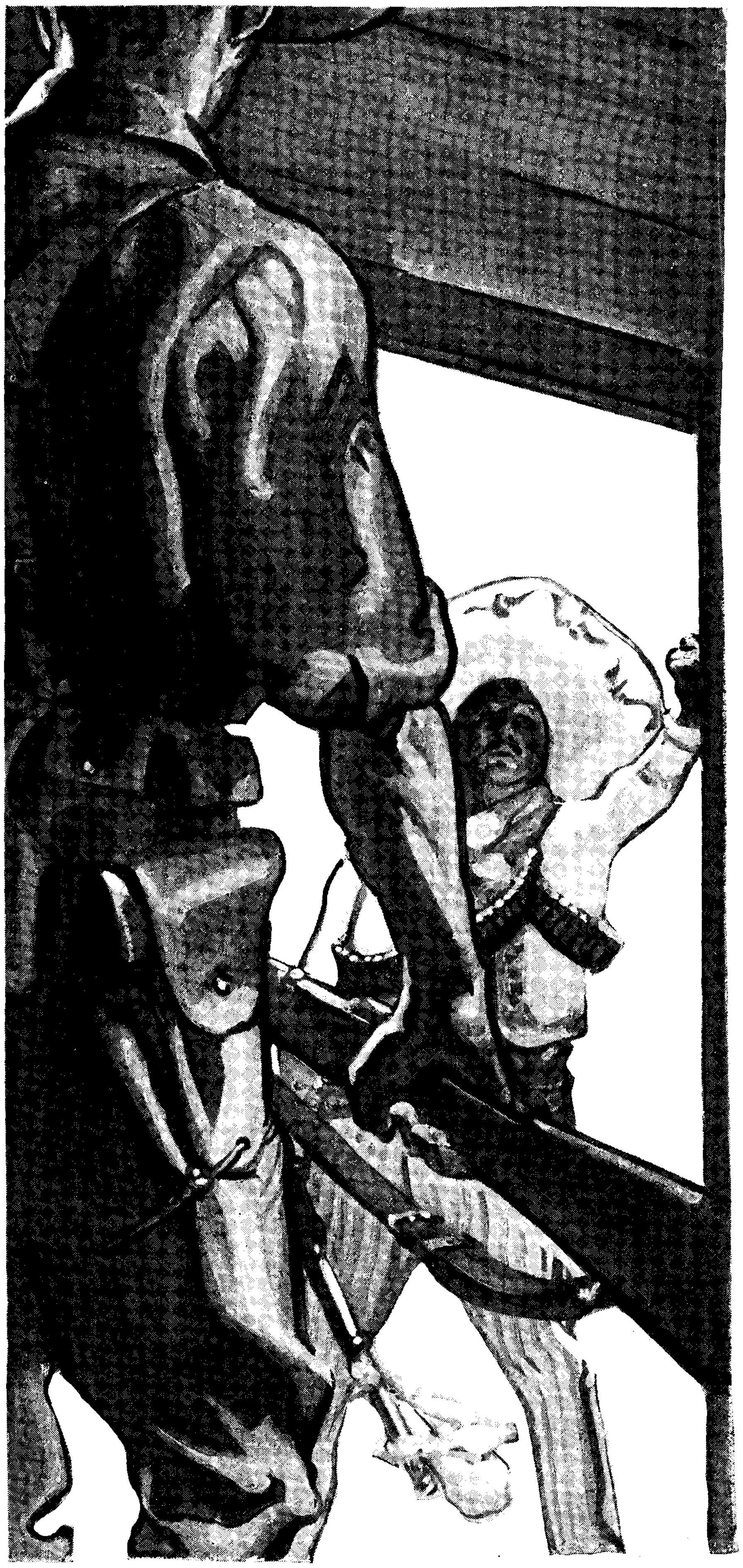
"Don't be a fool! There's been nothing between us but mutual dislike. Women don't like men who understand them. She could be on a desert island with me for ten years and I'd never—" But he'd slammed the door in my face.

The colonel didn't put in charges against Bill. How could he with that fine record and with all the sporting papers raving about his polo playing? One of them prophesied that he'd be a ten-goal man, along with Hitchcock, given a year of fast play in the East. I thought so too; but I *knew* that less than a year of Murel Standish and he wouldn't be worth a one-goal handicap.

The Old Man left him in hock for a week. Murel Standish arrived in town on the second day. She rang me up from the hotel. "I want you to dine with me, Dink," she said sweetly. "I'm busy for the rest of the year," I said.

A half hour later a big yellow roadster drove up to my adobe shack—officially known as my "quarters." She practically walked into the house. There's only one way to treat a woman like Murel Standish: like a man you don't like. This chivalry business is just meat for her type.

SHE looked very beautiful, I'll say that much. She wore a pert little blue thing on the upper side of her head, and a long rich-looking coat of some kind of fur, and a very gayly colored silk scarf. And when she took the coat off she had on a silk jersey dress of light blue. She certainly had a figure: a soldier's dream. And those long, silk-covered legs. Watching her there I had one weak, fervent moment when I wished I had never seen her before; that she was the sister of one of my kid lieutenants com-



"Well, he said nothin' doin' and he threw in a few threats about what would happen to her when they took the place" ing to thank me for taking such good care of him.

"I hope you don't mind if I continue to smoke in my own home?"

"Dink," she said, "please release him from arrest! Don't push the charges!" There were actual tears in her eyes. "I've got to see him! Can't you just give me permission to for a minute?"

"You're slipping. You've been forgathering with civilians too long. With all your service you ought to know that the commanding officer is the only one who can do that."

"But I tried. I called him up: Colonel Haines. He was very rude to me, Dink."

"He must know you," I said.

"When we were at Fort Bliss . . . Captain Herrick and I, he was there. He was always very nice."

"You weren't bothering any of his officers then. Making them go A. W. O. L. He didn't care what you did to the air service."

"You're positively hateful! You're holding that silly thing against me . . . You know Martha and you would never have made a go of it."

"I know it now," I said.

SHE watched me for a while. She smiled. A tough smile to beat, she had. "Well, do you mind if I smoke?"

"There's some pipes. I haven't any cigarettes."

"Oh, dear!" she said, and she filled and lit my best pipe. I knew it was a part of the act. The sun came in. It was very bright on her hair. Golden.

"Didn't your hair used to be red?" You have to use every weapon on women like that. She kept looking at me through the smoke. "Don't puff so fast. You'll burn out the bowl."

"Dink," she said, "let's lay our cards on the table."

"I don't cheat at cards. I wouldn't have a chance."

She smiled. A mournful smile this time. "I admit you may be able to break this up. I'm afraid of you. You've known him longer. Tell me, on the level, just what have you against me."

"Your record," I said. She bit her lip. She said in a low voice: "I've never done anything wrong. Is it wrong to get a divorce from a man old enough to be your father and who insults you at every meal?"

"It's wrong to marry one."

"Or to divorce a man who struts around in a dress uniform and makes love to every woman he dances with?"

"You were old enough to know about marines."

"Or to . . . marry a man who gets killed doing his duty?"

THE tears were on now. This was the place for them. I didn't say a word. She sniffled. "And now I meet Bill. The only man I ever loved, really loved. Is it wrong to—"

"Listen. Bill Brogden is my best troop commander. He's the best polo player in the Army. Yes, it is wrong: to hurt a good squadron and ruin a good polo team. We're being sent to represent the Army in the West Coast tournament. And you're not going to queer it if I can help it. What's the matter with the boy with the mouth full of mush? He said you were going to marry him."

"Steve? Oh, that's all off."

"Off that night, I suppose. Well, the two of you would make a swell team. Go on back to El Paso. Give the Army a rest for a few years."

"I love the Army," she said simply. "This part of it."

"You'd be sick of one of these dead border posts in a week. You'd try to get Bill on some fancy detail. He would never be happy except down here with troops."

"I'd love it," she said. "I'd never be unhappy. I'd never make him unhappy. If I promise. . . ?"

"You're ruining that pipe. You could talk all day and I wouldn't . . ."

She had had enough. She threw the pipe down on the desk and broke the stem. My best pipe. "All right! You can go to the devil. I've tried to meet you halfway. You're just jealous. I'll show you—you and your colonel and all of you. There's no law in the Army to stop him if he wants to marry me."

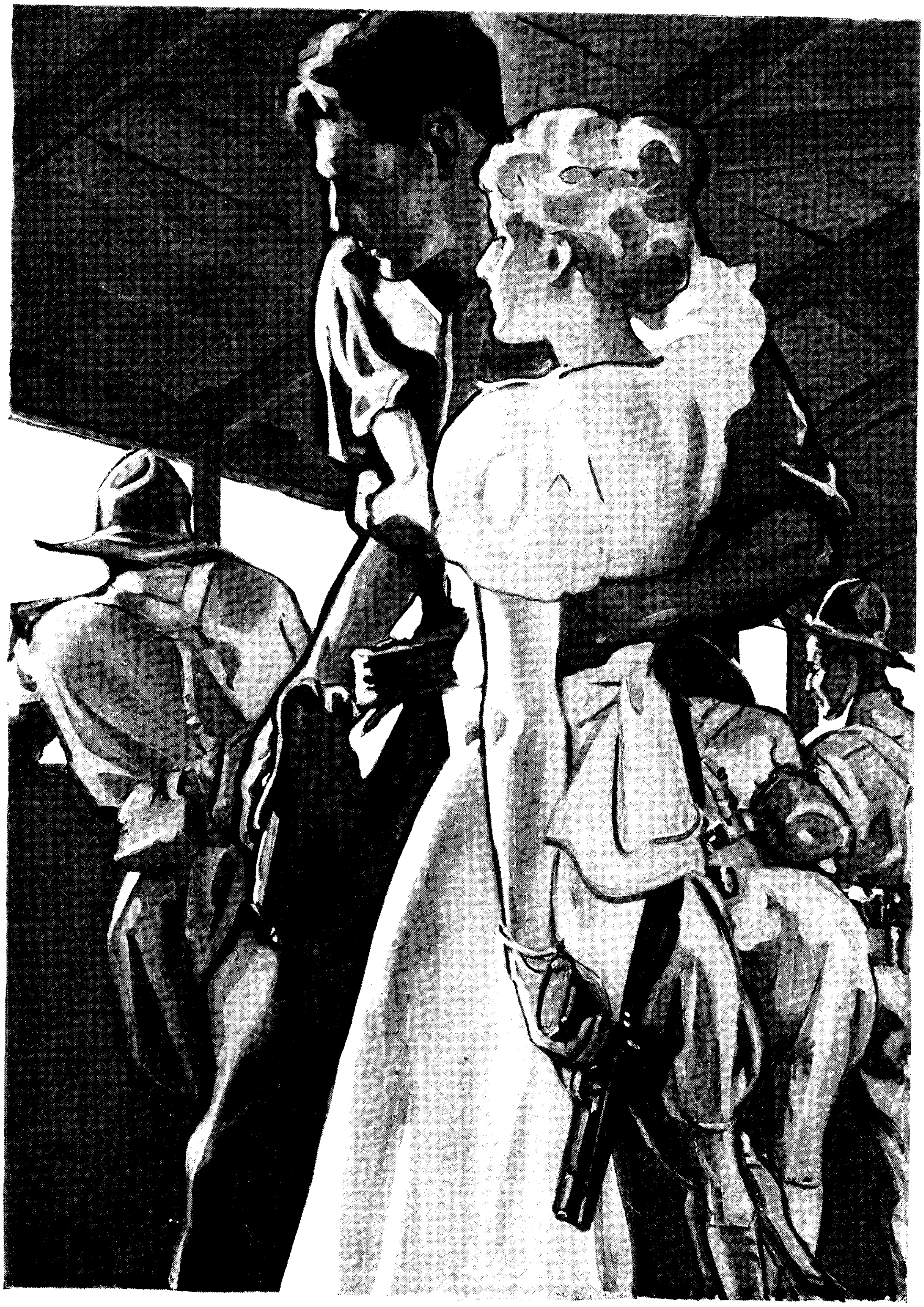
"You know where you'll stand? With the women in the post? They're all good solid citizens. They like Bill Brogden. You'll—"

She dragged on her coat and ran out of the room. I just heard her sob once.

I DIDN'T see her again until we came back from the coast trip. That trip was embarrassing. Bill spoke to me only when forced to by circumstances and in the calling in the game. I expected him to go to pieces on the field. No such thing. He played inspired polo. As though driven on by a fierce, bitter hatred against every man on the field. We won the tournament easily. Bill was a hero. But he kept to himself, drank nothing, and when we got back to the post immediately put in for leave. As his squadron commander, it had to come to me first for approval. He requested a month's leave for the purpose of getting married.

I felt pretty badly. Under the first indorsement I had the sergeant major put: "Disapproved. Services of this officer cannot be spared at this time." The colonel didn't call me down to headquarters about it as he would have done in any other case. He sent it back likewise disapproved.

Bill got it at noon from his box. I watched his face as he read it. He looked up at me. I really felt badly at the look in his face. From then on he just saluted me as we met. Not a word. And as we sat next to each other at mess it was bad. Everybody knew the reason. But nobody said anything. They were all on my side. And they had a fine time on the married line talking it over, I suppose.

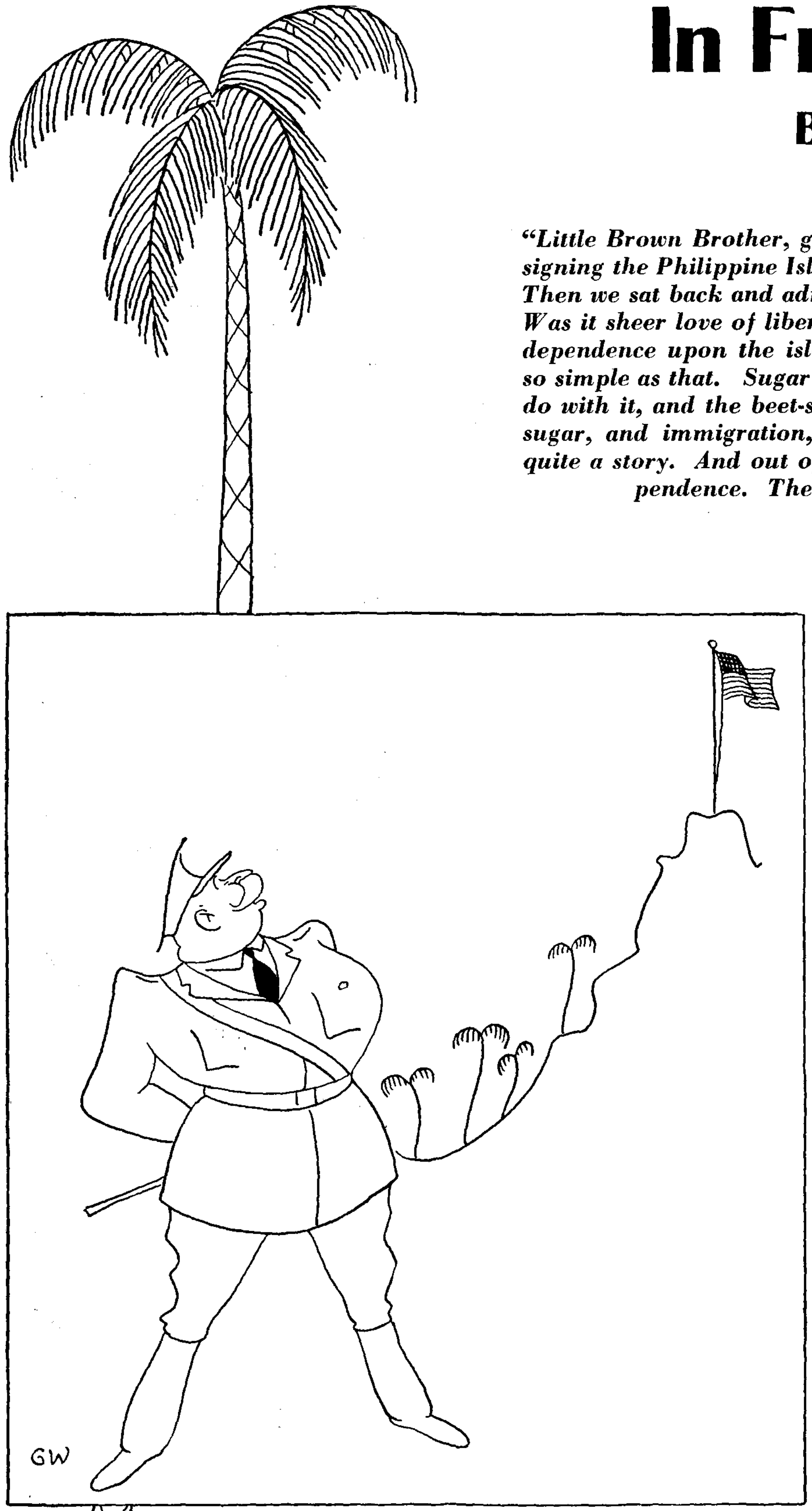


(Continued on page 32)

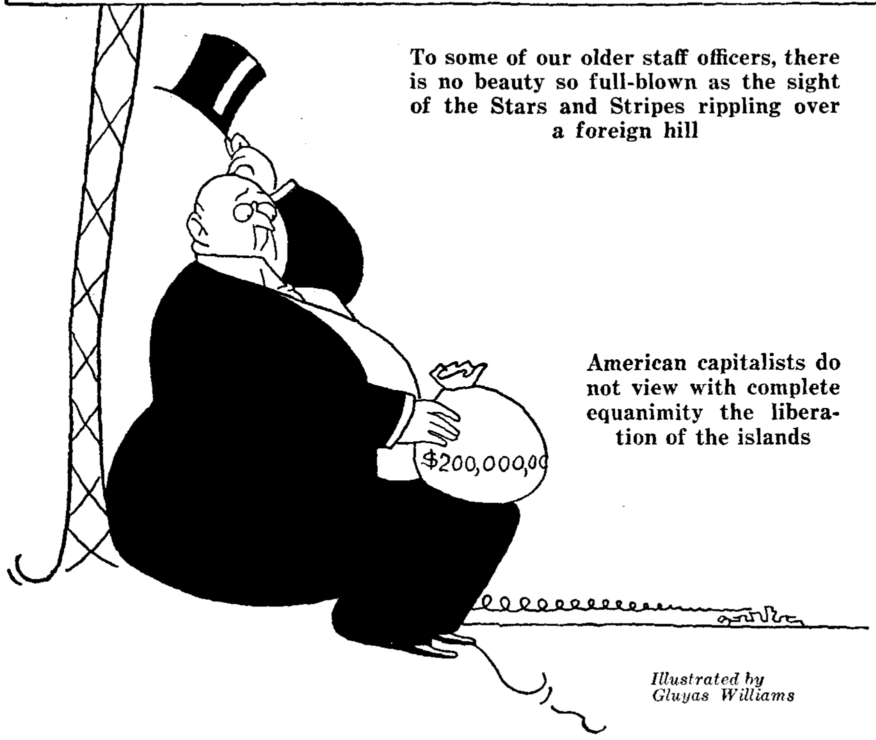
In Freedom's Name

By Walter Davenport

"Little Brown Brother, go free," we said, benignly signing the Philippine Islands over to the Filipinos. Then we sat back and admired our own generosity. Was it sheer love of liberty that made us thrust independence upon the islands? Well, no. Nothing so simple as that. Sugar imports had something to do with it, and the beet-sugar industry, and Cuban sugar, and immigration, and Japan. In fact it's quite a story. And out of it the Filipinos get independence. They'd better like it



To some of our older staff officers, there is no beauty so full-blown as the sight of the Stars and Stripes rippling over a foreign hill



American capitalists do not view with complete equanimity the liberation of the islands

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

IT IS in the annals of old soldiers, in whose tender keeping truth ripens nightily with the years and flinty incidents become mellow epics, that one night near Manila in 1901 a Little Brown Brother was kicked into independence. What he did with his freedom we don't know, it being the way of the soldier to tell you nothing about the other fellow. Perhaps he prospered and grew rich in the canebrakes; maybe he was thereafter boloed to his fathers in the name of Allah by a tough Moro who, like the rest of his undaunted tribe, cared less that Emilio Aguinaldo had sworn fealty to the American flag and another Filipino bid for freedom had failed, than that the infidel was still his master. And the Moro hates the infidel, white or brown, with a fierce Mohammedan loathing.

This Little Brown Brother has lived, let us hope, to breathe the air of this day when he and thirteen million more Filipinos have embarked upon the treacherous tides of freedom. But on this night in 1901, an American Army sergeant who would have made two of him took him by the nape of the neck and, guiding him ungently to the black Manila road, informed him that the Army was sick unto death of his ceaseless ballyhoo for independence and that, as far as it was concerned, America was giving him his forthwith. And that said, the sergeant booted him lustily into the night with a warning never to return lest something worse and more lasting happened to him.

A New Weapon in an Old Fight

This Little Brown Brother, a wise man who knew his talents, had not bothered to bear Aguinaldo's arms. He had assumed a subtler rôle in this latest of his country's struggles for liberty. For three centuries the Spaniard had ruled the seven thousand islands of the archipelago and a hundred times and more the Filipino—Catholic, Mohammedan and pagan—had struck for independence, coloring the lagoons and the China Sea itself with his blood and leaving as monuments a hundred thousand dead. And the white man with his western tricks had always won. The white man's fire always burned longer and farther.

So this time, instead of the rifle and machete, this Little Brown Brother carried guile, with a song to cloak it and a saucepan magic to bemuse the white man's mind. He cooked with rice and coconut, fish and plantain and so enthralled the American Army palates that he became even more popular in camp than the river-leaping Fred Funston himself—Funston who captured the betrayed Aguinaldo.

When at night he had finished with his cooking it was his habit to sing and recite. At first the soldiers, their bellies full of his wizardry and the moonlight expanding their hearts, paid him no attention, although it was always mentioned that there was something strange and even eerie in his minor wailing. But the American soldiers were likely to be immersed in song themselves, tapping wells of tears with the sentimental ballads of the day—Goodby Dolly Gray, On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away, Just Break the News to Mother and similar melters.

Yet, by the simple expedient of singing louder and longer and occasionally enlisting the help of a few brown friends, he compelled them to give heed. And as they learned more of his Tagalog dialect into which he had artfully blended what English he could muster, they found that he was singing the martyred José Rizal's passionate hymns of freedom and reciting those not yet fitted to music. There was something about it that the white man could not stand—something too haunting for such black nights and crawling mysteries, something that made you see things that kept away sleep. The Irish in camp called it the banshee's wail and, while the others shivered beneath it without giving it a name, it was agreed by all that liberty immediate and eternal was not too high a price to pay for being rid of it.

The Birth of a Republic

So the Little Brown Brother was jerked out to the Manila road and kicked to his freedom with the sergeant's warnings. And the boys in the camp felt better; so much, in fact, that they celebrated with the ribald songs of the expedition: "He may be a brother to William H. Taft but he ain't no brother of mine" and "Damn, Damn, Damn the Filipino." But (and this, too, I gather from the gray survivors of that camp) neither the departure of that freedom's minstrel nor all the years that have passed have drowned out his plaintive lament.

It whimpered through their minds, they tell me, on that day thirty-three years later—just a few months ago in fact—that the President of the United States signed a bill giving to the Filipinos the independence they had been demanding so long that historians cannot agree upon the years.

"And now," says the veteran to me, "we've kicked the whole thirteen million of our Little Brown Brothers down the dark Manila road. And a very good thing, too, for everybody concerned."

At last, then, the Philippines were free, having sung and shouted their way out of political bondage. Of course the release is not immediate. We have given them twelve years to demonstrate their ability to set up a fine, clean government machine and live happily and peacefully beneath it. In that time perhaps we too shall have found out how to govern ourselves. But we have told the Little Brown Brother to go ahead and write himself a modern constitution and submit it to the President of the United States in 1936. If the President of the United States likes it he will hand it back to its authors, who will then submit it to the Filipino electorate whose vote will have a twofold meaning. This vote will not only mean the acceptance or rejection of the instrument but a rejection or acceptance of independence. Thus the new republic will start out economically, a single vote doing double duty.

For ten years thereafter the Filipinos will demonstrate, with what success remains to be seen, that they are capable of governing themselves under this constitution. The Congress of the United States will be the judge of the trial; and while there are those in these unmannerly days who are assuring us that the Filipinos might wish for a better court or even seek a change of venue, the chances are excellent that their days as a subject people of the United States government are over. It was never satisfactorily decided whether the Philippine archipelago was a territory, a colony, an annex or a mere possession, but with the Filipino's departure goes the most upsetting feature of our first adventure in imperialism—or, as it was called at the time by the squeamish, expansion.

A Very Happy Occasion

The moment the constitution is adopted two years hence, the United States will turn over to the new government all its properties and rights thereto except its military and naval stations in the islands. But "on the Fourth of July, immediately following the expiration of a period of ten years from the date of the inauguration of the new government," says the bill, "the President of the United States shall by proclamation withdraw and surrender all right of possession, supervision, jurisdiction, control, or sovereignty then existing . . . including all military and other reservations of the Government of the United States in the Philippines except such naval reservations and fueling stations as are reserved by negotiations with the government of the Philippines no later than two years after this proclamation."

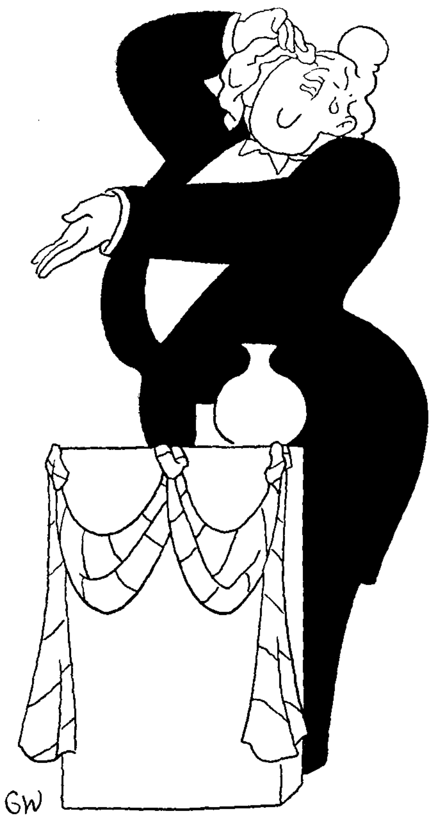
When President Roosevelt signed the Philippine Independence bill last March, Mr. Manuel Quezon stood at his elbow. Mr. Quezon is one of Manila's most persistent and unquenchable politicians, president of the Philippine Senate and current head of the Philippine Independence Mission. For many years Mr. Quezon's political platform has had but a single plank, Independence. As far as we in America need be concerned, that has been the one and only shibboleth of all Filipino politicians, the only difference between the gentlemen (women being denied suffrage and elective officeholding) being the agility with which they scurried from island to island shouting it.

When the President finished inscribing the paper, he looked up at Mr. Quezon and said: "This, Mr. Quezon, is a very happy moment for you and me." And Mr. Quezon did not deny it.

Now, in the common telling of such a pretty tale, there would follow how Mr. Quezon lost no time in galloping to the nearest airport and speeding overland where a ship would be waiting to carry him in triumph to a frenzied populace 7,164 miles west of San Francisco. And there, naturally, he would be carried the length and breadth of the land by a hosanna-shouting people.

But this sort of thing is no more—alas. In this standardized world freedom has become a relative thing to be regarded with mild skepticism by those who get it and not without apprehension by those who may be called upon to administer it. Mr. Quezon, the Filipino, for example, could not help feeling a bit of pride and satisfaction at the signing; but Mr. Quezon, the politician, knew all too well that his troubles in that exacting profession were just beginning.

It would seem like stretching a bit to refer to the liberation of the Philippines as sudden. After you've been concentrating on a simple project for thirty-three years, you're not likely to regard success as sudden. But there were members of the Filipino mission who did not believe, up to the last vote in the Senate, that this latest independence bill—the Tydings-McDuffie Bill—was going as far as the White House. Moreover, there were members of the mission who, from time to time, gave plenty of evidence that they were not contemplating suicide when previous bills did fail of acceptance. In 1932 a bill very similar to this successful one passed both houses of Congress, was vetoed by Herbert Hoover and repassed by Congress over his veto, only to be rejected by the Filipino legislature.



We heard much about the priceless benediction which was to be conferred on our Little Brown Brother

A variety of reasons were offered by the Filipino mission for home rejection, the most popular being that the bill did not provide the complete withdrawal of the American Army and Navy from Filipino soil. The bawdy truth is that internal politics in the Philippines dictated the rejection and that some of the most persistent liberty shouters in the islands had concluded that conditions were such in 1932 that it was not good politics to surrender the only issue they had.

A Shock to the Politicians

In this sense, then, the passage and signing of the Tydings-McDuffie Bill came as something of a surprise to some of Manila's veteran politicians. Perhaps shock would be a better word. And yet, for two weeks before the bill reached the White House they knew what to expect. That part of the mission then in Washington was entertained at luncheon by President Roosevelt, who told them the news. He told them the bill was going to pass and that he was going to sign it. He told them, too, in deft and smiling words, that he expected no childish nonsense from Manila. He asked his guests to inform and prepare the Filipino legislature which, he earnestly hoped, would not reject this bill—which, you see, it did not.

Several important senators joined the President—Pittman of Nevada and Tydings of Maryland, for example—in impressing upon the mission the fact that this was no time for political skullduggery; that they were going to get their independence and they had better get ready to like it. The temptation is strong to spread before you the whole political farrago of the Filipino mission but with some difficulty we restrain ourselves. Just take it as a fact that the mumbo-jumbo of the Filipino legislature is quite as infantile and just as much the creation of selfish interests as our own.

In Washington, you are assured by several responsible members of Congress that Mr. Quezon, for example, has done a considerable amount of zigzagging and teetering when at sundry times independence was about to be dumped in his lap. Mr. Quezon's reply to such criticism is that he has failed to enthuse over liberty that was not all liberty. Furthermore—and with

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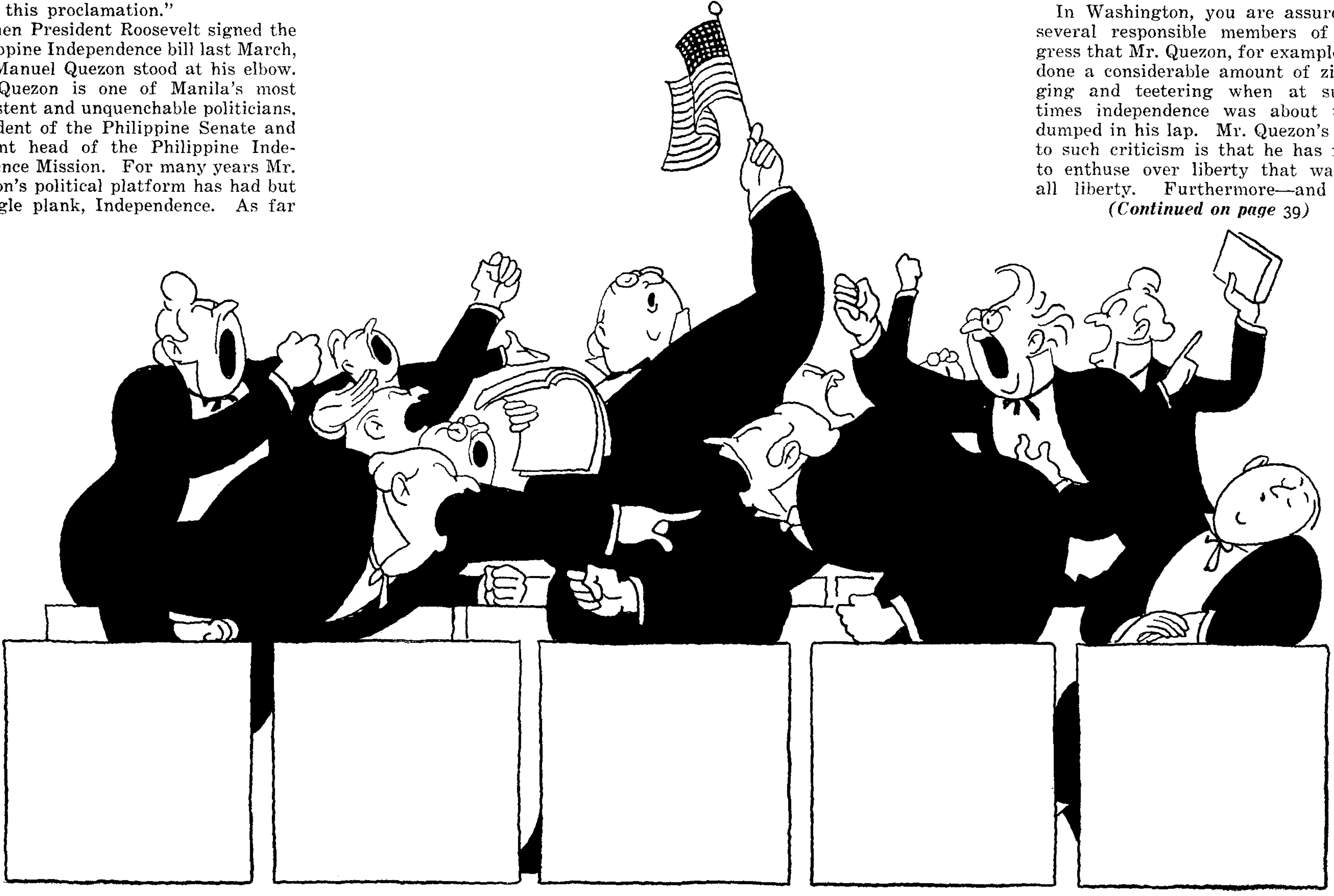


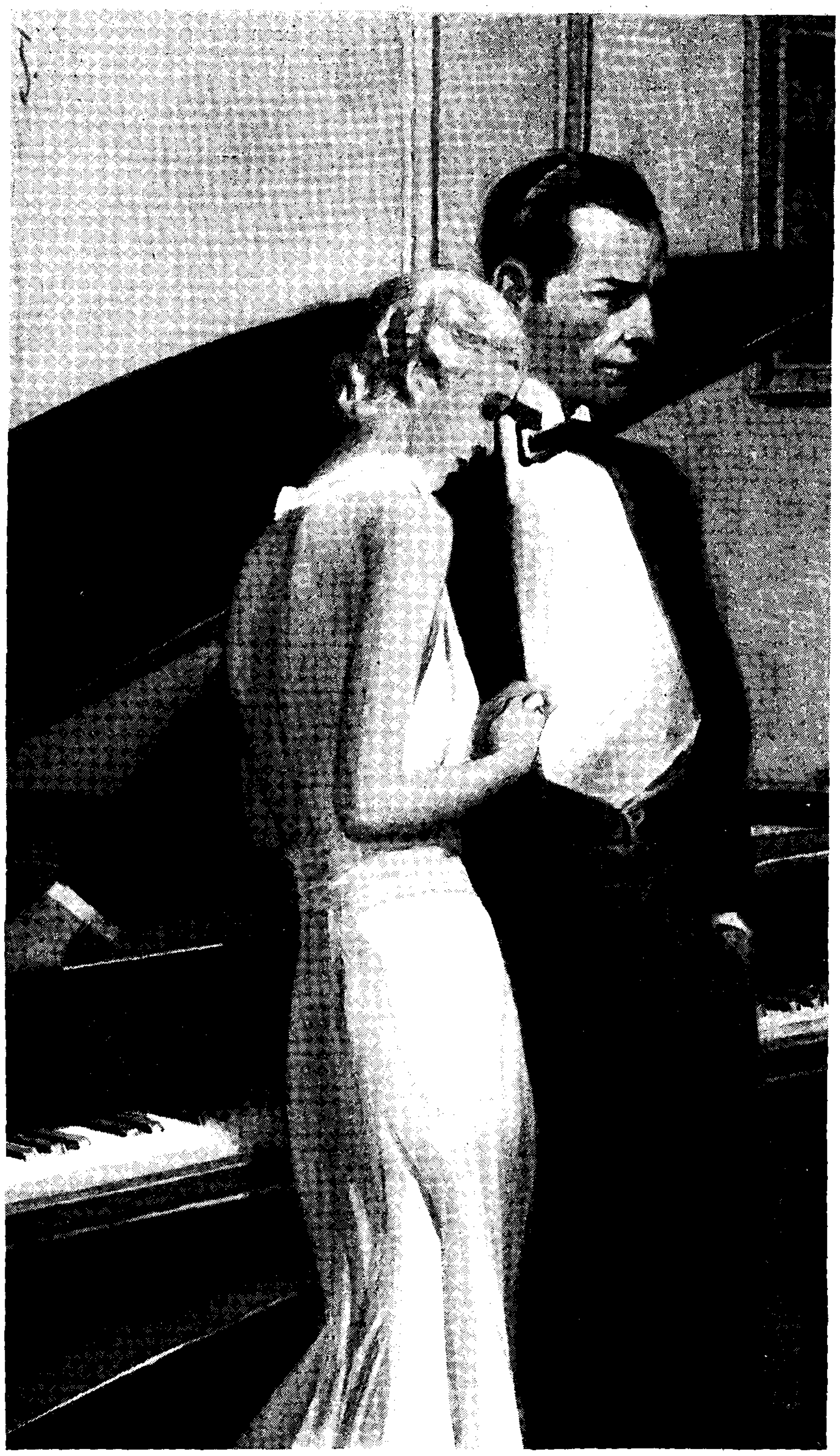
In twelve years, perhaps, we too shall have learned how to govern ourselves

Celebrity Party

By Harlan Ware

Illustrated by Dan Sweeney

You couldn't hide much from Marc Lambert—he was a world-famous mind reader. What a man to have as a husband!



"THEY'RE terribly in love," said Mrs. Collins. "And he's a mind reader, isn't it interesting? I mean, he simply reads her mind in the most startling fashion! Just imagine being in love with someone who could read your mind!"

"I can't," I said. I was trying to recall more of Mrs. Collins than her voice. A Mrs. Chalmers Collins, the operator had said.

"Oh, we're having some other people, too—some frightfully interesting people—in fact, it's a Celebrity Party. Everybody will be practically nationally known—except Mr. Collins."

"You've got the wrong Judson," I told her.

"Oh, but I haven't, Mr. Judson. I met you at Kendall's tea; don't you remember how thrilled I was? And then we saw your play opening night."

"You got there just in time."

But I suppose that was why I accepted. She was the first person to mention Turmoil Tomorrow since its breathless four-day run.

"Thank you very much. I'll come."

"Seymour Jackson, the novelist, and his wife, and Marshall Fournot, the violinist, and some of our more intimate friends of the theater will be here, Mr. Judson. We think it will be very gay."

It didn't sound especially gay to me—but, then, I've heard of fellows selling plays at week-end parties. As a matter of fact, I'm convinced now there's no other way to sell 'em. A sober man won't buy a play.

"I'll be there," I said again.

But she didn't feel sure.

"You'll be simply fascinated by the Lamberts. He's sort of a genius! He can actually read your mind."

"If he were here now," I murmured, "do you suppose he'd know what I'm thinking?"

She assured me that he would. He was a sensitive, too-talented person who could just dive into the thought stream. And so good-looking! His wife was the most beautiful girl to come along in years! Men went mad about her, but she adored her husband. . . . There was a good deal more, and she closed by saying that the Lamberts were at the Palace and I really ought to see them. I agreed. It always embarrasses me to meet a celebrity and not know exactly what he's celebrated for.

I MADE it a point to walk over to the theater that afternoon.

There was Marc Lambert's name in tall electric letters over the theater marquee. The management had gone to the expense of describing him as "AMAZING!" I didn't expect to be amazed. But I was.

I don't want to bore you with details, for no doubt you've seen the act. The curtains parted on a dark stage. In the blackness a slowly enlarging green light grew until the whole stage seemed lighted shadows. Wood winds in the orchestra whined eerie harmonies while down a long, black stairway, wearing a white robe, came the amazing Marc Lambert, a young man with a pale face and deep-set black eyes. He was handsome in some untranslatable way.

The music drifted off into a barely audible, pulsating sound, the green light gave way to amber, and Lambert faced about slowly to another stairway I hadn't noticed until then. Out of an arched doorway came a girl, a knockout of a girl, with ash-blond hair, dressed in something satiny and white. She came down step by step, her eyes on Lambert. I sought for a word to describe her, could only think of: exquisite. She was young and fresh and poised and lovely. She held out her fingers and when Lambert's hand reached out to touch them there was climax in the movement. He spoke, in a somnolent voice. He was a master showman.

"I'm going to ask you," he droned, "I'm going to ask you to whisper your names to Sheila—some of you."

She moved down the orchestra steps into the audience. People were eager to whisper their names into her ear. She collected about a dozen before she halted in the center of the middle aisle and faced the stage. Lambert waited in a heavy silence exactly long enough, then called the names, one by one, with easy certainty. The people who'd had their names called were surprised and happy about it.

SHEILA'S voice was as charming as you might have hoped it would be:

"Has anyone a piece of jewelry with an inscription on it?"

A man beside me said: "I've got a watch—don't even remember what's inside of it."

"Let this gentleman look," said Sheila, pointing to me. I was embarrassed, but I opened the watch; we looked, then held it up while Sheila flashed the light on it for herself.

"Thank you both very much."

She handed the watch back, faced Lambert. It neither surprised nor amazed me when he said, correctly: "From Charlotte to Pat, 1904." The fellow next to me was so obviously a "plant."

Perhaps the expression on my face prompted Sheila Lambert to turn to me again. I know I felt skeptical, possibly I looked it, too. She asked me to whisper my name.

"Won't any name do?" I asked, and whispered: "Collins." I caught a quick flash in her eyes—she stood up and faced the stage.

"The gentleman," said Lambert, gently reproving, "did not whisper his own name—he whispered the name Collins. However, he thought his own name while he was whispering another. His name is—Kenneth Judson."

I sank way down in my seat. The man next to me, whom I'd taken for a "plant," said: "Gee, was that right?"

I nodded.

"What do you know about that!" he murmured, struck with awe. Later he said confidentially: "That's his wife; did you know it? I'll bet she has to watch what she thinks about!"

There was no escaping it; there was an idea for a play! I left the theater and walked around in the snow for an hour, going over it in my mind. I could see the first act—they're always easy enough—and the second—but I couldn't polish it off. That had been the trouble with Turmoil Tomorrow—all the turmoil had been in the first two acts. Then I realized that I had not seen the last of the Lamberts; if I could get an ending for the play and sell the idea to someone at the party it would be a week-end worth the trouble. I walked back to my rooms in a glow and ordered orchids for Mrs. Chalmers Collins.

THE Collins' car called for me at noon on Saturday. This seemed unfair, since most of the guests were not to arrive until midnight. But as Mrs. Collins said, so charmingly, just inside the door: "It will give us a few cozy hours for chatter. Celebrated playwrights are so rare, these days."

I pointed out to her again that Turmoil Tomorrow hardly gave its author much claim to fame. But she only laughed, and we sat down in the library and tried to recall the time we'd met, which was vague to me—I'd been at a tea given by some people named Kendall, and I recalled a voice very much like Mrs. Collins' but the rest wasn't clear. We gave that up finally, and you didn't have to be a mind reader to know that she was wondering what in the world she'd talk to me about for the next eight or ten hours.

"Chalmers," she said, "is out walking again. He just won't give up his Saturday walks, no matter what happens."

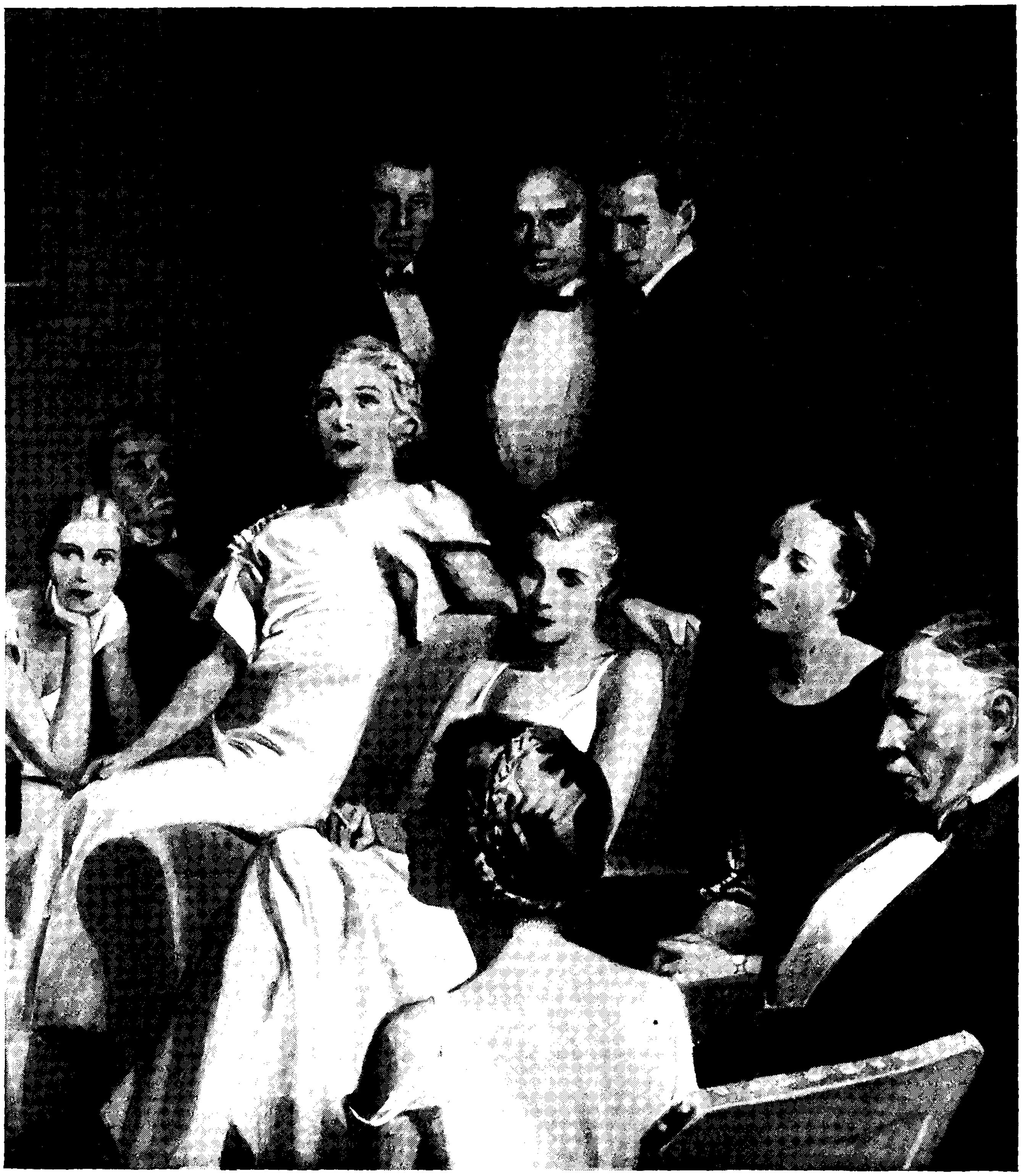
I could understand that, too.

Their estate was charming, a lovely old farmhouse deep in the hills, with acres of woodland and pleasant paths. The house itself was authentic and roomy, and there in the library with a fire crackling in the hearth, it was very cozy. After the first short silence, Mrs. Chalmers ordered drinks.

"Do you write, Mrs. Collins?" I asked. I had a feeling that she did something.

"My latest is just out," she said, trying to speak casually. "They've really done it up nicely. My publishers were dubious this year and even wanted me to help them financially, but a professional can hardly do that, don't you know? But they finally brought it out, and it's doing quite well. In a way, I'm proud of it."

So I asked to see it. It turned out



"You're willing to take the consequences?" he said. There was nothing to say but that we were

to be a thin, blue volume called: Tiny Songs for Tiny People.

The first one was a stunner:

Oh, this morning
It was chilly
Down our way,
Back in the hills,
And I really
Felt quite silly,
Pushing snow off
Window sills.

"For the little ones," she explained.

"It's the nuts," I said, speaking professionally. I felt she would want me to speak professionally. "Absolutely the nuts."

After that, the conversation dragged. We were having a terrible time of it when Chalmers came in, all bluff and hearty from the fields. She introduced him with apologies. I gathered that he didn't do anything except run some big, ugly corporation.

But he was a nice guy. I liked him. He looked just like a man who was married to a children's poet.

"Come on upstairs," he said cordially, "while I change my clothes. Toots probably has something to do." Mrs. Collins apparently had been "Toots" in the beginning. "You'll excuse him, Toots?" Toots certainly would.

He had a couple of big rooms upstairs—very cozy rooms, too—with a fire burning in an open hearth in one of them.

"Fix yourself a drink, kid," he said. "I'll jump in the shower and be right out. A shower always freshens me up after I lose at poker." I didn't understand that remark until later.

When he returned I was feeling better. In his red face his large blue eyes twinkled at me with understanding.

"What are you celebrated for?" he asked, grinning.

I HAD to tell him that I thought there was a mistake somewhere.

"I've only written one show—and it failed—and a couple of newspaper serials—and some poetry that I used to give a girl in high school. I think your wife had me confused with somebody else."

He sat down in a chair and laughed until the tears came. "Forgive me," he said, "but you don't know how funny that is! I keep telling Toots that just because a guy has a lucky break it don't make him interesting. Some of these celebrities are the most awful bores you can meet! I like to know a guy before he does something—not after he's all through. What about this mind reader? Just the bunk, eh?"

I told him about my experience at the Palace.

"So?" he said. "Well, we'll look him over. Hope you have a good time out here—but don't hesitate about going when you get bored. You can have the car whenever you want it. Did Toots show you her latest?"

I confessed that she had.

"Pour yourself another drink if you feel like it. I gotta find a shirt."

He was as genuine and nice a fellow as I'd met in a long time. When he came back he asked about my play, and why it flopped, and if I'd made any money. When I told him I'd made some money selling it to the movies, he was interested.

"Anybody who can make money out of a failure is okay, okay," he said. "Tell me some more."

In the end, of course, I told him the idea that had occurred to me yesterday—the play about the mind reader who could read his wife's mind.

"Who can't?" said Collins—and laughed again. "Go on."

I told him as much of the plot as I'd thought out.

"How'll you end it?"

"There you have me. All I need is a third act."

You know, I could see that he was playing with the idea of producing a play sometime. He said later that he'd always kind of dreamed of stepping out under a nom de plume and doing something arty as the devil, and then if it was a success he'd let Toots know who'd done it. It was one of his daydreams, he said.

I suppose I could have sold him the idea right then. He had scads of money. But he was such a nice guy that I let it pass. The fellow who produced Turmoil Tomorrow had been a personal friend of my family, and he won't even speak to my mother now.

SEYMOUR JACKSON and his wife arrived first. We were just coming down the stairs when they were announced and we happened to overhear an exchange of words between them. They had been quarreling. It is usually a bad omen for a week-end party when the guests arrive quarreling. However, Collins greeted them in his bluff, friendly manner and everything was very jovial as we moved into the library.

The others began to come in then—the non-professional people. There were a couple of pretty girls who had been horseback riding all day and looked very healthy. I had a chat with them, but all I could say for them was that they were healthy. Then Marshall Fournot arrived. He'd had a concert that afternoon and it had been such a sensation that he'd brought his violin with him. He was a dark-haired, good-looking fellow, I should say about thirty-five years old.

Later in the evening Dotty Grear appeared with her husband—you'll remember her as the dry, sardonic singer from some of the musical shows. Very funny. She gave the party its first sparkle. Her husband was a wan business man named Newcomb, who told Collins and me that he had a rough time of it, entertaining his wife's friends all night and working all day. "I'm red-eyed all the time," he said.

It wasn't until well after midnight that Marc and Sheila Lambert were announced.

LOOKING back now, I can recall what most of us were doing in the few seconds that elapsed before they came into the room; naturally it meant nothing at the time, but I did attach significance to several things later: I recall that Dotty Grear was whispering joyously with the forbidding-looking Mrs. Seymour Jackson, that Newcomb had fallen asleep near the fire—and that Marshall Fournot quietly left the room. Chalmers Collins and I were playing chess in a corner—and we never did go back to the game.

Lambert in his dinner jacket, Sheila in a white evening dress, made a striking picture in the doorway; yet before they had crossed the threshold it was apparent that something was decidedly wrong. Lambert's eyes were angry and his sallow face had gone dead-white. He barely acknowledged introductions. Collins grabbed his arm as soon as it was decent, and said:

"Come on upstairs and have a quiet drink, old man. It'll do you good." They went up.

I wondered if Collins was going to ask him if he was really a mind reader

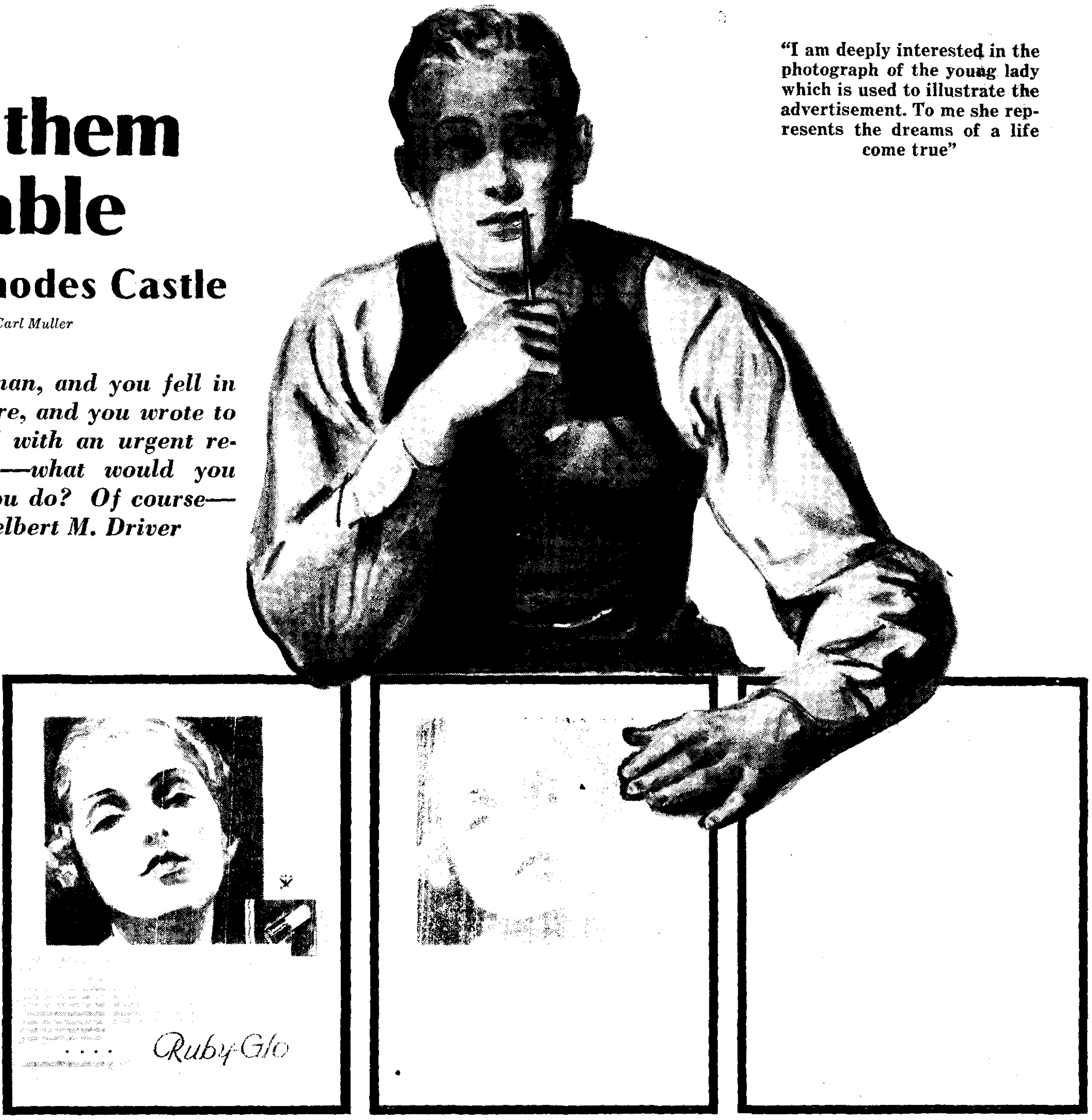
(Continued on page 42)

Keep them Kissable

By Everett Rhodes Castle

Illustrated by Carl Muller

If you were a young man, and you fell in love with a girl's picture, and you wrote to her, and she answered with an urgent request for ready cash—what would you think? What would you do? Of course—but you're not Adelbert M. Driver



"I am deeply interested in the photograph of the young lady which is used to illustrate the advertisement. To me she represents the dreams of a life come true"

March 28, 1934

Advertising Manager,
Silver Lining Magazine,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

In the March issue of Silver Lining, which I read with great interest every month, is an advertisement on page 49 with the caption, "Keep Them Kissable" which interests me very much, not because I am a possible prospect for Ruby-Glo lip stick, the product advertised, but because, quite frankly, I am deeply interested in the photograph of the young lady which is used to illustrate the advertisement.

To me she represents the dreams of a life come true. It may seem strange that I should write to a perfect stranger about another perfect stranger in such terms. But what other course is open to me if I am to contact the one girl whose face seems to offer all the things I have dreamed about in connection with marriage?

Let me say that I am no callow youth in the sudden throes of puppy love but a mature man of twenty-four, unmarried of course. I have an excellent position with my uncle, who is a large distributor of automobiles in the northwestern section of Ohio, and at present I am in charge of our branch at Collumville, a small, yet thriving city of over ten thousand inhabitants, located within thirty miles of Cleveland, Ohio.

I write to you in this detail because I want to assure you that I am serious. Undoubtedly many people would be amused at this method of approach to love and marriage. But ever since leaving high school I have lived by the rule that anything a man wants hard enough he can get. I wanted to get into the automobile business and I did. I wanted to succeed as an automobile salesman. Last year I ranked fifteenth among the nineteen hundred salesmen selling Steven Straight Streaks in the United States. The contest, in which I won a beautiful radio in addition to a trip to the factory at Detroit, was based on the relationship of sales to sales opportunities. Many salesmen sold more cars than I did but not in comparison with the population of the area in which they worked.

If it is of any importance in swaying your decision, may I say that if the young lady is married, she will not be bothered. In any case she will not be subjected to a lot of mash notes. A man is married a long time usually and therefore I think he is justified in doing everything in his power, no matter how silly it may seem, to find the one woman in the world that measures up to all his ideals. Therefore, if after writing frankly and fully to the young lady, she should decide that she would not care to see me or carry on any further correspondence the matter would be dropped.

Let me thank you in advance for helping me in this matter, if it is at all possible.

Yours sincerely,
Adelbert M. Driver
The Driver Motor Sales Company,
Collumville, Ohio.

March 30, 1934

George A. Buckley,
Buckley & Obey Advertising Agency,
New York.

Dear Buck:

After reading the enclosed letter you will realize that Silver Lining Magazine reaches the ultimate in Reader Response. You might also pass it on to your client The Bettleman Cosmetic Company as proof conclusive that people read advertisements and act upon them.

I have written to the young man and informed him that his letter has been turned over to you as the proper person to decide this momentous question. Since receiving the letter I have again referred to the excellent advertisement which you prepared and the young lady. Adelbert's taste is faultless.

In view of our signal success with this campaign, how about giving a chunk of that new Ironsides Tire business which I understand you are ready to place?

Yours in hope,
Thorpe

April 2, 1934

Mr. Albert Kusskin,
The Kusskin Photographic Studios,
Lexington Avenue,
New York.

Dear Al:

Buckley sent the enclosed letter along to the art department and told me to send it along to whoever took the picture and write to the soft-boiled egg who wrote the letter, to this effect. After this you will be entitled to put an aching heart on your coat of arms with a pair of postage stamps rampant or with gules.

Anyway, as Will Mahoney would say, whether you use gules or boys (Ha-ha!) pass the letter along to the babe. Maybe with the model racket as tough as it is, she might be interested in promoting herself an interest in a growing automobile business in the northwest section of Ohio.

By the way, isn't this babe the same one I met at that studio party you tossed in November? I mean the one in the gray squirrel coat that talked all the time about reincarnation and the inert forces of the human mind or was it the superior brand of sheep dip that you served me?

Yours in a fog,
Ben

April 4, 1934

Miss La Verne Hollis,
72 West 57th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Verne:

Ben Loomis, Art Director of Buckley & Obey, sent the enclosed letter along to me with the request that I pass it on to you. If you want to answer it, O. K. Otherwise let me know and I'll have Miss Schwartz here write and tell him that we never furnish names or addresses of models.

See you soon,
Kusskin

P. S. Miss S. told me you phoned the other day about some work. I'll give you a ring the minute something comes in that I can use you on. K.

April 4, 1934

Berg et Cie
Furriers
Fifth Avenue

Miss La Verne Hollis,
72 West 57th Street,
City.

Dear Miss Hollis:

We regretfully call your attention to the fact that despite your promise to see that payments on gray squirrel coat, purchased from us last November, were made promptly as per agreement, we have received no remittance since January 15th.

May we ask that this matter be given your immediate attention in order that we may both be saved the expense and embarrassment of a possible suit.

Berg et Cie, Credit Dept.

Miss La Verne Hollis, April 4, 1934
72 West 57th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Miss Hollis:

Adele, Inc., has placed in our hands for collection a bill for gowns and lingerie in the sum of $154.75.

Several representatives of the undersigned have failed to reach you at the above address.

Will you please communicate with us at once to avoid further trouble?

Yours truly,
The Mercantile Collection Service,
J. W. Grund, Pres.

April 4, 1934
Burnham & Co.
"Rentals of Distinction"

Miss La Verne Hollis,
72 West 57th Street,
City.

Dear Miss Hollis:

The rental on your apartment B-3 remains unpaid since Feb. 15th. Payment promised on March 15th and again on March 25th remains unfulfilled. In view of these facts we must ask you to vacate premises as of Monday, April 9th.

Sincerely regretting the necessity for this action, we remain,

Yours very truly,
Burnham & Co.

Dear Verney: April 4, 1934

Can I help it if Clearfield, Pa., was not good enough for you? Is it my fault if you owe a lot of money? I am sure that no girl has a more loving sister than I am. Walter does not know, even now, that I took fifty dollars out of our joint savings account last Christmas and sent it to you. I of course relied on your promise to return the money within a month, therefore to send you two hundred dollars more is simply impossible. As I said in my last letter, as your only living relative, there will always be a home for you with Walter and myself but I cannot be blamed if you won't admit defeat. You were always such a strange girl, Verney! Walter was saying just the other night that you were cursed with too much imagination. I hope everything turns out all right for you. I saw a picture of you in a lipstick ad and it was lovely.

Your ever loving sister,
Augusta

April 4, 1934
180 Wall Street

Dearest Kitten:

I received your note returning the check for five hundred dollars which I gave you the other night. So that's the way it is! Frankly I thought of you as one of the usual. Different, infinitely better looking and so forth but with a perfect understanding of why a middle-aged gentleman gets ink stains on his fingers. There was no need to apologize for the clawing you gave me when I took you home—I suppose that's why an old-fashioned kitten has claws.

If your point of view ever changes give me a ring and we'll take tea at the Brotherton and talk it over.

Your friend,
Jack

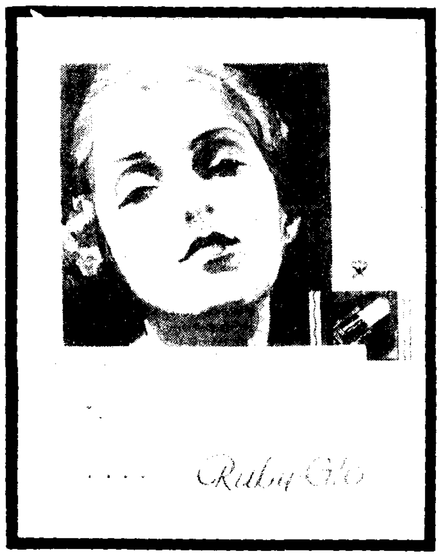
P. S. You have the most kissable lips in the world and that picture of you in Silver Lining certainly proves it. Keep 'em that way! J.

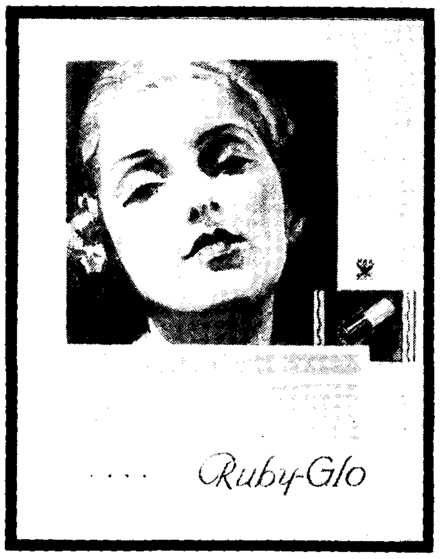
April 5, 1934
SPECIAL DELIVERY

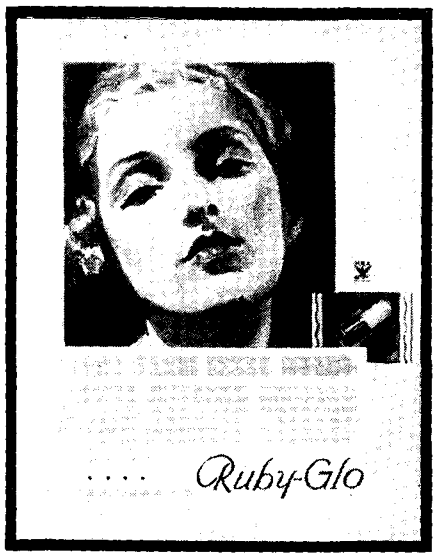
Mr. Adelbert M. Driver,
The Driver Motor Sales Co.,
Collumville, Ohio.

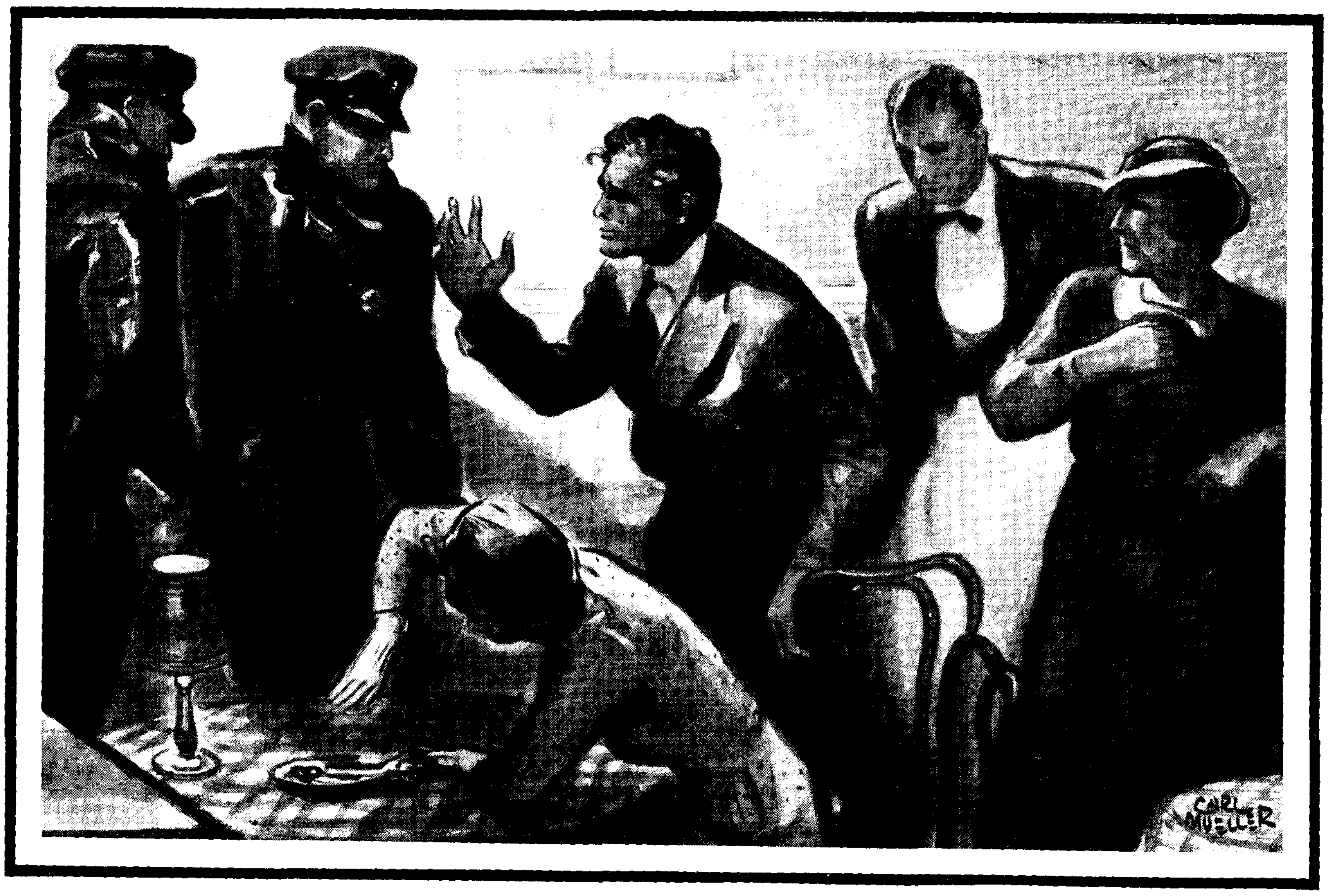
Dear Mr. Driver:

Your letter to Silver Lining Magazine has been forwarded to me. Its tone suggests that our minds are unfettered. I write. Perhaps you will understand. Once again I am a damsel in distress. Material things imprison me. Cruel laughter of my guards floats down the dim, dank corridors of the past and bids me accept either dishonor or the jeers of provincial minds as the price of freedom. I cry out for a gallant knight in shining golden armor to come to my rescue. Then I hear the pounding thunder of his white charger in response to my murmured prayer. I cry out in sudden joy and open my eyes to another world hundreds of years later and I am sitting before a desk with a pen in my hand.









"I have the imagination, as you know, Mario. I try to make the big lieutenant treat her gently. But like the feather he pushes me aside and brings the girl to her feet"

And then I wonder.

Will he understand? Will that scene out of the past be reënacted in a modern setting? Will he come? Or is the golden age of Romance forever dead? And then I think: "Suppose this gallant knight does believe in romance and rides at once to rescue, but . . . suppose he is not the golden knight of whom I have dreamed? Suppose he is short and fat? Suppose he has an Adam's apple that is repellent. Suppose he has pimples!"

You see, even though my own sister calls me strange, I am honest with you. You at least know what I look like. . . . That men call my lips kissable. I must know what you look like too, and yet there is no time for photographs to be sent and letters exchanged.

Therefore I simply say this to you: I need money. I need it desperately. At least two hundred dollars. That may seem like a sordid reply to your letter but it is the truth. And yet any knight with two hundred dollars is not enough. My knight must appeal to me as you say my picture appealed to you—like a dream come true.

If you think it is worth while you must come to New York. You must be here Sunday night. You must be prepared to lend me two hundred dollars—if I feel I can accept it. And still I do not want to hurt your feelings, if in coming so gallantly to my rescue, you fail physically to interest and attract me. So this is my proposition: There is a small restaurant in West 44th Street, near Sixth Avenue, known as The Red Hoop. You must take the second small table to the left as you enter and order and eat dinner. Arrive at six o'clock. I will arrange so that the table will be unoccupied. Then if you hear from me before you finish your meal you will know. . . .

There is no need to sign this. You will understand or you will laugh. You will come or you will be shocked by this crude appeal. We will meet or we will not as Life wills. It is written in the sands.

Sincerely,
Keep Them Kissable

April 5, 1934

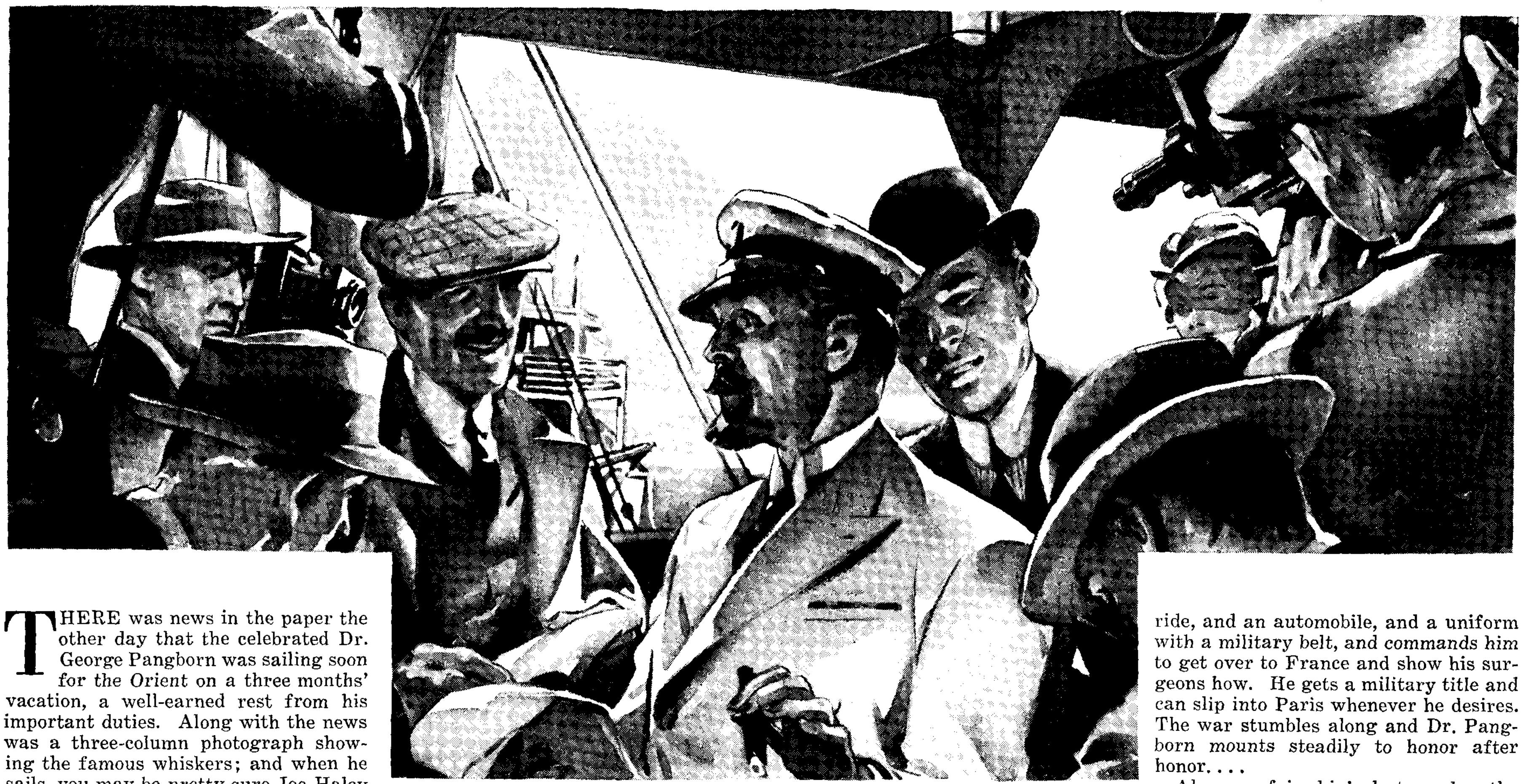
Dear Gus:

I am sorry you couldn't send me the money as I requested but I understand. Please don't think I didn't appreciate the fifty dollars you sent me at Christmas time—and now I appreciate it even more because, reading between the lines I can see that Walter didn't want to do it. And please don't think I am blaming him either. From his point of view I am filled with half-baked notions and crazy romantic dreams. And maybe I am. I don't know. Things press down on you so. The things you read about and the things you experience personally are so different.

You say that I was always a strange child but if that is true everything you read is strange. In magazines, girls don't have to fight men off with their finger nails. Not all the time anyway. Just because I dream about things that never seem to happen— Is that abnormality? Are there no more heroes? Is romance just what everybody here in New York seems to think it is? Just a heh-heh. Is saving yourself until the right man comes along just a quaint old-fashioned custom?

I know what Walter would say. I need a good swift kick that will jar

(Continued on page 54)



"Tell us about your life, Doctor," the gentlemen demanded

Big Man, Little Man

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frank Condon

Illustrated by Elmore Brown

THERE was news in the paper the other day that the celebrated Dr. George Pangborn was sailing soon for the Orient on a three months' vacation, a well-earned rest from his important duties. Along with the news was a three-column photograph showing the famous whiskers; and when he sails, you may be pretty sure Joe Haley will be wandering about the pier, asking questions.

Joe is the ship-news man for the Herald. He was working on the Herald long before the Great War and it was back in those days that he encountered Dr. George Pangborn. This is how it was:

The Africander crept into port one afternoon, having come from a long jaunt up the coast of South America. When she finally crawled against her pier, Joe Haley got on the job, as he had done a thousand times before. He walked aboard, hoping they had some nice drinks. He knew the Africander's captain, but merely said, "Hello, have a good trip?" and went on down to the cabin of the ship's doctor, having a theory that you can soak up more news from a ship's doctor than from anybody else on board. And the doctor was Dr. George Pangborn. Joe knocked on the door and introduced himself, ship-news man from the Herald.

"Anything of interest this trip?" he inquired, looking politely around the small compartment.

"No," replied the medico thoughtfully. "Just a dull run this time. I dunno any news. . . . How about a drink?"

"Fine," said Joe, and the doctor poured two fairish slugs.

"Come to think of it," he continued, sipping his red-eye, "might be something to be said about that lighthouse man."

"What lighthouse man?"

"Off Puenta Arenas. There's a lighthouse down there and we had a radio from the man who tends the light. His assistant fell down a ladder and broke his leg in three places—a bad smash. The radio asked us if we had a surgeon on board and would we put in and operate on the poor bozo."

"Uh-huh," said Joe. "Did you?"

"We did not. I took the message to Captain King and asked what about it and he shook his head. Said he couldn't run three hundred miles off his course just to fix a busted leg."

When he returned to the Herald office and sat down before his ancient typewriter, Mr. Haley scratched his head. News from the shipping was lean that day, the items were without color. Presently he began to think of the Africander, rolling along through the smooth Pacific, with Captain King comfortably on top and Dr. Pangborn sitting in his cabin with a bottle of rye at hand, and the poor bozo who fell down the ladder and cracked his leg.

So he began to write the news item for the morrow's paper.

NOW the radio was new then, a crackling, sparky wonder, with miracles already under its belt. And Joe banged out, not what Dr. Pangborn told him, but a news item with a little more human interest for readers at their morning coffee. He told of the radio bringing news to the Africander and of the conference between Captain King and Dr. Pangborn and of the captain's stern decision, a matter of business for which, perhaps, he could not be blamed. At that point the news item switched off from Pangborn's recital and Joe told of how the doctor radioed back to the lonely lighthouse and said: "Sorry I can't come in and operate. Captain says no. But I will tell you what to do and you go ahead and do it."

The point of Joe's piece for the paper was that modern surgery is a boon and the radio spark a divine miracle. He drew a picture of the doctor sitting in his ship at sea, telling the lighthouse man to get splints and bandages and do this and then that, and the fellow replying in due time, "O.K., Doc. Now what do I do now?" and the doctor answering patiently.

Back and forth flew the messages over the blue Pacific and soon the operation was over, and the lighthouse tender radioed that it looked like a crude and bungling job, but probably would side-step blood-poisoning and save the assistant's life.

When the Herald came out next morning Dr. Pangborn must have been surprised to see the item, bringing fresh laurels to radio and surgery, but he said nothing, sailed away on the Africander and promptly forgot the episode.

The rest of the world did not forget it by a long shot, and Dr. George Pangborn became famous, knowing nothing of his fame. He was in his cabin at sea, reading old magazines and occasionally advising a lady passenger in the bitter throes of stomach-ache.

The Africander chugged along in foreign parts, picking up freight and passengers, and one day she headed up past Hatteras and stuck her nose into New York harbor, and all Dr. Pangborn had in mind was that he thought he'd go ashore and see a good movie. When he came up on deck at Quarantine, a battery of newsmen swooped down on him, and the camera lads made an iron ring around him.

"Tell us about your life, Doctor," the gentlemen demanded. And of course, there was nothing whatever to tell, as he was only a ship's doctor.

ALL right. . . . What next? The Great War cracks loose, and what the war needs is surgeons who can operate in a hurry, good surgeons, and by this time Dr. George Pangborn is up among the élite, and is asked to write opinions for the Journal. The War Department knows about him, gives him a troop of young surgeons, gives him a horse to ride, and an automobile, and a uniform with a military belt, and commands him to get over to France and show his surgeons how. He gets a military title and can slip into Paris whenever he desires. The war stumbles along and Dr. Pangborn mounts steadily to honor after honor. . . .

Always a fair ship's doctor, when the calamity was over he returned to his native land and the papers treated him as if he had won the decision single-handed. He was a figure in the world of medicine, finance, society and art. When the nation settled down after the war, it was natural for certain capitalists to visualize and plan and erect the great Medical Temple in San Francisco, one of the noble institutions of the day, where pain is banished and the wounds of mankind healed.

And of course, when they cast about for a man broad enough to head the new Medical Temple, it was easy to see why their choice fell upon Dr. George Pangborn. He accepted in a graceful letter and one day the workmen stopped hammering and the Medical Temple was ready for its dedication ceremonies, with flags flying and visitors strolling through the endless halls of mercy.

ON THAT morning, Mr. Roberts, who was city editor of the Herald and did not regard dedication ceremonies as vastly exciting news, sent for a reporter, and the only reporter at hand was Joe Haley—same old Joe, ship-news man still, a little seedier than he used to be, a trifle more wearied.

"You better go on over, Joe," directed the city editor, and Reporter Haley put on his raincoat, wended his way across town to the noble white pile, and was solemnly escorted into the presence of the celebrated Dr. Pangborn.

"You are a reporter?" the great man asked.

"I am," said Joe. "Name is Haley, of the Herald."

"Yes, I remember you, Mr. Haley. You wish an interview with me?"

"I do, sir."

The doctor broke into a gentle smile and slowly shook his head.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I never give interviews to newspaper-men. They are honest fellows, but I have learned from experience that they are not to be trusted with medical or surgical matters. They do not print the facts and they so color and distort things that I have made it a rule never to give statements to the press. I bid you good day."

He turned and disappeared, still smiling benignly, and Reporter Haley walked out, turning up his coat collar as it was beginning to drizzle.

He Grew Up Late

By Quentin Reynolds

At thirty-five Rabbit Maranville was still a boy, a clowning, carefree kid whose only interest was in playing jokes and baseball. Then, overnight, he became a man—and what a man!

BILL McKECHNIE was trying to make a second baseman out of a tall kid named Dick Gyselman who had come to the Braves via Albuquerque and Oakland. Gyselman had always played third base. The kid sat on the bench alongside McKechnie and his eyes were glued on a sturdy figure cavorting around second base; scooping up grounders and tossing them with a peculiar underhand flip over to first base; scrambling back for pop flies and all the time shouting shrill encouragement to the pitcher.

It was of course nobody else but Walter James Vincent Maranville, who is Rabbit to you and to me and to baseball fans the length of the land.

It was the Rabbit getting ready to start his twenty-third baseball campaign, a campaign which he hoped would result in the breaking of Honus Wagner's record of having played in 2,785 National League games. It was the same Rabbit who came up from New Bedford in 1912, with the same cocky air and the same sparkle. Young Gyselman watched his every move.

"The Rabbit is a wonder, isn't he?" McKechnie remarked, smiling almost paternally as he watched the crab-like figure out there on the hard-baked diamond. "Still the best infielder in the league and he admits to being forty-two. The Rabbit is great to have on a ball club. He's a steadying influence on the youngsters and he kids the veterans along when things are going bad. This boy Gyselman is going to be very good some day. Notice how he watches the Rabbit. A kid couldn't pick a better model. Oh, but he's a great influence on the ball club—that little Rabbit."

A Heart-Breaking Blow

And McKechnie went on to talk of the Rabbit and no one knows more about him than McKechnie, for it was Bill who brought him back to baseball after every major and minor league had consigned him to the baseball graveyard.

We didn't know then that just a week later on that same diamond the Rabbit was to lie writhing on the ground with agonizing pains shooting through his leg. We didn't know then that he'd be carried to the hospital the victim of a decision worse than any umpire ever gave—a decision which counted him out even before the season had begun.

He talked of Maranville the man and of his steadiness and his loyalty but as he talked you couldn't help but think of Maranville the boy, who really didn't become a man until he was thirty-five and was lying on a hospital bed in Montreal, facing a future that was dark and agonizing to contemplate. There was the time. . . .

It was back in 1914 and the Boston Braves were making baseball history. They were in last place, then seventh, and soon they were in the first division and tight-lipped George Stallings was being hailed as the Miracle Man. It was a grueling race and the then young Maranville was doing his part out there at shortstop. To his left was the brilliant Johnny Evers and to his right the dependable Chuck Deal. A ball had to be clever to sift through that defense. The Rabbit refused to be impressed by the fact that his team was headed toward the pennant.

Acme

One evening after a game in Philadelphia the Rabbit found himself at a party in the suburbs. Bored, he wandered away looking for conviviality. He saw a truck standing beside a road and he saw a sweating driver trying to change a tire. Suffering in a fellow human always found responsive echo in the Rabbit's heart and he offered his services. Together they changed the tire and then the driver, not to be outdone in courtesy, offered to drive the Rabbit back to his hotel. They headed for the Aldine Hotel but they made many detours and many stops for refreshments, for the exertion of changing the tire had tired both of them. When the truck drew to an unsteady stop in front of the hotel portals its two occupants were, to put it kindly, in a joyous frame of mind. And of course by now they had sworn undying friendship to each other.

Dynamic Rabbit Maranville at 42 was ready to continue his sparkling career indefinitely, but chance ruled otherwise

Keystone

"It's too late to go home," the Rabbit told his new-found friend. "You must stay with me."

"Okay," the driver mumbled. He had so fallen under the spell of the Maranville personality that he would have torn up his truck had the Rabbit suggested it. Arm in arm they walked into the lobby, small, stocky Maranville and the huge, overalled truck driver still wearing the grease and the grime which he had accumulated in changing the tire.

"My friend is staying with me tonight," the Rabbit told the room clerk.

The clerk was young and he was unwise and he was very haughty.

"He is not," the clerk said. "You may stay, but he has to get out."

Only the Best for the Guest

"He has to get out, does he?" the Rabbit yelled, at the same time leaping over the desk and planting a very hard right-hand punch where it did the clerk the most harm. The clerk collapsed, the Rabbit grabbed his key and the two pals walked unsteadily over to the elevator.

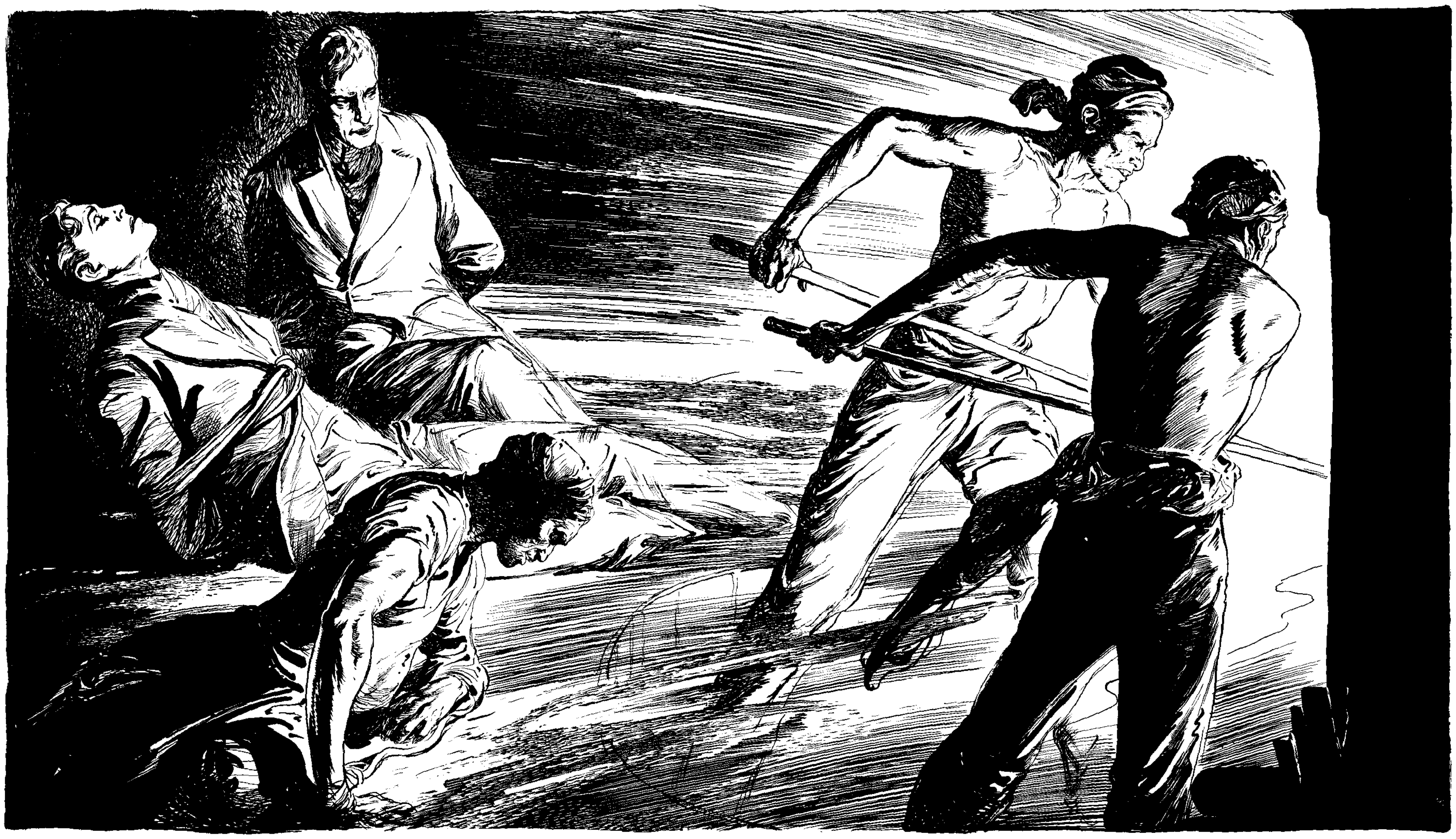
When the clerk revived, he aroused Stallings and the hotel manager and the hotel detective and they advanced in a body on Maranville's room. They opened the door and there, with a seraphic smile on his face, was the Rabbit, sleeping soundly on the floor. The driver, greasy overalls and all, was sleeping the sleep of the pure of heart in the Rabbit's bed. They were awakened by the irate hotel manager, who said majestically, "This man must leave."

The Rabbit and his friend looked at each other and then, without a word, both arose and left the room. Bristling with hurt dignity they walked out of the hotel, climbed into the front seat of the truck and roared down the quiet street. To this day the Rabbit doesn't remember the name of his pal—but he does remember that the next day he broke up the ball game with a three-base hit.

That season the Braves were in a grueling race and the nerves of the players were frayed but Maranville's kidding kept them laughing and kept the tension from affecting their play. Stallings was proud of that team all right, and he was also proud of a $25,000 prize bull he owned. He was talking about the bull one day after a game.

"I'm having it insured tomorrow," he said. "It's a very valuable animal."

(Continued on page 56)



He had seen enough to know that his doom was sealed . . . perhaps the doom of all who stood in Fu Manchu's path

The Trail of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE on the trail of the arch-criminal, Dr. Fu Manchu—who has kidnapped Alan Sterling's fiancée, Fleurette Petrie—Sir Denis Nayland Smith, England's most brilliant detective, goes to Sam Pak's restaurant, an evil Limehouse resort. It is night. With him is Sterling. Surrounding the place are Scotland Yard men, commanded by Chief Inspector Gallaho.

A beautiful woman emerges from the building. She is Fah Lo Suee, Fu Manchu's daughter. Speeding away in a car (followed closely by Sir Denis, Sterling and Gallaho), she meets Sir Bertram Morgan, a prominent banker, drives with him to Rowan House, one of the Doctor's hideaways. There Sterling finds Fleurette, who, hypnotized, appears to hate him. He endeavors to carry her out of the house—and is captured, spirited away. . . . Meanwhile, Sir Denis and Gallaho have not been idle. But when they search the place, Sir Bertram alone is there. Fah Lo Suee ("Madame Ingomar" to London society) had, he says, lured him to her "home" with an amazing promise—to show him some gold which her father (the "Marquis Chang Hu") had made *out of cheap metals!* The Marquis had shown him the gold; then, on the arrival of the police, had fled with his daughter. . . .

In the hands of the enemy, Sterling finds, to his joy, that his guard is one Ali Oke, who, having served him in Africa, loves him. He is, he realizes, in deadly peril. Fu Manchu has shown him a vast furnace far below the level of the earth, to which a mysterious tunnel leads. In that furnace fantastic experiments are being tried; and in one of them the fires must be fed *with human flesh!* . . . Nayland Smith receives a note (written, signed and sent for Sterling by Ali). It reads: "In hands of Fu Manchu. Deep pit, a furnace and tunnel below water. Do your best. Sterling."

Sir Denis acts instantly. Working with Detective Sergeant Murphy, he learns of a long-forgotten tunnel—which leads to Sam Pak's! The two operatives, disguised, hasten there at once. They enter, seat themselves. A hunchback Chinese, one eye covered with a patch, steals over to them. It is Fah Lo Suee! "Sir Denis," she whispers, "you and I both are in danger." She pauses, glances around; she is, obviously, in terror. Then— "If I can save *you*, will you save *me?*"

The answer whips back: "*Yes!*"

VII

"HANDS UP!"

Nayland Smith was on his feet, covering the room with an automatic. . . .

He had noted that the door which now barred the way out to the shop and to the street was a heavy iron door of that kind which at one time gave so much exercise to the police of New York's Chinatown. The man who had closed the door turned and, back to it, slowly raised his hands. He was a short, incredibly thick-set Burman, built like a gorilla, with long arms and a span of shoulder which told of formidable strength.

The other men at the fan-tan table also obeyed the order. Fah Lo Suee, following a moment's hesitation, caught a swift side-glance from Smith and raised her hands.

Murphy, pistol ready, slipped behind Sir Denis and made for the Burman.

The bowl of a heavy bronze incense-burner stood upon the counter where it was used as a paper-weight and a receptacle for small change. At this moment the aged Sam Pak—snatching it up with a lightning movement incredible in a man of his years—hurled the heavy bowl with unerring aim.

It struck Nayland Smith on the right temple.

He dropped his automatic, staggered and fell forward over the table.

Sergeant Murphy came about in a flash, a police whistle between his teeth. Stupefaction claimed him for a moment as he saw Sir Denis lying apparently dead across the table . . . for no more than a moment; but this was long enough for the baboon-like Burman who guarded the door.

In two leaps worthy of the jungle beast he so closely resembled, the man hurled himself across the room, sprang upon the detective's shoulders, and, herculean hands locked about his neck, brought him to the floor!

Too late to turn to meet the attack, Murphy had sensed the man's approach. At the very moment that the Burman made his second spring, the detective pulled the trigger.

The sound of the shot was curiously muffled in that airless, sealed-up place. The bullet crashed through the woodwork of the bar and into a wall beyond, missing old Sam Pak by a matter of inches. But that veteran, motionless in his chair, never stirred.

AS THE pistol dropped from Murphy's grasp, the Burman, kneeling on his back, lifted one hand to the detective's jaw, and began to twist his head sideways—slowly.

"No!" Fah Lo Suee whispered. "*No!*"

The wrinkled yellow lips of Sam Pak moved slightly.

"It is for the Master to decide," he said, in that seaport bastard Chinese which evidently the Burman understood.

Fah Lo Suee, wrenching the patch from her eye and the cap from her head, turned blazing eyes upon the old Chinaman.

"Are you mad?" she said, rapidly in Chinese. "Are you mad? This place is surrounded by police!"

"I obey the orders, lady."

"Whose orders?"

"Mine." A curtain on the left of the bar was drawn aside—and Dr. Fu Manchu came in. . . .

The Orientals in the room who were not already on their feet stood up; even old Sam Pak rose from his chair. The Burmese strangler, resting his right foot upon Murphy's neck, rose to confront the Master. A queer hush descended where a scene of violence had been. All saluted the Chinese doctor, using the peculiar salutation of the Si-Fan, that far-flung secret society which Nayland Smith had spent so many years in endeavoring to destroy.

Dr. Fu Manchu wore Chinese indoor dress, and a mandarin's cap was set upon his high skull. His eyes were half closed, but his evil, wonderful face exhibited no expression whatever.

Nevertheless, he was watching Fah Lo Suee.

A muffled scream in a woman's voice, doubtless that of Mrs. Sam Pak, broke this sudden silence. There were loud cries; the flat wailing of a police whistle; and then a resounding crash.

The wooden door of the Sailors' Club had been broken down . . . but the iron door now confronted the raiding party.

Dr. Fu Manchu turned slowly, holding the curtain aside.

"Let them all be brought down," he directed.

INSPECTOR GALLAHO heard the sound of the shot—but very dimly. Later he was to know why it had sounded so dim. At the time he did not understand, and wondered where the shot had been fired. It was not the prearranged signal, but it was good enough.

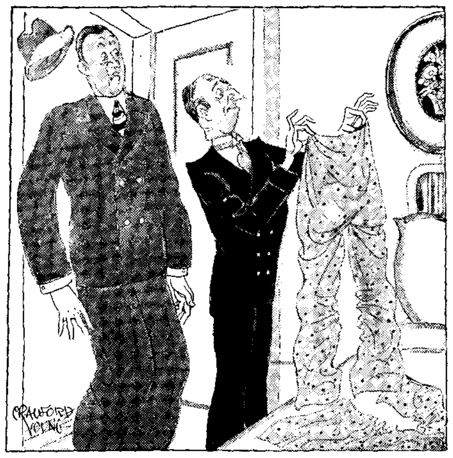
He was leaning out of a window above a shuttered-up shop. The room to which it belonged, a dingy bedroom, had recently been leased by a respectable man

(*Continued on page 47*)

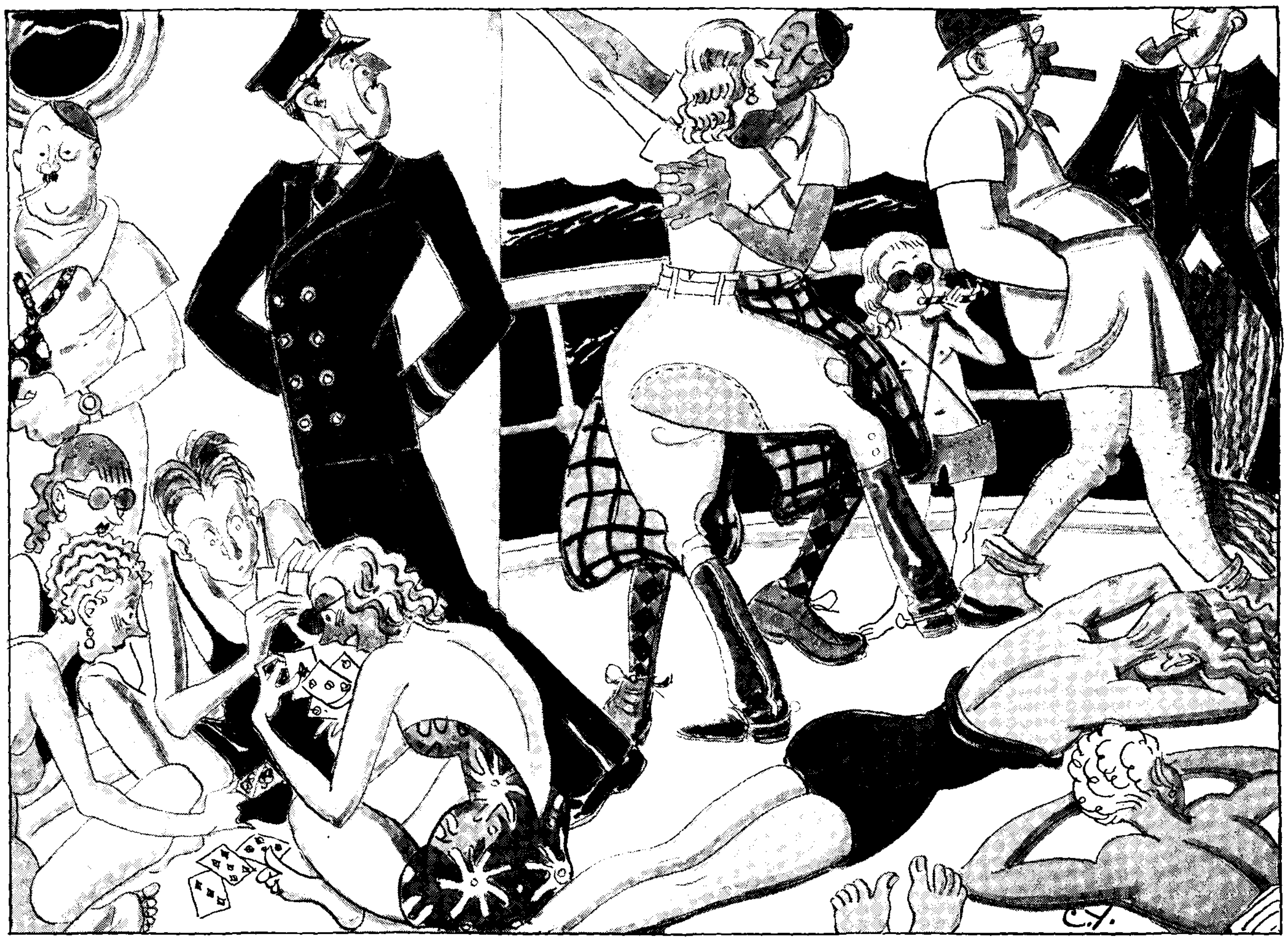
Getting Away from it all

By Kyle Crichton

A few years ago we were introduced to the Pleasure Cruise, that flapper child of the ship lines. Now the child is fully grown and as American as the hot dog or Sunday driving. Frivolous? Yes, but she certainly earns her keep



Take along your best pajamas. The room steward insists on ferreting them out and spreading them on the bed every night. Awfully embarrassing



Crawford Young

There are people who go for rest and relaxation and live to see their families again, but the great majority enters into things

YOU can generally tell when you're coming down with an attack of Pleasure Cruise. The first symptom is a touch of sun madness. If it's raining at home, you're convinced that a few days' cruising amid "soft Southern waters" or lying on the beach at Kealakekua will bring back the flush of youth and beauty which makes you so popular in the Sixth Ward. All that remains after that is a little searching in the pantry closet to find the crock with the dollar bills.

There's never any chance of being mistaken about a Pleasure Cruise. You can tell it the minute you get on the dock. There's a lot of hullabaloo about an ordinary sailing but every Pleasure Cruise takes on the appearance of a trip to Little America. There are banners all over the place and generally an orchestra is pounding away down on the dock, just to make sure that nobody gets the idea this isn't going to be some party.

In the winter time that orchestra is quite a sight, with the winds whistling around the pillars and the piano player and his mates bundled up like the North Adams, Massachusetts, company of Way Down East. The pianist is harassing the keyboard with all the abandon of a man who knows if he ever stops nothing but amputation can save his fingers. The other brave boys saw and toot away with the same ambition to avoid chilblains. All very jolly, notwithstanding. At this time of the year it is even jollier.

As to the destination, the average cruise customer is little concerned. If it's Bermuda, okeh. If the captain misses the place and hits Cape Town, South Africa, okeh again. They're on a Pleasure Cruise and as long as the chefs hold out and the dancing continues, the ship can dock again whenever it finds a dock. What they're really doing is Getting Away from It All, and by "away" they mean not some place.

The new development in Pleasure Cruises comes under the head of entertainment. People have always been going places in ships but now they're going in short hops and getting something every minute for the money.

"Why am I on the trip?" repeated the young lady from Passaic. "I'm on it for the fun of it. And I don't want a rest. If I want rest I can go to bed early at home some night."

So the ships go barging out of New York harbor and barging back at such a rate the old lady on the Statue of Liberty is getting a crick.

The thing started back in 1930 as a gamble by a travel agent who considered a boat tied to a dock something like a boat sitting on a rock. At that time the great ocean liners were coursing back and forth across the Atlantic with so little trade on board they were furnishing bodyguards for the passengers in the dining saloons. A good purser was somebody who could dig up enough guests to fill the captain's table. When Ralph Dellavie chartered the California of the Cunard-Anchor line four years ago, putting $40,000 on the table and taking his life in his hands, the most any boat had done previously was furnish a lot of ocean, an orchestra and a ship's concert the night before landing. If, in addition, the purser got bridge tables for the old ladies and kept the kids from falling off the poop-deck or getting a leg in the machinery, the steamship company had done as much as anybody expected.

It's a different business now. They have theatrical companies on board and entertainment enough to make you a recluse the rest of your life. If you don't do one thing, you do another or get run over by people who are doing them.

This is a trifle exaggerated because there are people who go for rest and relaxation and live to see their families again, but the great majority enters into things. This accounts for the cruise directors and the departments in New York which keep a steady stream of actors headed toward the docks.

The Inevitable Bad Moment

The cruise directors are a new departure. Mr. Dellavie recruits his men from among the more elegant of New York high school instructors. Not only are they used to handling people but they are intelligent and under no conditions can they be mistaken, in evening dress, for headwaiters. That is to say: Class. Most sailings are at midnight and the wise cruise director is in his cabin hiding for the first few hours after the tugs drag the boat away from the dock. For this is the period of complaints.

"I'm aware this is a cabin boat," says the irate gentleman from Hartford, "but is it absolutely necessary to sleep with a Diesel engine?"

The director explains patiently. The boat is crowded and the minimum price naturally doesn't cover the more elaborate accommodations on the upper decks, but he will certainly see what he can do.

Most of the customers, however, are easy to get along with.

"Cabin?" says the young man from the University of Pennsylvania. "I got a swell cabin. I'm so far down in the boat all I have to do in the morning is put my feet out the porthole and my bath's half over."

That's the one bad period, and the other is the next morning when everybody is scrambling around for a deck chair in the sun. The shock is always great for some people when they realize that nature has its eccentricities. They discover that, no matter how the ship designers work over it, there still remain two sides to a boat and the sun, operating at its most furious pace, can only be on one side at a time. When that is once over the cruise directors begin to get in their licks. From then until the boat gets back to New York, they keep the clients going at such a pace they don't know whether they're sitting or sleeping or taking part in a six-day bike race.

No Chance for Boredom

There are lectures, bridge tournaments, bridge lessons, concerts, horse racing (a chance to bet), Here Comes Charlie (also known as keno or lotto and a chance to bet), the ship's pool (not swimming but a chance to bet), swimming, tea dansants in the lounge, morning health parades, breakfast, bouillon at eleven, luncheon, tea, dinner, midnight lunch on deck, games for the kiddies, cocktail hour, "amusing deck sports," ladies' party (for ladies out of their teens—no men allowed), movies (twice nightly), bridge lectures, dancing on deck in the moonlight (no cruise without a full moon or your

(*Continued on page* 46)

Woman of Honor

By James Warner Bellah

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

The Story Thus Far:

MARRIED to the dashing Eric Cleed, Sandra Cleed is miserable. In France, Eric—a diplomat, pursued by women—adopts the Continental viewpoint. Sandra objects; then, leaving Eric in Paris, she returns for a visit to her home in New York.

Months pass. Sandra receives a cryptically worded letter from her husband, imploring her to come to him at once. She is mystified, perplexed. But she does not hesitate—she sails. Philip Harden, who for years has been devoted to Sandra, is on board. Now, feeling free to speak at last, he tells her he loves her. Sandra listens; then— "I love you, too, Philip. Deeply, sweetly. But we know about this too late, *my dear.*"

Just before reaching Cherbourg they dine together. At a near-by table is a beautiful woman with a man. The woman is Sonja Bibescu, who, according to Philip, is deeply involved in European political intrigue. The man is—Eric Cleed! Obviously, he had come aboard at Southampton. Why? And why, knowing his wife is on the ship, has he deliberately brought another woman with him? Sandra can only wonder.

A waiter brings Sandra a card. Eric's. A message is scribbled on it: "Please ignore us. May I see you in your cabin a moment before we land?"

The boat docks. Philip goes ashore. Sandra meets Eric—debonair, charming, seemingly quite unconscious of any wrong-doing—in her cabin. There, presently, she finds herself blurting out the truth—that she has told another man she loves him.

Eric listens patiently. He seems quite unperturbed. "Sandra," he says, "I'm a rotten husband. I know it. But I want you to come to me in Paris. I want you to be my wife." And with that, he goes out. . . . When Sandra leaves the boat, Lila Sashe—a wealthy, happy-go-lucky woman whom Sandra has known for years—meets her. Off for Paris in Lila's car, Lila driving, Lila suddenly changes the subject. "By the way," —she smiles—"Sonja Bibescu apparently wants to marry your husband. No Platonic business there. You'd better be careful, my dear!"

A small car has been following them. Now, as Sandra revolves Lila's announcement in her mind, it puts on speed, roars past them. Something crashes, something whistles between the two women's heads. Sandra glances at the windshield. It has been neatly pierced through the center—by a bullet!

II

THE Bugatti was passing them and there was a man standing up in it, one elbow on a corner of its windshield supporting him. In his other hand he held an automatic pistol that was so plainly visible as to be quite unbelievable and ridiculous. He wore flying goggles and a trench coat. He fired again calmly and deliberately. That shot struck Lila's steering column just under her wheel, ricocheted with a tiny, muffled scream and cleared the glass from the dials of the oil temperature gauge, the speedometer and the gasoline indicator.

Lila slammed on her brakes and there was a screech of hot rubber as they slithered to a stop and the Bugatti shot ahead. One more shot whimpered over their heads.

Lila and Sandra looked at each other. Lila said something coolly and deliberately with the emphasis on the right syllables—something that would have been crass, chalked on a fence, but verbally was exactly adequate to the moment.

The Bugatti was gone in a cloud of golden dust.

"I wonder," Sandra said, "what that was all about."

"My dear Sandra." Lila looked at her. "Since you have been away, France has become quite modernized. We go in for all these things now. Public gang murders, riots in front of the Café de la Paix, tying supreme court justices to railway tracks—and this."

"But this is too utterly ridiculous. He just stood up and shot at us while the other man drove on as fast as he could."

Lila started the car. "Was his number 100124?"

"I don't know."

"Nor I," Lila said, "but that number seems to run in my mind. And I'm sure the little Bugatti was blue."

"Maroon," Sandra said. "Now if we go on, Lila—what is to prevent him from pulling in somewhere and having another try at us as we pass by?"

"A fifty per cent chance," Lila said. "The road branches about a mile ahead to Evreux and to Caen. We don't know which branch he took and he'll have to guess which we're going to take because I don't know yet myself."

SHE took the Caen road and as they rolled on past the Octroi they debated whether or not to report the incident to the local brigadier at the Gendarmerie National Post—and decided against it.

"He'll fill a complete book," Sandra said, "with our depositions—fill it slowly and carefully. Then he and his deputy will load their guns and take us solemnly back to the scene for another hour's discussion. And after that we will find ourselves running up to Caen once or twice every week until they find out who did it or until they become occupied with another case."

So they lunched and went on to Paris.

It was well after five o'clock when they crawled into the faubourgs. Sandra's knees ached with the long ride, and the backs of her eyes felt gritty and tired. She wanted a deep tub and quiet. They were jockeying in and out now through the murderous traffic of outer Paris with its carts and darting taxis. Sharp horns screamed in French falsetto all about them. The afternoon crowds had settled like flies under café awnings for cocktails—for *fines* and black coffee in small cups.

They rolled with the traffic into the Place Vendôme; to Lila's hotel.

"I've rented to Cid and I've rented my house here. So I'm homeless. You'll have to believe me, Sandra, it never occurred to me where I was going to live. I had excellent chances to rent, so I rented and here I am—don't leave me for a while. I loathe hotels." They went down the long corridor towards the lifts, and there suddenly, coming up a cross passage, was Toby Macintyre.

"Good old Lila Sashe! Sandra, my darling!" He took a hand of each in each of his and bowed over them both, grinning. "Splendid, splendid, cocktails for three. Excellent!"

He was as tall as men come without bumping chandeliers and lintels, and broad with the sweep that rowing gives to the shoulders, and he gave you the feeling that the skin under his shirt was burned brick red and still firm with an understrapping of muscle. There was no beer softness to him, but there would be a whisky looseness with the years to come. Toby Macintyre.

Toby held out both hands to Sandra. "Sandra!" His eyes swept her from head to foot as he held her hands. "Delightful, ravishing Sandra! Have they treated you well—have they been good to you—have they used you kindly while you were away?"

Sandra laughed. "It's good to see you again, Toby—yes—they have used me kindly."

Lila sighed. "You depress me, Toby—you are too healthy. You make such a noise. Shut up."

"Daiquiris—now, at once!" Toby linked his arms through Sandra's, and they went into the cool shadows of the high-ceiled bar. He clapped his hands. "Garçon—three Daiquiris—for three thirsty Americans with the dollar at fifty-seven cents. Let's go." He took Sandra's elbow in his left hand. "Let's get old Lila cockeyed and lose her. She's pestering me, and I don't want her to pester me—I want to get drunk."

SANDRA laughed. "Go ahead, Toby, and get drunk."

Toby sat back in his chair and waggled a solemn finger at her. "Just for that, I won't. I'm clever, myself." He grinned. "I shall stay sober. Now then—let's all go to Nice."

Sandra shook her head, laughing.

"It's too hot in Nice."

"But what happens to me? I've rented Lila's house there."

"You," said Lila, "may go to hell."

"But it's hotter there than in Nice!"

They sipped their Daiquiris, and the fatigue of the day died in the gentle lassitude of early evening. Above them, in the thousand rooms of the hotel, people were dressing and bathing, getting ready to surge out into the night's gayety—to dine on the boulevards—to ride on the gentle wave of wine. Foreigners stalking a seductive Paris of fantasy and finding it, no doubt.

All around them there were voices rising in a lethal wave from the table tops—rising and swelling and bursting against the high ceiling like breakers that tear at loose shale. Cocktail voices, brittle with many languages and shrill with the excitement of women. Voices paced and punctuated with the tinkle of glasses.

Lila said, "Ah, well—a bath and an hour of quiet—and a subdued dinner. What is the latest news, Toby—anything worth while?"

"Decidedly," he said. "There's been another *escargot exposé*. Somebody in Lyons has been stuffing bits of liver into snail shells again, but nobody knows who killed Stavisky."

Sandra said, "I have a home here in Paris somewhere. I should be on my way."

"I'll drive you up," Toby said.

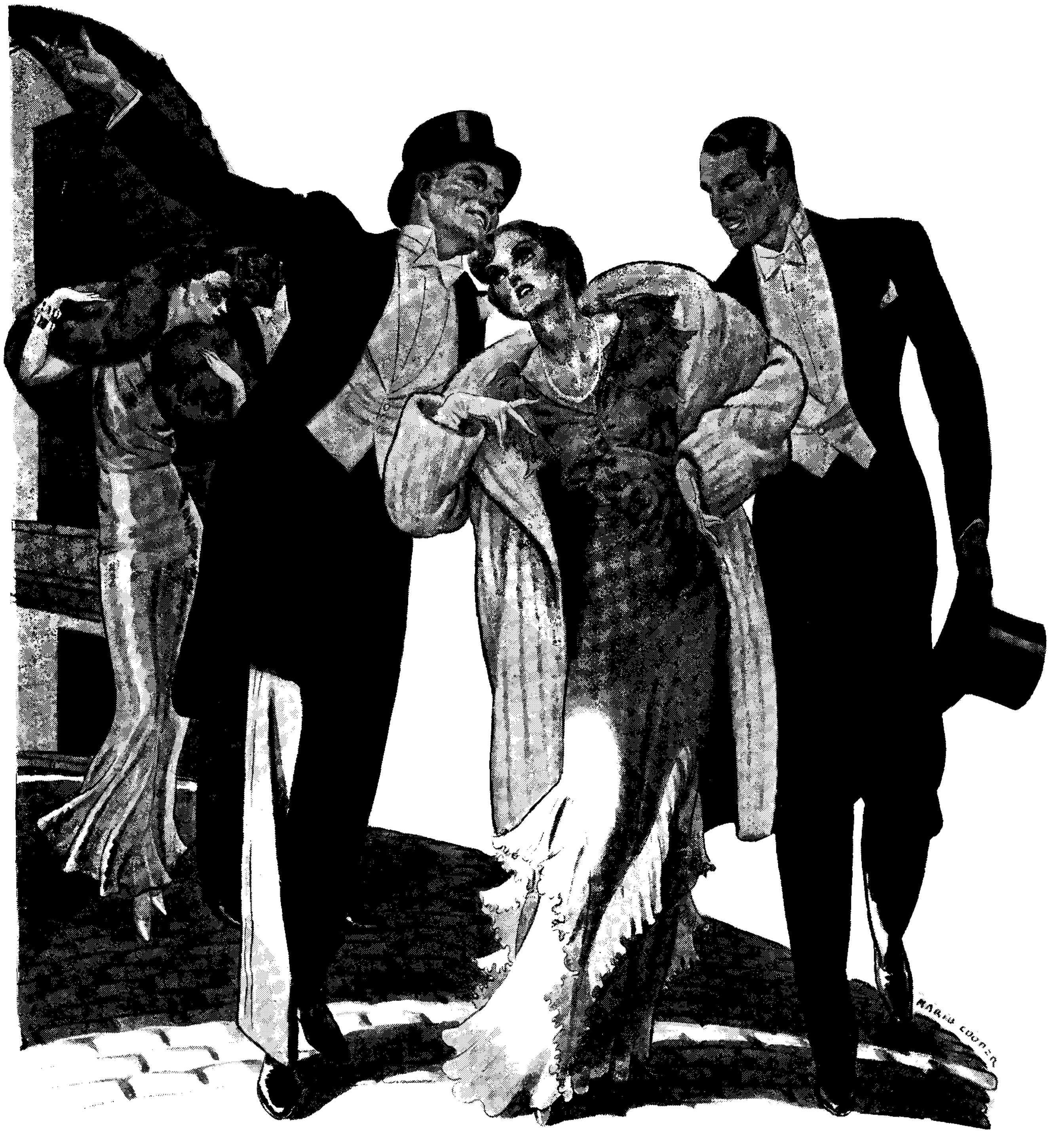
"Will you?"

"If you can't think of anything more interesting to do," he told her.

"A thousand things," she said, "but after all I just landed this morning."

Lila said, "Here I am and here I stay. My good deed's done."

Toby grinned. "You're getting old, darling."



Sometime after midnight they were outside—going somewhere else with the cold air on their faces

"I've devoted most of my waking hours to it—and I don't mind it a bit," Lila said. "I have not been short-changed."

Toby had the *chasseur* shift Sandra's bags from Lila's to his own car, and presently they left Lila at the lift gates and went out.

"If," he said as he twisted his little Mathis out into the furious bloodstream of early evening traffic, "you find yourself disengaged for the evening, would you like to play? Georgia Crail is still in town getting her divorce, and Charlie Martin and Joe Tolliver are back from Budapest. I'm to pick them up around seven."

"I don't think it's in me tonight."

"We'll see." He turned into the Avenue d'Iena and stopped in front of her apartment. Eric's blue Hisso was standing at the curb. Toby snapped a finger at his hat brim. "So then. That's that. I turn you over to the proper authorities." He nodded to Eric's car. "And I go my morose way, sulking into my beard."

THE apartment was on the second floor of what had once been a magnificent house. Sandra went up the great scimitar of a marble staircase with its chandelier an exotic jewel of crystal, hanging pendent in the stair well from a large-linked chain of bronze. The concierge followed her with her bags.

She let herself in. Far down in the inner reaches a shower was crashing lustily on tiles, and a man was pounding his chest with doubled fists and growling with enjoyed health as he did it.

A beautiful, solid little apartment of cream wood and silk, of discreet crystal and tooled leather, of bronze and of dull silver, Sandra's. The kind of rooms that certain women know how to give life to. This is where we live now. This whole thing is not an end in itself. It is not an apartment built around us like a monument—it is merely our manner of living, cut up into six rooms and translated here to Paris for a present sojourn.

There are cedar boxes, somewhere, for linens—felt-lined boxes for silver—stolid trunks for clothing—strong cases for books. They have all stood in their time on quay ends stenciled "Rio de Janeiro," "New York," "Rome." They transport our standard of life—our household gods—in the leisurely complacency of money from place to place in this world we live in that we may dine from the same service, sleep in the same sheets, look at the same pictures, no matter what we can see beyond the window. For it is this way that we live—not by the fact that we are here—but by the priceless inference that we came from somewhere.

But as Sandra stood in the doorway of the living-room there was none of that thought in her. There was, instead, the sudden chill of strangeness that comes sometimes in the midst of familiar scenes—like the soul loneliness that stalks us all. Before her were all the things of a life that had been—all the tangible objects—familiar to the eye in outline but covered somehow with a patina of strangeness that her months of absence had given to them. She crossed to her room and opened the closet door. There were slippers—where she had left them, and a dress or two—but they were like garments she had worn in another life. She closed the door softly and stood back from it. There was a wild impulse within her to run—to go anywhere—to close the doors behind her and never come back—never think again. But even as it came upon her, resistance gathered itself within her, like a cat ready to pounce.

DOWN the hallway Eric was whistling and slapping on the flooring with his bare feet as he walked into his dressing-room and yanked open a bureau drawer. Eric was a confident dresser. He could slap from street clothing into a shower and into evening kit in something under ten minutes without a slip. He did it in about seven and came up the hallway, and he saw Sandra.

"Hello—didn't think you'd make it until about eight. Was leaving you a line."

"I hope you have a minute."

"Of course." He pulled out a cigarette and sat down. "You're looking fit, young fellow—sorry about this morning. What can I do for you?"

"You can tell me all there is to tell me about Madame Bibescu—I think, Eric. She seems slightly different from our tennis player of last year, Marjorie Karst. Slightly more dangerous—perhaps."

Eric looked at her steadily and flicked ash dust from his cigarette with a very slight movement of his fingers.

"There will be no need, after this evening, for discussing Madame Bibescu at all, Sandra. Suppose you accept my word on that matter. Did you have a pleasant trip down?"

"Except for a few moments," she said, "when a man in another car stood up and fired three shots apparently at me. At least they came nearer me than Lila."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Just that."

"But look here—what did you do about it—did you report it?"

"No."

"But a thing like that is *serious!*"

"That's exactly what I wanted to know. Just how serious is it, Eric? Were Lila and I mistaken for other people—or were those shots fired intentionally? Your Bibescu person is not exactly a finishing-school girl, is she?"

"But don't be ridiculous!" The color had gone from his face, and he was standing up now, walking. "What possible motive—"

"I DON'T know." Sandra shook her head. "But it occurred to me that there might be people who wanted to remove all possibilities of her returning—where she came from. You seem to forget at times that you eke out your governmental salary with the income of something pretty close to eight millions of dollars. That might cause her to forget—that she had come from somewhere else."

"But this is nonsense!"

"Do you mind if I hope so?"

"Sandra." Eric turned her around facing him. "I want you to know that this whole business is none of my doing. When I wrote you and asked you to return to me, the last thing in my mind was an entanglement of this kind. It has practically forced itself upon me—but there need be no further thought of it after tonight. I hope you believe that, because it's true."

She turned away from him and walked across to the windows.

"Eric—just how much do I owe you? Do I owe you my whole future—do I owe you everything—"

"I don't understand."

"But you understand, don't you, that all your entanglements will always be unexpected—unexpected because entanglements are simply second nature—a manner of living to you—so why even attempt to explain them?"

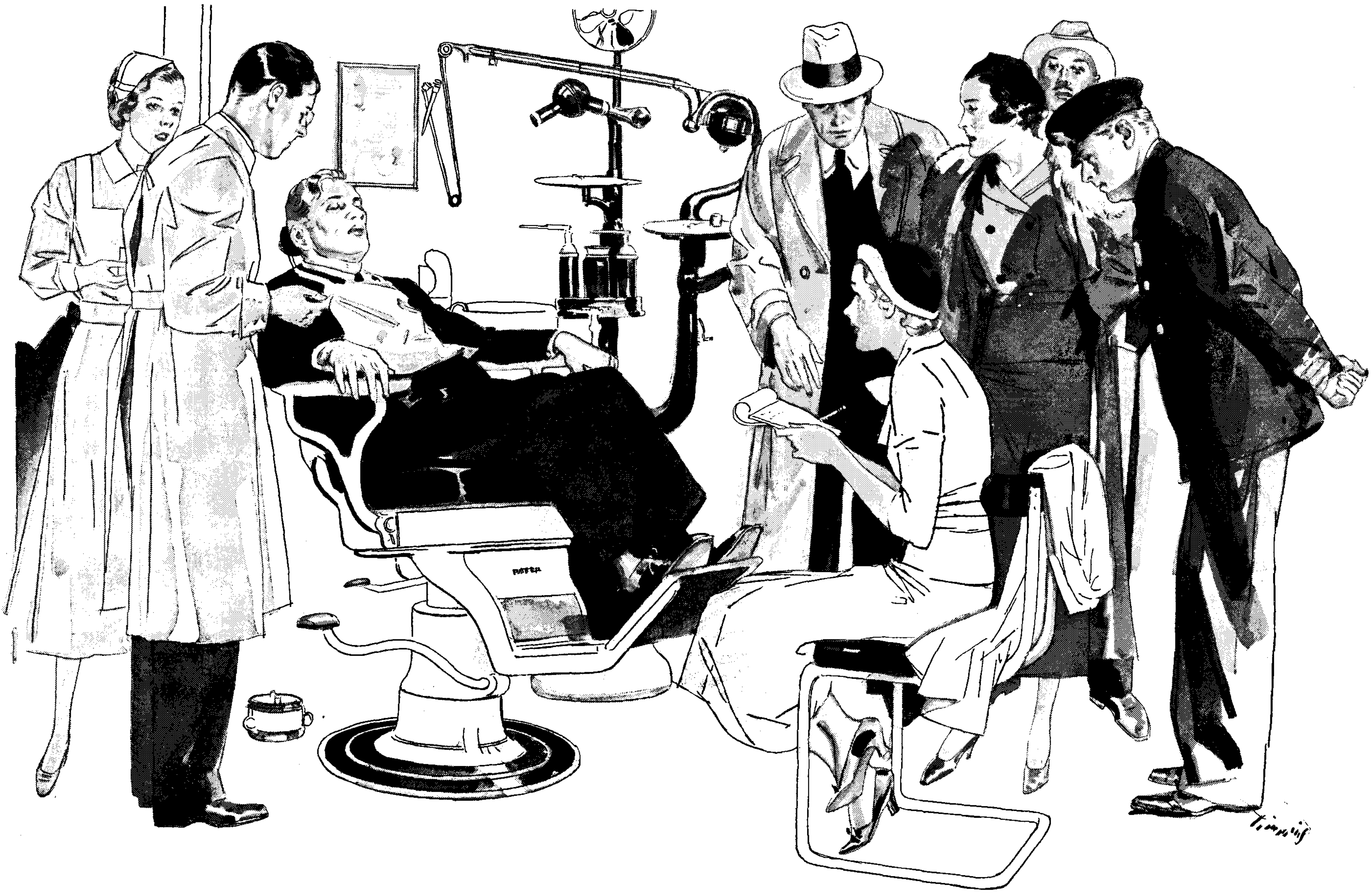
He bowed slightly. "I was only explaining this one, Sandra. I feel that I owe an explanation of this one to you because I had no intention of your returning to find it existing. But I was unable to control it. I was followed to London. Sonja Bibescu is rather a desperate woman. There is a faction that would quite willingly see her dead—or out of the way."

"Yes—I understand so."

Eric looked at his watch. "Really," he said helplessly, "if I'd known you were returning—but as it stands, this evening has been planned for me—"

Sandra went into her own room and stood for a second before the mirror,

(Continued on page 51)



Elvin was in the dentist’s chair and was just coming out from under gas

The Man on the Truck

By William MacHarg

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

Detective O’Malley again. This time the question is: Is Mr. Nogert alive or dead—and why? As usual, the answer is surprising

THIS is an insurance case,” said O’Malley, “but they think it’s a murder case too. So now I got to go to work on it. These were two guys named Mr. Elvin and Mr. Nogert that was partners in business and so they got themselves insured in each other’s favor. Then a guy they claimed to be Nogert was on their truck and got burned up, but the insurance people say it wasn’t really Nogert. They been working on it and can’t prove nothing, so I don’t see why they think I will.”

“What’s the murder part of it?” I asked.

“If the guy wasn’t Nogert. These two guys insured themselves each fifty thousand and Nogert got twenty-five thousand more in favor of his wife. Their business wasn’t going good and they didn’t have hardly any money.”

“Then what?”

“Elvin says the dead guy is Nogert and Mrs. Nogert says so too. So does Nogert’s dentist. But the insurance people dig up a guy that looks like Nogert who says Nogert tried to hire him to drive the truck.”

“I see,” I said. “They figure it was a conspiracy between Elvin and Nogert. They both got insured so it wouldn’t look suspicious and Nogert disappeared after they had murdered someone who looked like him and put him on the truck.”

“Right. Well, I got to go talk with all those people. It’ll be a lot of work.”

We went and looked at the truck. It was a small delivery truck and very little was left of it. It had been loaded with inflammable stuff that Nogert and Elvin used in their painting business and a can of something had exploded and the gas tank had blown up.

“WAS Nogert alone on the truck?” I asked.

“He was when it left the shop, but the insurance people got a witness that says he seen two guys on the truck later.”

“He could have got caught in a fire like that.”

“Sure he could.”

Another man was studying the truck. He turned out to be one of the detectives for the insurance companies.

“How much you got on this?” O’Malley asked him.

“Not enough,” the detective told us. “We think the dead man wasn’t as tall as Nogert and was older. We’re sure there was a conspiracy but we can’t prove it. The most we got is that Nogert had tried to hire several fellows that looked a little like him but they wouldn’t take it, so it looks like they got suspicious. We’ve had Mrs. Nogert watched but if Nogert is alive he hasn’t tried to communicate with her.”

“You think she knows he is alive?”

“Well, she don’t act like she thought he was dead.”

We went to see Mrs. Nogert. She was dressed in black and looked pale and worn. She was a small, very pretty, demure young woman. It didn’t seem to me as if she knew her husband was alive, and I was sorry for her.

“How come you’re so sure, Mrs. Nogert, it was your husband on the truck?” O’Malley asked.

“He always drove it and he left the shop on it that morning. Besides, I know it was him. He wouldn’t leave me this way. These things the insurance people say are foolish.”

“You got no proof, though.”

“They found his keys and watch.”

“Well, that don’t prove it.”

“She’ll get her insurance, O’Malley,” I said when we had left her.

We went to see Elvin. He was a dapper man of twenty-eight—good-looking.

“How was it,” O’Malley asked him, “that you and Nogert took out all that insurance?”

“It looked to us like good business. We figured to make the business pay for it. After we asked about it, they kept coming round here till they sold it to us. Now the same ones that talked us into it don’t want to pay it.”

“How was it the guys you tried to get to drive the truck wouldn’t take the job?”

“There’s nothing to that story. We did try to hire a couple of fellows but they didn’t like the pay.”

WE WENT to see the dentist. His name was Dr. Devar. He was a young man, and capable-looking.

“I understand, Doc, you say the man on the truck was Nogert,” O’Malley said to him.

“He looked like Nogert to me,” the dentist replied. “The papers speak of me as his dentist, but I wasn’t that because he didn’t need a dentist. He had almost perfect teeth. I cleaned them for him several times. He came to me because I had done work for Mr. Elvin.”

“You mean Elvin sent him to you?”

“He didn’t say that. He said he knew of me through Elvin. I’ve done a lot of work for Elvin and am working on him now.”

“Do you ever give him gas?” I asked.

(Continued on page 53)

Here it is! The Tire That Solved The TREAD WEAR MYSTERY

and won in hardest tests ever held.. "G3"

Gives 43% longer non-skid mileage—16% more non-skid blocks—5½% wider road contact—No Extra Price

THE new "G-3" Goodyear tire results from months and months of careful research and test to provide better tread wear. All treads on *all* makes—even on ours—were wearing too fast. It was a mystery until nation-wide investigation by Goodyear experts uncovered the facts. The new automobiles, with higher power, better brakes, put new demands on tires—and no existing tire could stand the strain.

Many, many tread designs were tested. "G-3" was one of them. Just the engineers' symbol at first—*but now the name of the tread that outlasted all others!* Goodyear test cars ran day and night, starting and stopping, frazzling brakes and wracking the cars, to prove "G-3" a tougher tire than any before it.

. . . "G-3" stood up long after other tires gave out

Test cars ran day and night

The "G-3" keeps the famous All-Weather Tread *grip in the center* where it is more important than ever—for quick, safe stops on smooth highways and boulevards.

But, here's how it's made better than ever: *It is a wider tread—5½% more road contact.*

More non-skid blocks—16% more—have been made possible by nesting them closer.

Riding-ribs are wider—11½% wider—and grooves are narrower.

There's more rubber in the tread—an average of 2 pounds more per tire.

The "G-3" All-Weather with its wider, safer, longer-lasting tread would have been impossible without Supertwist—which only Goodyear uses in tire building.

For the wider tread puts added strain upon the tire body, a strain that extra-durable, extra-elastic Supertwist can bear without the slightest difficulty.

WARNING!

Watch the rest of the industry try to copy this amazing tire. Watch them try to duplicate Goodyear's claims. But, remember, you have to have *"non-skid"* before you can have *"non-skid mileage."* — you have to have GRIP where you see it on the *"G-3" All-Weather*—GRIP in the center of the tread.

The result is a matchless tire — *and a tread that delivers 43% longer non-skid mileage!* See the new "G-3" Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tire at your nearest Goodyear Dealer.

Costs more to build—gives 43% more non-skid mileage—costs no more to buy—that's real value!

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THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

The Prop Man

By W. B. Courtney

This year the famous Collier Trophy, aviation's most sought-after award for progressive ideas, will rest on the mantelpiece of Frank Walker Caldwell. And who is he? Well, he's the man who knows all about airplane propellers. He invented a prop you can tinker with while in full career, altering the angle at which it digs into the air, thus bringing within shouting distance regular transatlantic flying

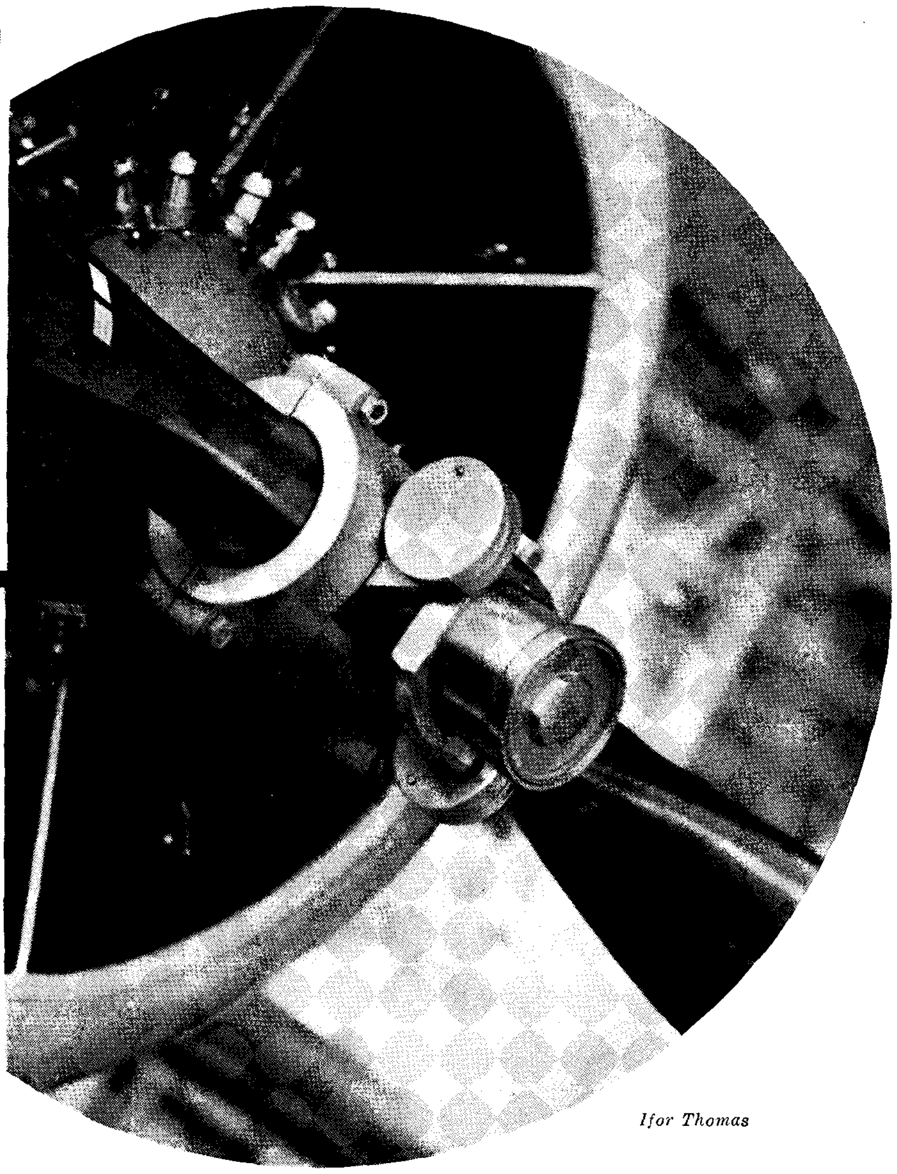
FRANK WALKER CALDWELL, who bears a startling resemblance to the average man, has gone and got his name writ in gold and chiseled in silver on the very short and very illustrious roll of those who have made outstanding contributions to the science of aeronautics. The academies and the textbooks will long bear witness to his technical achievements. Yet, in my opinion, he will be a hero just as long to those of us who cannot tell an angle of incidence from a brake mean effective pressure. For he has emancipated the male slaves of a morose national tradition.

For a long time leaders who bear the more decent interests of our country close to their great hearts were perplexed as to how they might lay the ghost of Parson Weems. He, alone, has been responsible for the cracked knuckles, the tear-filled eyes, and the weary little minds of countless American schoolboys. Weems, you may know, is the man who told the story of George Washington and his little hatchet and the unfortunate cherry tree.

Doolittle

Fredericks

Ifor Thomas


Ifor Thomas

The controllable-pitch airplane propeller, 1933's outstanding aviation development, for which the Collier Trophy (above, left) has been awarded to Frank Walker Caldwell (center) and the Hamilton Standard Propeller Co. Below, left, Commander E. E. Wilson, who made Caldwell's work possible

The Weems tale formed and stuffed and tinted our national conception of ideal American manhood; for it is only a paragraph from thoughtless horror of expediency to idolatry of the little word of assent and affirmation. Meek fellows like you and me say "yes" right plumb down and smack out but once in our impractical lifetimes—and then it is wrong, for we should have said "I do." For the rest, yes is the boon companion of but; the intimate of maybe; the light-hearted friend of perhaps and however.

An Inauspicious Beginning

But the coming to earth of Frank Walker Caldwell, on December 20, 1890, marked the start of the last chapter in that tradition of forthrightness which smug old Weems indirectly bequeathed us.

You might not have guessed at first that Frank would grow up to be the hero of the meek and modest—with a career that stands as a monument to confound those who live by vigorous axioms. He was just a fat and sleepy baby, whose hair seemed to have been borrowed from Uncle Tar's stable broom. He loomed as a dubious addition to the family when, upon learning to walk, his first steps were sidewise. In grammar school in his native Chattanooga he distinguished himself by the scope and imagination of his sentences illustrating the uses of those parts of speech that serve as modifiers.

Now, forty-odd years later, he is still fat and sleepy, and you can think of many brisk uses to which you could put his hair if only it had a handle. He is as good-natured as huge; as restful to look upon and as lacking in color as heat mists over Missionary Ridge back home. He is shy, and has a voice that drawls, and sometimes leaves off entirely, like August water in the Tennessee River. He has never gone into a directors' meeting and pounded a desk; yet he has become a notable man. He has never returned, according to his most devoted friends and loyal coworkers, a definite or unequivocal answer to a question; and yet he has been singled out for the most sought, most coveted honor in his field.

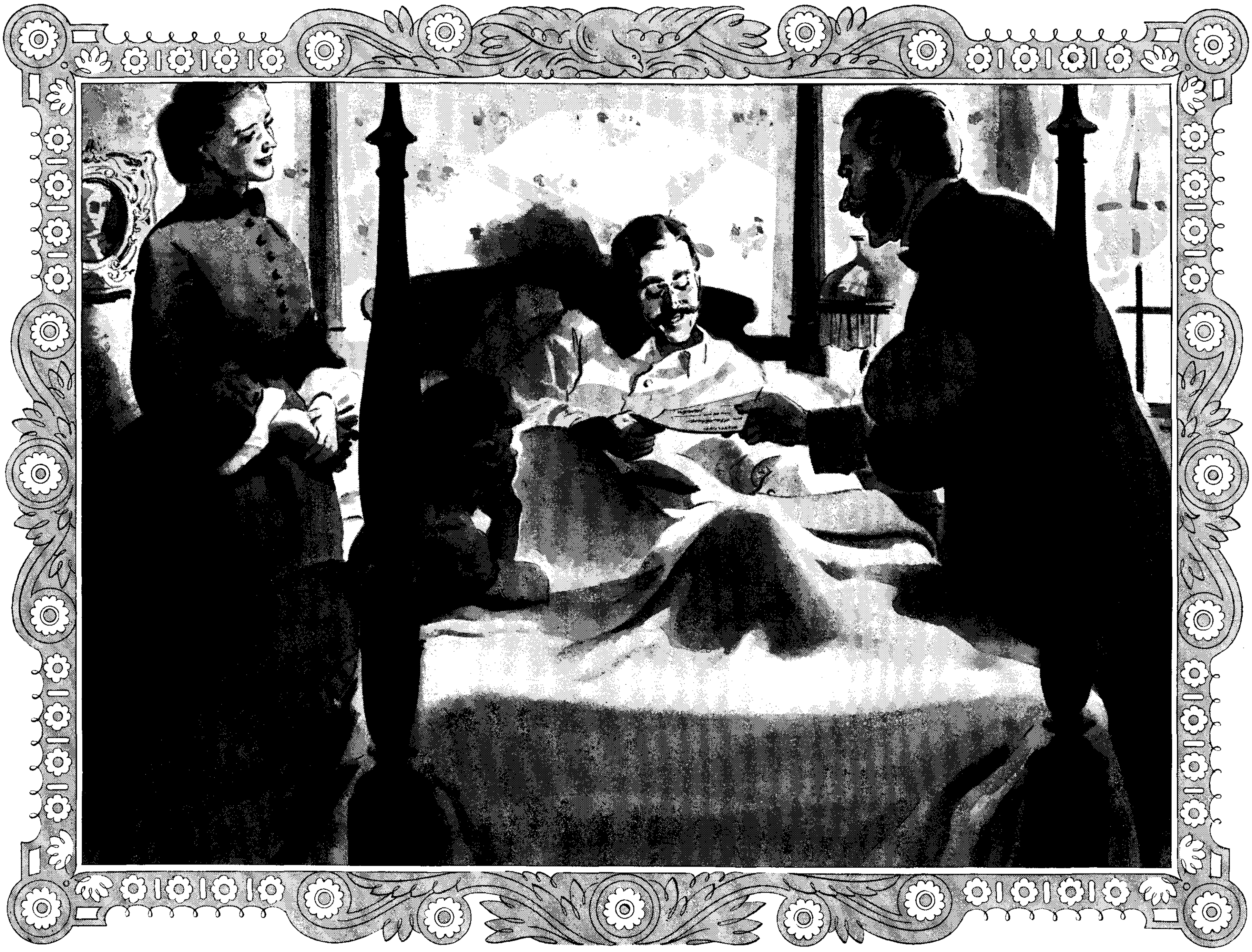
Without once in his life having said "yes," so far as is known, he has come to the second year of the reign of Franklin D. Roosevelt—and now in the White House in Washington, he is receiving for himself, and on behalf of the company of which he is chief engineer, the Collier Trophy for 1934, for the outstanding contribution to aviation during 1933. And you and I, and the whole ninety-six per cent of us who lack the sort of personality that gets attention from our fellow men, that brings the feet of the presidents and directors of great corporations down from their desks, share in his glory and his triumph.

Meantime, Frank's associates are glad that President Roosevelt did not ask him to explain the merits of the work that lead the National Aeronautic Association to award him the famous Trophy; Frank would have deprecated

(Continued on page 37)

COLLIER TROPHY WINNERS AND CITATIONS

1911-1912	**Glenn H. Curtiss**	*Hydro-Airplane Developments*
1913	**Orville Wright**	*Automatic Stabilizer*
1914	**Elmer A. Sperry**	*Gyroscopic Control*
1915	**Wm. Starling-Burgess**	*Hydro-Airplane*
1916	**Elmer A. Sperry**	*Drift Indicator*
1921	**Grover C. Loening**	*Aerial Yacht*
1922	**U. S. Air Mail Service**	*For year's operation without fatal accident*
1923	**U. S. Air Mail Service**	*Commercial Night Flying*
1924	**U. S. Army Air Service**	*First Around-World Flight*
1925	**S. M. Albert Reed**	*Metal Propeller*
1926	**Major E. L. Hoffman**	*Development of a practical parachute*
1927	**Charles L. Lawrence**	*Radial Air-Cooled Engines*
1928	**Aeronautics Branch, Dept. of Commerce**	*Airways and Air Navigation Facilities*
1929	**National Advisory Com. for Aeronautics**	*Cowling for Radial Air-Cooled Engines*
1930	**Harold F. M. Pitcairn and Associates**	*Autogiro*
1931	**Packard Motor Car Co.**	*Diesel Aircraft Engine*
1932	**Glenn L. Martin**	*High-Speed Weight-Carrying Plane*



70 years have changed the scene–
but the moral remains the same

IF YOU could step into this picture—

If you could find yourself standing at the bedside of John Hasker, whose leg was broken in a train wreck in 1864—much of the scene would seem strange to you.

But one important detail would be instantly familiar — the now famous name "Travelers" signed to the check which is being given to the convalescent. For in 1864 — as in 1934 —The Travelers Insurance Company stood ready to assume the financial burden that accident brings. It was the first American insurance company to write an accident policy.

Today railroad trains are no longer the peril they once were. Steamships seldom blow up. The family carriage that used to upset is now a museum piece.

But other and far greater hazards have come to take their place. Actually you live in a far more dangerous world.

The automobile alone takes an annual toll of about 30,000 dead and hundreds of thousands injured.

But—and here is the sunny side of the situation—the protection that has meant so much to three generations of Americans is still yours today. In a modernized form, the Travelers Accident Policy that solaced their minds and paid their doctors' bills when injury came is still available.

The cost of such a policy is small—trivial when you consider its benefits. If an accident happens, your savings are protected. Your income continues. Travelers pays your hospital expenses, your medical and surgical bills. Travelers sees you safely through until you're on your feet again. And The Travelers offers complete insurance service throughout the United States and Canada. Wherever you are, Travelers representatives are on hand to help you.

But, you may say, "I've never been hurt." No, and we hope you never will be. But the odds are against you. Incredible? Let us send you the booklet, "The Great American Gamble," that tells a startling story of the risks every motorist faces. At the same time, we'll send you as many copies as you need of a fascinating question-and-answer test entitled "How Good a Driver Are You?" Write today. Or better still—ask any Travelers representative for a copy.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers.

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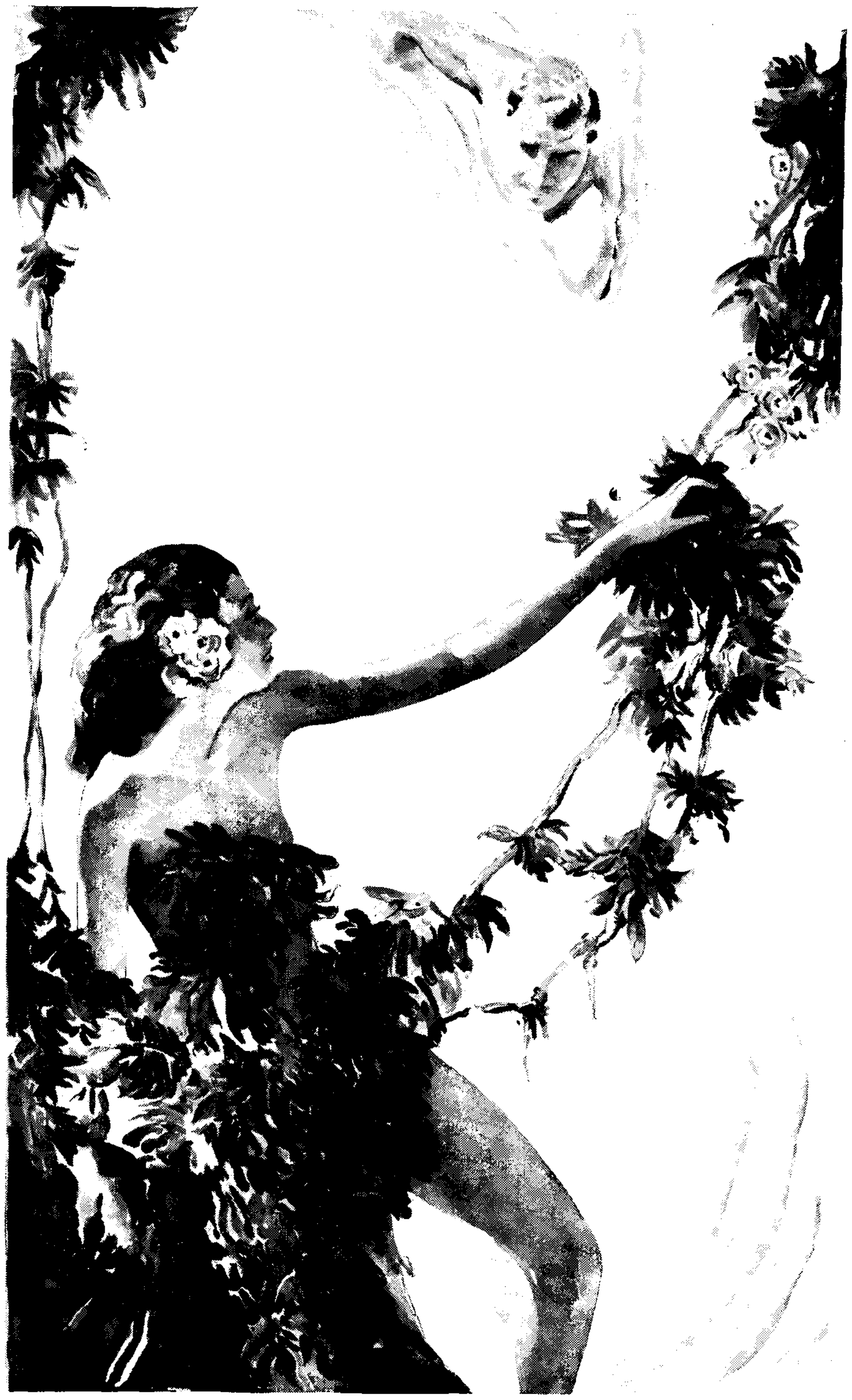
It happened in the Islands

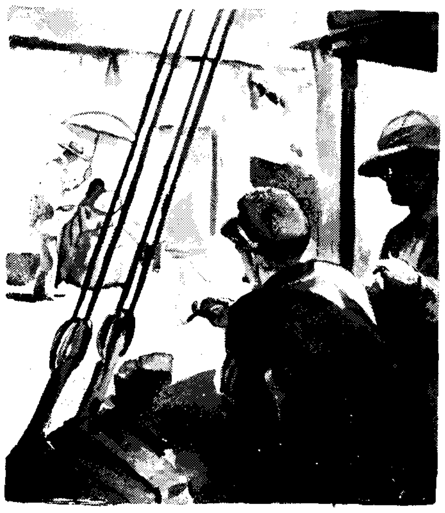
The islands of the Sulu Sea—there's the right setting for romance. Sometimes you find a story that just fits its setting. Here's one that Frank Buck stumbled upon, a romance that lasted for years and years

By Frank Buck

Illustrated by R. H. Collins



She swam to shore and darted into the jungle



Two people were waiting beside a thatched house near by

THERE is always a suppressed excitement about the Far East. You never quite know what to expect there, and in looking for one thing you are very likely to find something entirely different. You feel this undercurrent in the big cities—Calcutta, Bombay, Singapore, Hong Kong. You experience it to a greater extent in the interior jungles of Nepal, Burma, and the Malay Peninsula. But for a genuine feeling of something impending, something always-about-to-happen, you get it most strongly among the jewel-like islands that dot the waters of the Sulu Sea, that beautiful sheet of ocean north of Borneo and west of Mindanao.

It is not that things *do* happen here—it is just that you feel they *should* happen. There is mystery in the great depths of that blue sea, mystery in the dark jungle shadows of the island shores. You remember that this part of the world used to be the stronghold of the old Malay pirates, those fierce fighting men who, with krisses in their teeth, boarded commercial schooners and four-masters and took them for their own. You half expect to see a Malayan prau, square sail set, rounding the nearest headland and bearing down on you with a brown giant on the prow and swords flashing in the blinding sea sunlight.

You don't, of course. All these things passed away when the Sultan of Sulu, under pressure of various navies, decided that his islands weren't good spots in which to allow the Malay and Borneo pirates to hide out. But in looking at those luxuriant, wild bits of land you can't help wondering what still goes on behind the fringe of jungle that dips down to the edge of the sea.

A few years ago I was at Jolo, the capital of the Sulu Islands, on my way back to Singapore from Zamboanga with a collection of rare birds. I had left Ali, my Number One boy, on the north coast of Borneo with a further collection. I intended to pick him up at Sandakan, then go on to Singapore and my compound with the lot of them.

The World's Most Beautiful Trip

I was looking forward to this jaunt. It is one of the most beautiful sea voyages in the world, and as I knew the skippers of most of the little boats that plied across the Sulu Sea and along the Borneo coast to Singapore, I was confident it would be a pleasant trip.

I had no sooner stepped on board the little steamer—no bigger than a private yacht—than I heard the skipper's voice booming down at me from the bridge deck.

"Hi, Buck!"

"Howdy, Skipper!"

"Come up here, old Scout, and have a gin sling!"

I climbed up the ladder and shook the old boy's hand. His name was Bill Manley and we had made many voyages together. Despite his white hair and weather-marked face, he had a young twinkle in his eyes that showed a wiseness and a heart as big as the engine that drove his boat.

"Where are you headed for, Frank?"

I told him I was going to Sandakan to pick up Ali and my birds, then continue right on with his boat to Singapore.

"You'll have a good rest then," he said. "We stop at ten ports between Jolo and Singapore. We ought to be able to get in a lot of cribbage—and a few gin slings too!"

We did. And I also got in some much-needed rest. You can't help but rest on those little boats, you see, unless it's cribbage and gin slings with the skipper—and even skippers sometimes tire of cribbage. You sleep in a big chair on the open deck, blue southern stars above you, and the Sulu Sea lapping softly at the bows. And in the daytime you still sit in your chair under a canvas awning and watch deep green shores of islands slide silently past and wonder at the mysteries locked behind the jungle's fringe.

It's the most beautiful trip in the world, and it's a spot never seen by tourists. The waters of that sea are clear as crystal. Looking down from the deck is like looking into some fantastic show-window. You can see the deepest bottoms of the blue bays, with the pinks and greens and blues of corals in every strange shape Nature fashions, with thousands of colored fish swimming lazily by and casting their curved shadows across the weird sea floor.

And looking out and across the rail you see islands so beautiful they make you catch your breath. White beaches, flecked with lines of foam, and then dense, luxuriant jungle growth—bamboos, palms, coconuts—and the plane tree with its masses of crimson blossoms setting the shores on fire.

"Pretty nice, eh, Buck?" Captain Manley said one day, stopping at my chair.

"So nice," I said, "that I don't see why you and I don't quit running tubs and catching animals and settle down on one of those islands for the rest of our lives!"

Going Native's Not Bad

Manley grinned. "It's because we haven't got nerve enough," he said. "It would take a lot of courage to sit down here and let the rest of the world go by."

"I know. It never works."

"Very seldom, anyhow."

"I've seen enough cases. There's a sort of a dry rot sets in that burns out character. After a time a man either goes crazy—or 'goes native.' I'm not sure which is worse."

"Going native's not so bad," Manley said. "I can think of lots worse things. Broadway on a Saturday night, for instance."

We both laughed.

"Joking aside, though," I said, "it just never works out. Kipling had it in that line of his about 'never the twain shall meet.'"

"'Never' is a pretty big word," said Manley.

We jogged along, stopping here and there at little uncharted ports. Rickety docks—a handful of nipa-thatched houses—a larger handful of copper-colored natives clamoring and laughing on the shore and watching the little boat with big eyes.

We came finally to Kagayan Sulu, a small island off the coast of Borneo, and the southernmost of the several hundred islands that make up the Philippine group. It looked just like every other island—thick with green palms, a smell of drying copra, and blinding sunlight falling on little thatched houses and on copper-skinned natives.

I stood with my elbows on the rail looking down at the lazy bustle on the rotting dock. Two people were waiting beside a thatched hut near by. Then they came toward the gangplank. One was a tall, thin man with a lean face browned by years of tropical sun. He

(Continued on page 44)

"Ours has been an Elgin family for half a century"

declares lovely young **LORAINE FIELDING** *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Fielding of Westchester and New York*

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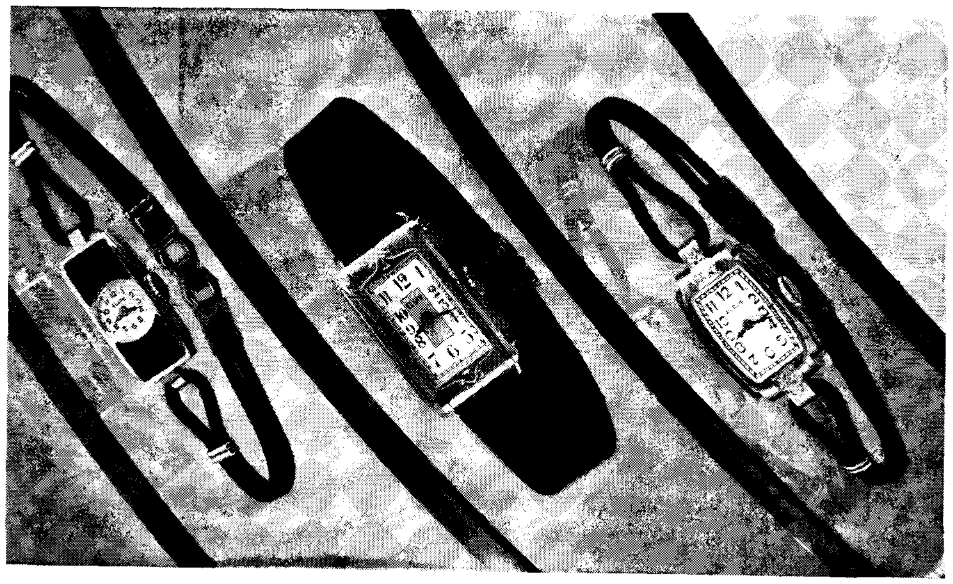


★ *Baguette with 17 jewel movement. White gold filled case enameled in black. Inlaid dial. Cord attachment. Model 2629 — price $45*

★ *Elgin movement in attractive gold filled case. Printed dial. Model 1204, white gold filled; model 1206 natural gold filled. Price $25*

★ *Semi-baguette with 15 jewel movement. Solid white gold case. Cord attachment. Inlaid dial. Model 2019 — price $47 50*

Prices slightly higher in Canada

● Back in 1884 it started, with a tiger hunt in India! As a souvenir of that expedition, Miss Fielding's grandfather, a world-famous naturalist, received a handsome ELGIN with a tiger engraved on it.

"My own tiny watch today carries on the family tradition," writes this popular young debutante, sportswoman and author. "It is one of many ELGINS the Fieldings have owned since the '80's."

At the far left is shown this dainty timepiece of Miss Fielding's. Exquisitely feminine. No wider than your smallest fingernail. This watch and a score of other delightful models are yours to choose from today.

They are different from other makes which you see. Craftsmanship alone could never have created these watches. *They result from a unique partnership of age-old craftsmanship and modern science!*

Only in America, only at ELGIN, could such an unusual union thrive. ELGIN watch movements are designed, created, and assembled in a single factory!

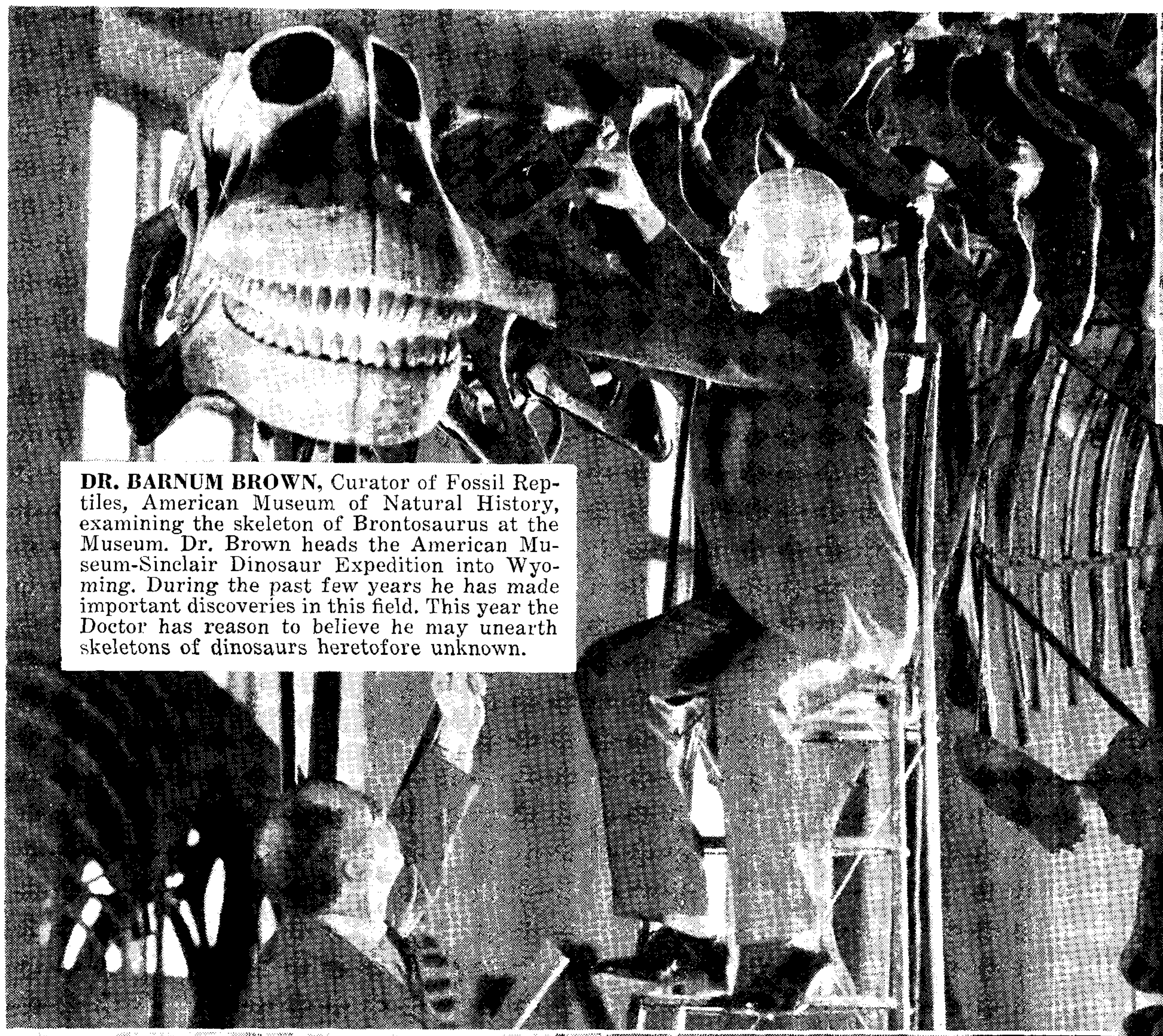
Master craftsman and scientist, here as nowhere else, have full opportunity to work together in making gracious, accurate timepieces for you.

See the newest ELGINS at your jeweler's today. The microscopes of experts have tested and proved them in every detail of workmanship, design. Timekeeping ability has been checked to the absolute standard of the stars. Prices are from $19 to $500.

☆ ELGIN ☆

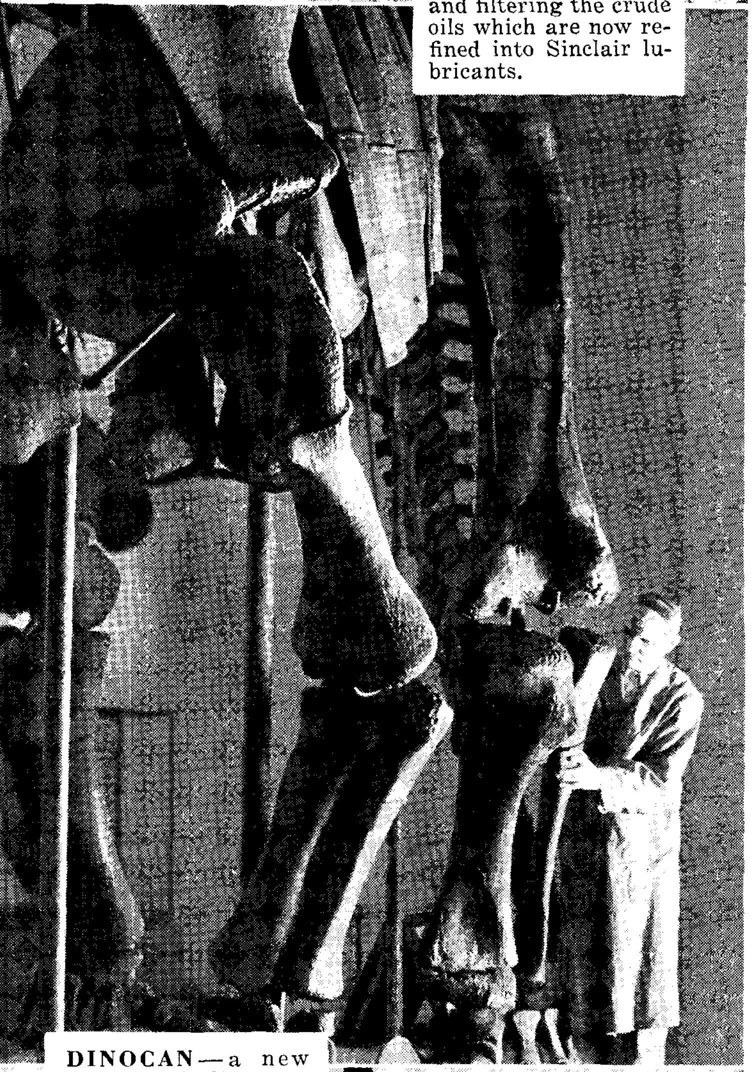
MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP SINCE 1865

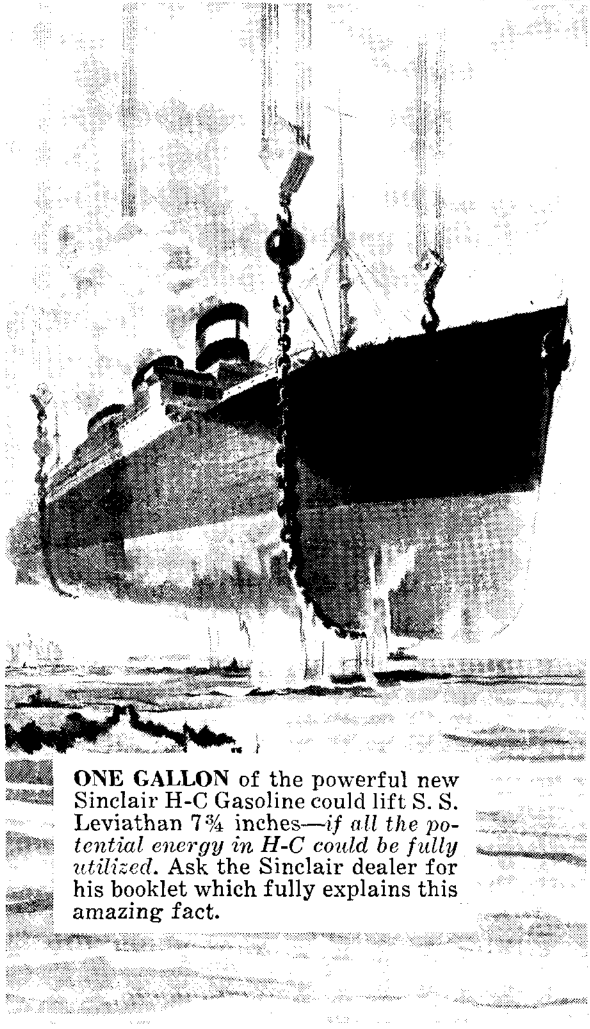
AMERICAN MUSEUM-SINCLAIR DINOSAUR EXPEDITION



DR. BARNUM BROWN, Curator of Fossil Reptiles, American Museum of Natural History, examining the skeleton of Brontosaurus at the Museum. Dr. Brown heads the American Museum-Sinclair Dinosaur Expedition into Wyoming. During the past few years he has made important discoveries in this field. This year the Doctor has reason to believe he may unearth skeletons of dinosaurs heretofore unknown.

WHERE DINOSAURS ROAMED. Excavating in Wyoming, goal of the American Museum-Sinclair Expedition. It was while dinosaurs roamed the earth that Nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oils which are now refined into Sinclair lubricants.

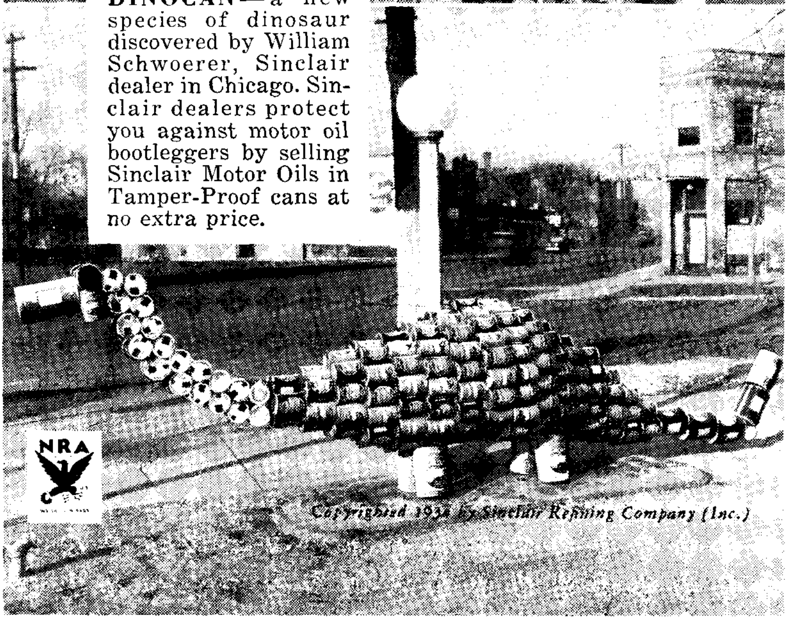




ONE GALLON of the powerful new Sinclair H-C Gasoline could lift S. S. Leviathan 7¾ inches—*if all the potential energy in H-C could be fully utilized.* Ask the Sinclair dealer for his booklet which fully explains this amazing fact.

AMERICAN AIRWAYS
AMERICAN AIRWAYS
AMERICAN AIRWAYS

KEYS GIRLS, Oklahoma quadruplets, boarding an American Airways, Inc. airliner at Fort Worth, Texas. American Airways, Inc., one of the greatest air transport companies, awards its lubricating contract to Sinclair for the second successive year.



DINOCAN—a new species of dinosaur discovered by William Schwoerer, Sinclair dealer in Chicago. Sinclair dealers protect you against motor oil bootleggers by selling Sinclair Motor Oils in Tamper-Proof cans at no extra price.

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Of the many interesting cases of albinism, one of the strangest occurred in Africa a number of years ago. A Negro couple had three white and three black children in the following order: The first and second were black boys, the third and fourth were white girls, the fifth was a black girl and the sixth was a white boy.

China has temples which sell tickets to Heaven. Rumania has places of worship which charge an annual rent for space occupied by your relatives in Heaven. But Brazil has a church which renders a more tangible service. In it you can mail a letter to a saint in Heaven—using special stamps—and receive a reply. —*By Mrs. C. V. Pratt, Oak Terrace, Minnesota.*

Hair has been known to develop various unusual colors through certain industrial associations. For example, workers in cobalt mines and indigo works have had their hair turn blue, and those in copper smelters and brass foundries have had their hair turn green.

The Karamojong, a savage tribe in Uganda, Africa, make notches in themselves, not in their weapons, when they "get" an enemy. A brave will sneak into an enemy village, spear the first person he meets and then dash home and record the deed by making a cicatrice, or scar, on his right shoulder if the victim was a man or on his left one if it was a woman or child.

The story of Cinderella is believed to be the oldest and most popular fairy tale. Under many different names and with about 350 variations, it has been published throughout the world for more than 4,000 years.—*By M. K. Roy, Laredo, Texas.*

A number of the portraits by the famous English artist, Thomas Gainsborough, were painted by him as he stood about seven feet from his easel. He learned to use six-foot handles on his brushes so that he could see the effect of each stroke without having to step backward frequently to appraise his progress. —*By I. D. Rotkin, Chicago, Illinois.*

Contrary to the general impression, a person can be electrocuted by the 110 volts of electricity in a light-socket, particularly when his other hand is on a radiator or some other good "ground." There have been thousands of such deaths. In fact current as low as 54 volts has been known to kill a human being.—*By Dr. S. R. Benedict, Birmingham, Alabama.*

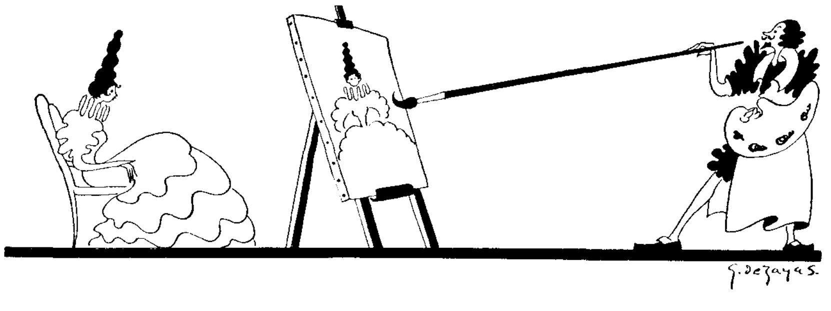
About a century ago, billions of passenger pigeons flew about this country, darkening the sky for hours at a time. Flocks were sometimes four miles wide and nearly 250 miles long and the consumption of grain by such congregations was estimated to have been 17,000,000 bushels every 24 hours. Today they are extinct, the last one having died, it is believed, in the zoölogical garden of Cincinnati in 1914.

At certain periods of the year on the hot plains and deserts of South America, South Africa and Asia Minor, bitter and burning winds blow for several days at a time and so affect both humans and animals that persons who commit crimes, even murder, during these nerve-rending gales are seldom punished.—*By P. R. Edelsten, St. Joseph, Missouri.*

In a study of 717,907 births of twins, it was found that—out of every 1,000 of these births—305 were twin girls, 327 were twin boys and 368 were a girl and boy. The analysis also revealed the fact that the birth rate of twins is higher in cold countries than in the tropics.

An odd way of punishing incorrigible prisoners is used today in Fontevrault Abbey, one of the grimmest prisons in France. From 10 A. M. to 7 P. M. daily, they are locked in a large room and made to march for 50 out of every 60 minutes between stone blocks set in checkerboard arrangement about four feet apart. After this nine-hour ordeal, they are given one bowl of soup and sent to bed.

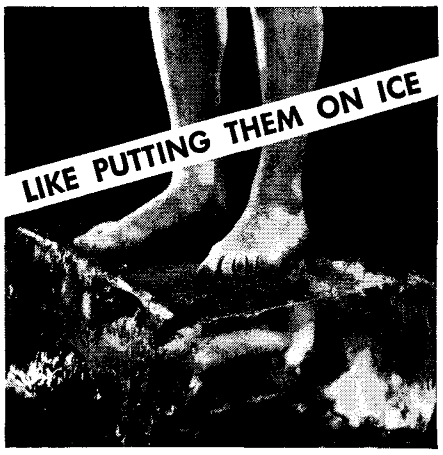
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



He blamed PERSPIRATION for those clammy socks . . .

DO THIS

if you want to SEE Athlete's Foot. These are the places, in the flesh between the toes, where the boring fungi usually attack the victim. Look for red skin that appears angry, feels itchy; or white blistered patches moist with seepings. In more advanced stages, you will note the skin cracking open with rawness and soreness.


LIKE PUTTING THEM ON ICE

When perspiring feet feel tired, sore, swollen

Ladies and gentlemen—golfers, salesmen, postmen, policemen, everybody! Here's soothing relief for folks whose feet suffer from summer's heat. Pull off those clammy damp socks, and douse on cooling Absorbine Jr. Thousands say it's like putting those sweltering feet on ice. Absorbine Jr. is also wonderful for sunburn; an excellent antiseptic for insect bites.

BUT THE REAL CAUSE WAS

ATHLETE'S FOOT

MILLIONS of people who think they suffer from nothing more than perspiring feet will do well to take a look at the flesh between their toes tonight.

Does it feel moist and sticky? Are there white, seeping blisters? Or does the skin look red, angry, with itching? Is it scaly, peeling, cracked open and raw?

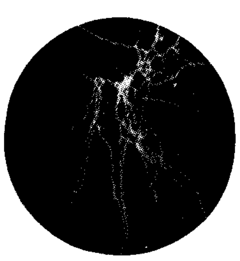
Any one of these danger signals warns you that a lot more is wrong than merely perspiration.

For chances are you have a case of Athlete's Foot, and in the flesh between your toes there lurk billions of tiny, repulsive fungi—digging and boring, breeding and giving off sticky seepings. The U. S. Public Health Service has asserted that "*it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*"

Apply this Inexpensive Treatment★

If your feet perspire, play safe and examine your toes for the danger signals. At the slightest sign of infection, begin the immediate application of cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

When you buy, accept nothing but the real Absorbine Jr. It is your tried-and-tested, your proved assurance of relief. Sold at all drug stores, $1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.



THEY BITE, DIG, AND BORE

This is an actual photograph of Athlete's Foot fungi magnified one thousand times. In the flesh between the toes of a victim, millions of these vicious fungi cause distress by digging, boring, breeding, and give off insidious seepings.

★A fraction of a cent an application

Because of its superior ability to kill the fungi, a sufficient quantity of Absorbine Jr. for each application costs only a fraction of a cent. Here is the simple, inexpensive treatment to follow: 1. Douse your toes morning and night with cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. 2. To guard against re-infection, sterilize socks by boiling 15 minutes when washed. Note how quickly and smoothly your condition clears up.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

SUNBURN

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When Chevro
Chevrolet mea
sengers *in comfort.* Even if some
there's plenty of room for every
The seats, front and rear, are i
A longer wheelbase has mad
with extra room for long legs.
without getting cramped or ti
fort holds good for every other

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the 1934 Chevrolet line.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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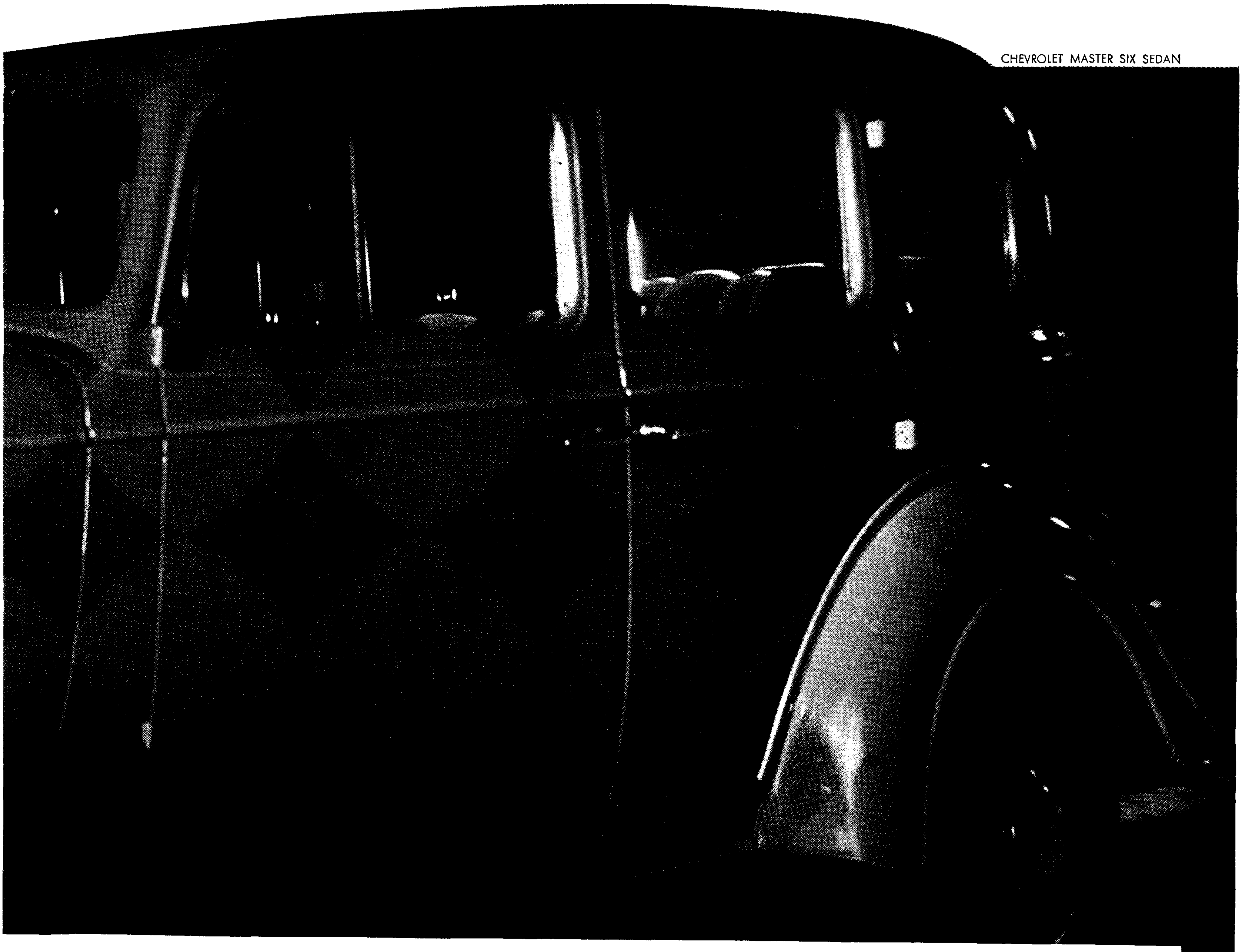
SPACIOUS FISHER BODIES—Chevrolet is the only car of lowest price with a Fisher body. The only car with Fisher styling and craftsmanship, Fisher's safe, strong body construction—and genuine Fisher Ventilation.

FULLY-ENCLOSED KNEE-ACTION—A special patented type, exclusive to Chevrolet in its field. Gives the "gliding ride" at its smoothest and best. Also provides shock-proof steering and unusually safe, dependable operation.

BLUE-FLAME ENGINE—Makes possible more power (80 horsepower) plus more speed (80 miles an hour) along with *more miles per gallon* (the lowest gas consumption of any full-size car). No other low-priced car has it.

CABLE-CONTROLLED BRAKES—A new 1934 development found only in Chevrolet. These brakes are big. They're powerful. They respond quickly, smoothly and positively. And they work dependably in any weather.

CHEVROLET *for* 1934



CHEVROLET MASTER SIX SEDAN

e satisfied with any other low-priced car

SAP OF TROPICAL TREE FOUND IDEAL FOR CONSTIPATION

*Offered to Public after Tests by 15,862 Doctors**

Costs You Only 10¢ To Try

In 1911 a scientist discovered amazing qualities in the sap of a tropical tree. It seemed to him that here was a natural product that would be valuable in the treatment of constipation.

A famous laboratory became interested. Years were spent experimenting, testing, refining. At last, with this basic ingredient, the laboratory perfected a product which, it believed, represented a tremendous advance in the treatment of habitual constipation.

Samples were sent to doctors all over the United States. Tests were made by 15,862 physicians.

Now We Offer Saráka to the General Public

Doctors, having fully satisfied themselves as to its merits, began recommending Saráka to their patients. Solely as a result of doctors recommendations over 300,000 people are using Saráka today.

But we believe there is only one way that *you* can satisfy yourself as to the merits of Saráka and that is by trying it. You be the judge . . . try it . . . test it . . . discuss it with your doctor . . . observe the results. That's why we make this offer.

Our Sample Offer to You

Saráka is now on sale in all drug stores. It comes in two sizes, 75¢ and $1.25. But in order that you may test Saráka before purchasing these larger size packages our laboratory has prepared a number of trial-size packages. *If your doctor hasn't given you one* you may buy one at most druggists for 10¢. If you wish, you may obtain one by mailing the coupon below.

With each sample there is a folder giving interesting information about habitual constipation and how Saráka may be used to help overcome it. Let Saráka help you.

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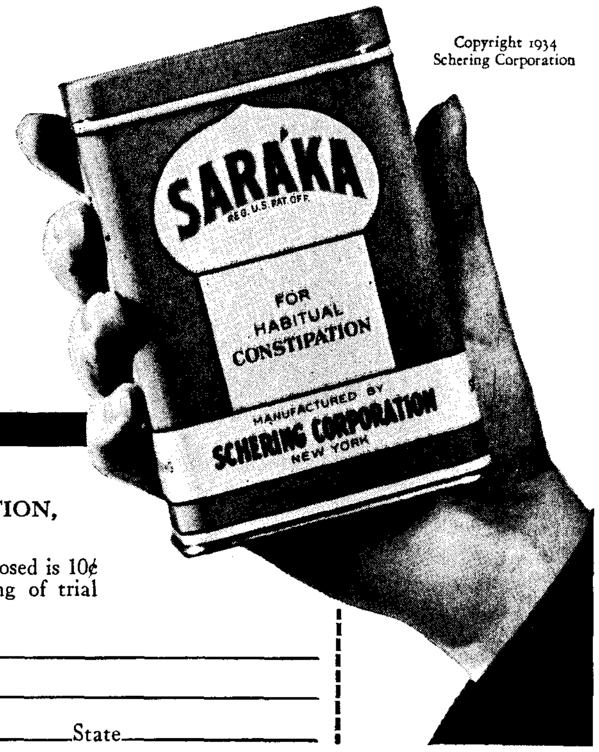

* Up to March 12th, 1934

Tested and Approved Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

SCHERING CORPORATION,
Dept. C-6, Bloomfield, N. J.

I'd like to try Saráka. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover postage and mailing of trial package.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________

Soldier Woman

Continued from page 9

The first I knew they were married was when I noticed a Q. M. truck up at Bill's set in the bachelor quarters moving out his few scratched and scarred bits of furniture. He was moving to an empty set on the married line. And that night I saw the notice in the little town paper. He'd just walked out after drill and gone to town and had the justice of the peace marry them. She, evidently, had been living at the hotel up until then. Nobody knew who the witnesses had been.

I felt damned badly about it. It was done. I wanted to make up with Bill. But I didn't dare. Those eyes of his. He just looked through me. And I had to look at him every day at drill. I didn't dare cuss him out when he made a bull. I didn't dare compliment him when his troop outshone the others as it generally did. I prayed to heaven that he'd ask for a transfer. But he didn't. They never went out, or not about the post anyway. Never went to the shops. And when people, duty bound, or morbidly curious, called, they were never in. Or if they were there were no lights visible.

I SAW Murel only once before they went away. I bumped into her at the post exchange. I was looking over a new shipment of polo mallets. She came up and smiled. Just as though we were the best of friends. She watched me hefting the mallets with great interest. "Help me, Dink, will you? You'd know the size he uses and all. Or do they have sizes? You can tell me the best ones, can't you? I want to buy Bill some for his birthday."

I was really embarrassed. "These malaccas . . . stiff ones. Fifty-twos . . ." I helped her pick out the ones I wanted myself. . . .

A week later the trouble started down on the river. Two troops were to be sent, one from my squadron and one from Tap Beers'. Bachelor captains were of course the ones for the job. Because the river was some fifty miles south and we had nothing but the old dobe shacks there for the men and a hut for the officer at each station. But all my captains were married now. The colonel left it to us to make the selection. The day the news was out Bill Brogden came into my office after stables. "Hello, Bill," I said. He saluted me like a plebe. "I want to ask for that detail, sir, on the river."

I felt badly. He had only been married a few months and here he was wanting to get away from her. Well, I could have told him . . .

"I think my troop deserves the active service," he went on, looking me straight in the eye. He wasn't going to ask me a personal favor. So this was the end of his romance. . . . Well, he'd be down there some time. Mexico was kicking up again. Bandit bands were raising heck with American ranches close to the Rio Grande. He'd be able to forget the whole mess down there with his men and a little shooting.

"All right," I said. "You push off in the morning. You'll get your orders some time this afternoon."

"Very good, sir." He saluted and walked stiffly out of the room.

It wasn't until a week later that I heard the news. The women were all agog with it. He'd taken her with him, the gilded Murel. Taken her to a desert camp at a river ford where there was only a one-room hut and a dobe barracks and stable for a platoon of cavalry. And there was no motor road to the place. She must have ridden down there. I felt a little funny when I heard that. . . .

Things quieted after a while, and I thought of Murel Standish, who had chased all over the world on cruise boats, lived in luxury in New York, been spoiled with flattery wherever she went, living in a one-room dobe shack in a lifeless desert with nothing in sight but a few cottonwood trees.

So I was naturally curious on my first inspection trip down. The place was spick and span. And the other outposts Bill had up and down the river from the headquarters camp were in first-rate shape. They showed the evidence of constant and intelligent inspection and training. Bill wasn't going slack by any means.

I saved Bill's camp for the last. I hated to make that inspection. But he received me calmly. In the orderly room of the small barracks. I went over his fund book, inspected the storeroom and barracks and stables. It was almost dark when I was through. The normal thing for the camp commander then was to invite his brother officer to his quarters. Offer him a drink. And a good dinner. I'd been riding for two days. . . .

We were standing in the orderly room. Nothing had been said except strictly official words. Bill said quietly: "I've had a wall tent pitched for you, Major. The cook will see to your dinner. Whenever you want it. I hope you'll be comfortable. . . ."

I had a pretty hopeless feeling then. I knew I had lost Bill. I felt heavy and funny in my stomach. I couldn't look at Bill. "Have him put me up a couple of sandwiches if you will. I'm riding on to Spring Ranch for the night. Old Jake Worrel's expecting me."

It was a lie, but Jake and I were old pals. He wouldn't mind my sitting at table with his woman.

A FEW months went by and it was summer. Summer in that part of Texas is hell. Worse than any war. And I thought of them out there on the desert.

"I'll give her until July," I thought. "July'll about fix Mrs. Brogden. We'll have Bill back for the fall tournament. He'll play twice as well because he'll be ugly. That's his nature. And in a week or two we'll be running around again nights over to Jim Jo's and the Volstead and maybe a trip up to Juarez. The Old Man'll let us off. We'll play the slot machines and monte at the casino. We'll see the town right. She can get her divorce in Reno in a few weeks. . . ."

That's what I thought then.

It didn't work out that way.

I was on the range, black with sweat, when the adjutant came galloping up. He tried not to appear excited. "Ford Camp has been shot up. Don't know the details. Old Jake Worrel just rode in. They drove off all his white-face cattle across the river. One of Brogden's men got off on a horse with a message. But he got hit riding out. He died at Jake's. Said the bandits had the camp surrounded. Offered to let Bill get out unharmed if he'd turn over his mounts and arms and property. They knew he had a woman there. The soldier said they said that when they parleyed with him. Figured he'd give up on her account. During the talk the soldier made a break for it. You're to mount your outfit and get down there as fast as you can, the colonel says . . ."

It was just getting light when we heard the first sound of firing. There was some high ground ahead with a

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Body by Fisher

When a Price So Low Will Buy a BUICK

. . . . *Can you resist?*

To thousands upon thousands of families, the fact that Buick is building a new car at a new low price is the big news of the year.

Yet no amazing price alone would tempt these families. Their Buicks must be Buick through and through. This newest Buick *is just that*—with the Buick Valve-in-Head straight eight engine, Buick torque-tube drive and sealed chassis, with the big size of 117-inch wheelbase.

The dependability which distinguishes all Buicks is all there. The unmatched quality and value are packed in with lavish hand. For the engineering is completely Buick.

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Series 40—$795 and up. Series 50—$1110 to $1230. Series 60—$1375 to $1675. Series 90—$1875 to $2175. List prices at Flint, Mich.

THE *NEWEST*

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TOP OFF THE TOP O' THE MORNING with Williams Aqua Velva for after shaving!

First, the thrill of a quick, smooth shave with Williams Luxury Shaving Cream—or Glider, the new Williams Brushless Shave.

Then, while your face still is dripping from the rinse, a splash of Aqua Velva! Feel it tingle as it tones your skin and stimulates your circulation. Notice that clean, spicy odor that men like. One bottle will tell you why it's the great American after-shaving habit!

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1 Feels great!
2 Soothes tiny nicks and cuts.
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THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.
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For After-Shaving

Williams AQUA VELVA

NRA

Soldier Woman

Continued from page 32

good reverse slope. The Point halted behind it. When I rode up to see, the corporal and a trooper had dismounted. They were kneeling over a wounded man. "It's Cook Roberts, sir," the corporal said.

Roberts grinned at me happily.

"I'll leave a man with you, Roberts. You'll be all right. Let's have it quick now."

"Gee, it was excitin', Major. First they jumped us an' we run into the dobe barracks. Sergint Barrows unlocked the arms racks an' served out a extry bandoleer all 'round. We let 'em have it through the loopholes an' the winders."

"Where was the captain?"

"Oh . . . Him and Mrs. Brogden was in his hut. He had a rifle up there he used for huntin'. So he was firin' that, too. An' Mrs. Brogden was shootin' a forty-five outa the winder. Gee, it looked like one o' them Buffalo Bill stagecoach holdups!"

"What about this talk of letting you go if you'd turn over your arms?"

"Oh . . . yeah. This bandit waves a white flag and he . . . No, first this here cook of the captain's, we all calls her Squaw-Baby, 'cause she's so fat an' black lookin'. Well, she goes *juramentado.* Nuts. Starts screamin' an' runs outa the house an' right towards the Mexicans. I don't see how they ever missed her more than they would one o' these big blimps. She screams a lotta stuff in Mex an' this head guy has his men stop firin' an' comes up with the white flag an' tells the captain we can pull out empty-handed does he turn over everything on account of Mrs. Brogden is there an' he doesn't want to hurt no woman."

"What did the captain say?"

"He said if they was men they'd leave her go anyway. But he's smart. W'ile he's talkin' he walks with her over to the barracks an' ducks in—"

"Time is important, Roberts. Hear that firing?"

BUT time didn't seem important to Cook Roberts. He said conversationally: "It sure was a funny sight. All them mounted bandits in the river bottom an' us just achin' to throw our safeties off again, an' this big Mex hablarin' an' the cap'n standin' there, white as a sheet with his arm around Mrs. Brogden. Well, the Mex said nothin' doin' an' he threw in a few threats about what would happen to Mrs. Brogden when they took the place.

"Well, they only had a couple hundred out there an' we had thirty good shots. But the cap'n had an awful look on his face. He looked down at his wife. An' she looked up at him an' jest laughed. But Sergint Barrows didn't laugh. He stepped up to the cap'n an' he said, no. What was thirty rifles an' pistols an' old troop horses an' some old equipment? A coupla hundred dollars for each trooper would pay for it all. We could have it took outa our pay. The whole place wasn't worth havin' Mrs. Brogden's finger cut, way he put it.

"Well, the cap'n begin to curse at him an' tell the men it's mutiny. But Sergint Barrows goes out an' yells to the Mex that it's O. K. Then somethin' funny happened. Mrs. Brogden yelled at Sergint Barrows. She run out after him with this here pistol she been holdin' all the w'ile and she leaves go rapid fire right out to where the bandits was. The cap'n, he runs out after her; and the bandits open up. Down goes the cap'n. She bends over him cryin' an' bullets whippin' all aroun'. She tries to drag the cap'n back in, but . . ." Here Roberts looked embarrassed. He seemed to be blushing. "Course a lady in her condition . . . she ain't got much strength."

"What's that!" I said. "She was hit, too?"

"Aw, no," Roberts said. "But goin' to have this here baby an' all . . ."

I had a funny feeling standing there looking down at Roberts. Faintly, from in front, came the steady sound of firing. It seemed just a futile, off-stage noise having little to do with the real drama on the stage.

"So . . . she's going to have a baby. . . ?" I must have said it aloud because Roberts grinned and nodded. "Feeny was saddled up to go for the medico jest before they jumped us . . . Oh, so Sergint Barrows, he drags the cap'n back under cover in the barracks. He's out. But the missis don't cry any more. She got a funny look in her eyes. The corps man, Berger, he works on the cap'n an' Mrs. Brogden she gives us the works. A sorta speech. Not so much. She says are they goin' to leave bandits shoot their cap'n like that? And is they or isn't they American soldiers? Damned if it didn't seem like she ranked Sergint Barrows right out. Anyways, next I knows the guys all gives a wild cheer an' away they go pumpin' lead out them windas like they only had one hit needed for expert an' the other nine to play with. I ain't ashamed to say I was cryin' and couldn't hit nothin'. So they left me make this try out the back an' a stray shot got me back this rise. My old horse must be runnin' yet . . . anybody see him?"

We got into approach formation and then as we saw the river, bright under the rising sun, we deployed as foragers. The light shone on the pistols and from the packed machine guns as they were galloped off to a flank position. But the attackers didn't wait. To them, spread out as we were and the guns pumping for all they were worth, we must have seemed an avenging army. We pursued across the river, which was very low. It was hard stopping the men on the other side. But I'd had my orders about going into Mexican territory. On the far bank we dismounted and gave their racing horses a good lashing of lead. The guns chattered after them, too. We could see their dead dotting the desert across the river and, in front of the camp, all the way up from the river were a good many twisted forms.

I had the trumpeter blow Assembly and turned over to the next senior. Sergeant Barrows greeted me in front of the barracks. He was very worn looking and he'd been wounded twice; he had no sense of humor but he tried to grin. He was a fine soldier, Sergeant Barrows.

"I got Roberts' story back there," I said. "How many casualties?"

"We only had one man killed—Werntz," said Sergeant Barrows. "Right through the head. Eight wounded, but not bad. An' the captain . . ."

"Bad?"

"Pretty bad, sir. Doctor's with him now."

"And . . . Mrs. Brogden?"

The sergeant looked embarrassed. "All kinder things been happenin' since the outfit went across the river . . . She's up to the captain's house. But he's in here in the barracks. Medico said better not move him yet."

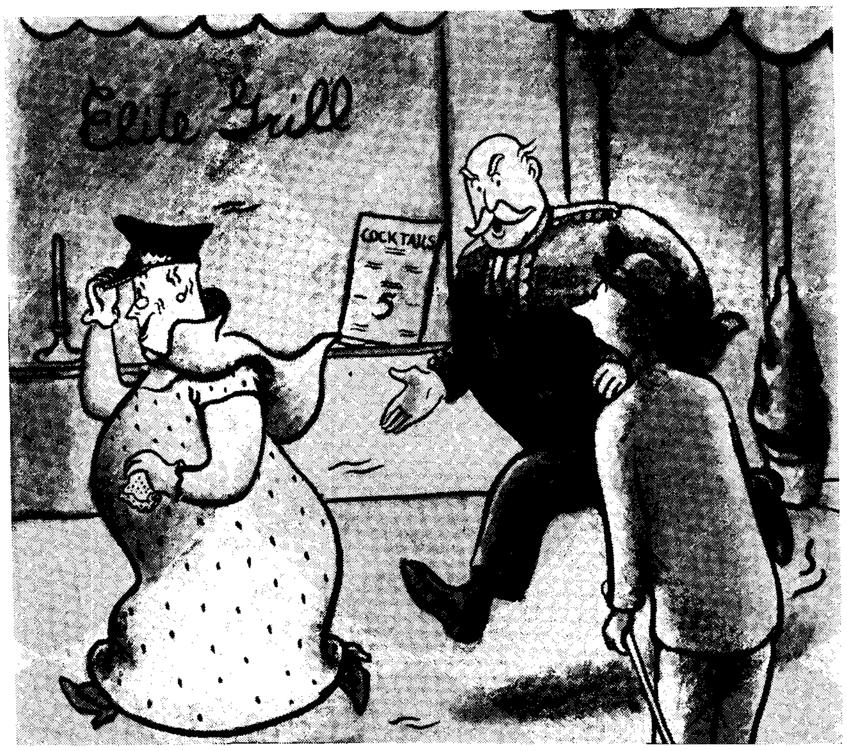
I WENT into the barracks. Bill was lying on a cot, bandaged and pale. He saw me at once. "How are you, Dink?" he said. I sat on the bed and took his hand. The captain doctor said: "He's all right, sir. He's got to be quiet for a while. He's got to sleep."

"Go and see Murel, will you, Dink? She wants to see you." I'll never forget the way he looked at me. "You bet I will," I said.

I went out into the troop street. The sun was blinding. It was going to be one more hot day. In front of Bill's house a huge, pock-marked Mexican woman sat on an upturned canned willie box. She was swaying and moaning. Squaw-Baby . . . the blimp.

"*Buenos dias.*"

(*Continued on page* 36)



"I've had a feeling something like this would happen, ever since we started serving cocktails"

Laurence Reynolds

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YOUR dear ones at home . . . alone. The doorbell rings . . . a delivery boy with a box of flowers. Eager hands unwrap it . . . and, like magic, the whole house seems filled with the sunshine of happiness and love!

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SMALL Type
for Adults
50¢
The FAVORITE
REGULAR Size
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50¢
★

Bristles can't come out!

Again Pro-phy-lac-tic scores—this time with a smart new model that will delight every "small tooth brush" fan! The new SMALL-type shown above (at the left) has the same design as our regular Pro-phy-lac-tic—only it's *shorter*. There are just as many bristles as in other 50¢ brushes, but they are grouped more compactly.

Best of all, this newest model has bristles sealed fast by Perma-Grip—the patented Pro-phy-lac-tic process that gives you security from loose bristles not found in any other make of brush! If you like a small brush—if you've been hoping Pro-phy-lac-tic would make a size like this because you want Pro-phy-lac-tic's exclusive advantages—now's your chance. See this new model today. It is Pro-phy-lac-tic quality through and through—and that means "the best there is"!

★ IMPORTANT NOTICE—While our patented Perma-Grip process prevents bristles from coming out of the handle, nothing now known will prevent bristles from occasionally breaking off outside the handle. We firmly believe this happens far less frequently in our brushes, due to our patented process, than in any others. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.

Soldier Woman

Continued from page 34

She had a big serape in her arms. It was gray and had vermilion and yellow stripes on it. She swayed back and forth with it. She lifted her big, ox-like eyes. She smiled: the biggest smile I've ever seen. "*Mira! Niño,*" she said. There was a little, crabbed red face and a tiny bald head sticking out from the serape. The baby's misty blue eyes were blinking at the sun.

I went into the house. The sun was shining brightly in there through the curtained windows. It was a very pretty room. Murel was lying in an issue cot. In the kind they issue to soldiers in the field. She was asleep. But she opened her eyes as I closed the door. She was covered up to the neck. She smiled at me. A very weak and wan smile. "Hello, Dink," she said.

I PULLED an old barracks chair up by the bed. She had a hand outside the old O. D. blanket on the bed. I took it. It felt awfully light. It was very white.

"Well, my number's up," she said. "Did you see the baby?"

"Yes," I said. "And the Squaw-Baby."

She laughed a little. Her face was dead white. "The doctor ought to be with you, Murel," I said.

"He was here. You saw Bill?"

"Yes. Bill's all right. Now you need to sleep, too." I felt like putting my hand back of that bright head and holding her close against my shoulder. The way you would with a brave sister.

"I'll get plenty, Dink. My number's up." She seemed to watch me curiously as she said that.

"What do you mean, number's up? You've had a fine baby, that's all. You've . . ."

She smiled again. "No," she said. "They shot me a couple of times. I'm dying. The doctor said so. Listen, Dink: you're in command of all this. He wouldn't do it for me. Thought it would hurt Bill."

I could hardly get a word out of my throat. "Do what?" I said.

"Have them bring Bill over. Put his cot right next to mine. I want his arm around me when . . . Are you crying, Dink?"

"I'm crying."

She smiled. "I only told you . . . Well, you've always hated me . . ."

"I've never hated you. I just . . . Hell, I was wrong. I never knew you. I heard all about this business. I think you're one of the finest women I ever heard of . . ."

"Ah!" Murel said. "So if this hadn't happened we could be friends? You and I and Bill?"

She was just a blur to me. But I bent down and kissed her. And I ran for the door. I thought I heard her actually laugh as I ran out of that house. And the baby was crying as I went by the old Mexican woman.

The squadron was assembling and I was nearly bowled over by an awkward troop horse as I ran towards the barracks. In the storeroom Bill was sleeping quietly. They had moved him in there to get him away from the outside disturbance. The captain doctor was dressing the side of a private's face. I grabbed the medico and pulled him out of the room. He looked at me in wonder. "You wounded, Major?"

I blurted out my story. "It may be a matter of minutes. You've got to wake him up!"

He just stared at me.

"I'm ordering you! Do you get that? Those two love each other. You wouldn't understand. Jump, now!"

He found his voice. He was a little indignant. But he thought I had gone crazy, so he humored me. "She's only had a baby," he said. "Every woman has them. And with her kind . . ." He smiled. "Did you ever see the build on that woman?"

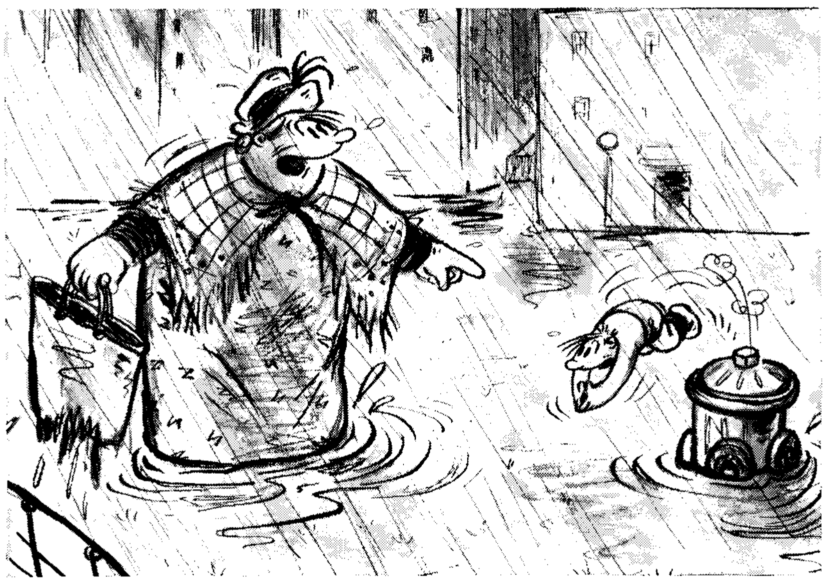
I'd seen the build on her all right. "She's dying of wounds," I said.

"I delivered her child . . . a half hour ago. She didn't have a mark on her then." He smiled wanly. He was very tired. "Oh, I see! Kidding you. She's a great kidder. You ought to have heard what she said when she had the baby. She said . . ."

"Oh, to hell with you," I said and I walked back to Bill Brogden's house. She was grinning when I came in. "Well, now I know you like me, darling. Dink, send Juanita in with the baby; he must be getting hungry."

I staggered to the door. The old Mexican was still crooning. The baby had stopped crying and was blinking up at the sun. The sergeant-major was just about to knock. He looked at me curiously. "Any orders, sir?" he said.

I looked down at the baby. He was squirming about, reaching his funny-looking hand towards Juanita's huge bosom. "Yes. Have mess call sounded," I said.



"While you're under, remember, a can of beans fell over toward the curb!"

Frank Owen

The Prop Man

Continued from page 24

and blushed and dispraised until the perplexed Chief Executive might have retired to his office suspecting there had been a grave miscarriage of honors.

The National Aeronautic Association does not come to its annual Collier Trophy award decisions lightly. It appoints a special committee that weighs briefs which are presented in behalf of many nominees. This time, and upon numerous occasions in the past, the Association has demonstrated that personality or prestige does not count; that practical achievement, interpreted to the letter of the donor's original deed, is the only consideration that can fetch the exquisite trophy for a year's sojourn in your office or home.

The late Robert F. Collier, once editor of this magazine, and son of its founder, was America's first sportsman pilot. He arranged the first private air show ever held, attracted foreign and native early birds to his hangars, and enabled the Army to found its air corps by presenting it with a plane—the one that General (then Lieutenant) Benny Foulois used to scatter all over the Rio Grande landscape. Collier, in 1911, conceived and had designed a trophy to be awarded each year "*for the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been thoroughly demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year.*"

Props to Order

The work of the 1934 Collier Trophy Committee was set forth by the National Aeronautic Association from its headquarters in Washington in the following citation: "To the Hamilton Standard Propeller Company, with particular credit to Frank Walker Caldwell, Chief Engineer, for the development and demonstration of a controllable-pitch propeller now in general use."

Tom Hamilton, after whom the company is named, was a poor but honest pilot in Seattle. When the war began he made his way to Washington and informed the War Department that he was going to build airplanes for it.

"No, you're not," the Army said. "You're a propeller builder!"

Tom asked how come.

"Well, you have built a propeller, haven't you?" the Army said; and Tom had to admit it. Thereupon he was shipped to a furniture factory in Milwaukee, because the Army figured this would be a good place in which to try to make propellers. They would be needing a lot. He built them a lot. Wooden propellers were standard throughout the war; but along came Dr. S. A. Reed, an inventor, to experiment with light alloys and to win the Collier Trophy for 1925 for the first metal propeller. Soon the bitter controversy between wood prop and metal prop men was steaming; particularly on military and naval fields. The metal ones cost a thousand dollars each; and that aided the wood men, because of restricted budgets in Washington. Then accidents due to prop breakage focussed dramatic attention on the dispute; and both the Army and the Navy standardized on metal props.

Tom Hamilton, once a period of patent confusion and company shuffling was over, now manufactured metal props. He was taken over by the United Aircraft, which also bought the Standard Steel Propeller Company, and fetched Commander E. E. Wilson from his job as Chief of Staff on the aircraft carrier U. S. S. Saratoga to consolidate them.

Frank Caldwell, meantime, had gone his complacent pace through Tome Preparatory School in Maryland, the University of Virginia, and Massachusetts Tech—where he built a glider and wrote a thesis on propellers. At the time of the Mexican border affair, in 1916, the Army found its wooden props would not stay together. So Frank, now prop chief of Curtiss, went down from Buffalo and found that New York State glue would not stick in the desert heat. He made up a special glue—and the Army made him Chief of the Propeller Service, and held onto him for ten years; but in 1928 he resigned to enter private enterprise. United fell heir to him, as part of the Standard company.

Commander Wilson was not fooled by the apparent uncertainty of his new chief engineer's mental processes, which formed rather astonishing contrast to his precise, meticulous personal manners and appearance. Wilson quickly perceived that Caldwell's hesitation was shyness; that his unwillingness to be rushed indicated thoroughness; that his "perhaps" or "well, I don't know, let's fuss around a bit" bore as much assurance as twenty resounding yeses.

Wilson, searching for development work that would benefit his company and the industry in general and provide a field of research for the genius of Caldwell, decided to encourage him to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of prop engineers—the controllable-pitch propeller. The commander was a battleship man before he became an aviation man, in the Navy, and it was perhaps quite natural that he should hit upon this line of endeavor; for the reversible-pitch marine propeller had long indicated, if only in part, the advantages of a variable pitch applied to aircraft propellers.

"You Can't Do That"

Wilson and Caldwell found little encouragement as they canvassed the picture over a desk, years ago; their own industry was crowded with "it can't be done" men, and a leading encyclopedia said that "the controllable-pitch propeller is not thought of seriously because it presents insurmountable obstacles."

Propellers, dubbed variously from the scientific appellation "airscrew" through a long range of profanity to the gentle slang of "stick," are—so far as ground men are concerned—the cobras of aviation. The mechanic who caresses one does not have to worry about old-age pensions. Spectators know them as a slashing, flashing circle of danger—as well as something that throws dust, even mud, in your eye. To the pilot, however, the propeller is his ticket from here to there. Propellers, no matter what you may have thought, do not keep the plane in the air. Lift is provided by the wings. The propeller supplies "thrust," or forward speed; which is, however, a necessary supplement to lift, in the battle against weight and gravity, if flight is to be prolonged.

The propeller does this by "screwing" through the air, which is a solid element, exactly as the little metal cylinder—with the spiral ridge called the thread running around it—screws into the woodwork in your home when you insert a driving tool into its slotted head and turn it. A propeller, as a matter of fact, is in its hub and blade roots precisely like a section cut from an ordinary household screw. The

(Continued on page 38)

W. G. Mennen demonstrates a startling difference between various Brushless Shaves. Note the lumps and gobs in greasy Brushless Shaves—and the fine, even consistency of Mennen Brushless.

YOU GREASE HATERS RALLY ROUND!

I've got it—a Brushless Shave ...It's a Cream—not a Grease!

I WANT to talk to the men who *like* the idea of a brushless shave—but who *hate* grease.

I know how you feel, I went through it when I tried the old-time brushless shaves. I felt as though I'd slipped into a crankcase . . . I got my razor all plugged up . . . and my basin was a sight. (And was my wife mad!)

Well, my chemists and I decided that the idea being good, there *must* be a way to lick this grease bogie. We worked like Trojans for 13 months. And finally, we had it—a Brushless Shave that's a *cream—not a grease.*

And what a reception it got! Men found out quick enough that Mennen Brushless improves the shave *5 ways:—*

W. G. Mennen

THE 5 IMPROVEMENTS

1. Wilts Whiskers—and smooths the path of the razor. The blade *sails* over the skin—cuts clean! Swift! No pull.

2. Shows white on the face. So you can easily follow the path of the razor.

3. Washes off EASILY. Being a highly soluble cream, it leaves no residue on the face. Doesn't clog the razor. Doesn't leave curds in the basin.

4. Economical. It spreads easier; you can use less (about ⅓ less).

5. Protects the skin. Particularly good for dry, thin, easily-irritated skins.

Send For My "Skin Tester Kit"

Let me send you a tube of Mennen Brushless Shave so that you can check me up.

If Brushless is *not* the type best suited for your skin, then I want you to try Mennen Lather Shave. From my long study of shaving, I know that one type of shave does not suit all faces. Only your own skin can tell you which is better for you.

In the Skin Tester Kit I am also enclosing trial sizes of Talcum for Men (the man's powder that doesn't show) and Skin Bracer (a lotion with a clean masculine odor). Also, a new Mennen double-edge blade. See coupon.

Mennen
Lather Shave
Mennen
Mennen
Blades

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Brushless Shave, Lather Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade." Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-19.

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You're right in WHITE

● Right—in style. Nothing is smarter with your dark or light suits. And, being Walk-Overs, they keep you and themselves in shape. Smooth fit that hugs your ankle, arch, instep—and lets your toes go free. Today at your Walk-Over dealer. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.

WALK·OVER

Above, the SHEFFIELD, in a new buck-finished white leather that is particularly easy to clean . . **$7.50**

Below, the KOOLIE, unlined, air-cooled white sport calf. Flexible sole. **$6.50**

(Continued from page 37)

blades of the propeller are merely elongations of the pitch indicated by the thread of the screw. These blades, you will see if you examine one (when it is not moving), are in the shape of "airfoils," or airplane wings. The "leading edge" of a wing is the one which meets the air first as the plane moves forward, and the "leading edge" of the propeller is the one which cuts the air first as the prop turns. Propellers move at great speeds—a tip may travel as fast as 900 feet in a second. The efficiency of a propeller depends, among other things, upon the angle, or pitch, at which it cuts the air.

When the pitch of the propeller blades is high it aids the cruising speed of the airplane because it screws forward through the air at a faster pace. But a high-speed airplane, with a high-pitch propeller, needs a very long field in which to take off because it travels farther in gaining the momentum necessary to provide its wings with lift. A plane with a low- or flat-pitch propeller gets off the ground faster for converse reasons and because it enables the engine to deliver its full power output at once. Aloft, the low-pitch prop is not efficient for speedy, efficient and economical forward travel.

This is not a complete explanation. It is only approximate. Many technical and aerodynamical considerations are involved—relation between propeller set and delivery of full-rated engine horsepower under take-off, normal cruising, and high-altitude cruising conditions; air density; resistance; other factors—but don't let's bother our little heads about them. The results are what we lay folks, we air travelers, are interested in.

The normal, or "fixed-pitch," aviation propeller is a compromise between the high-pitch and the low-pitch positions.

The adjustable-pitch propeller is one the blades of which may be set either at low pitch or high pitch *on the ground,* but cannot be altered in flight. The usefulness of this type, of course, is limited.

The controllable-pitch propeller is one the blades of which may be varied *in flight,* from low to high pitch.

Gears for an Airplane

The pitch setting of a controllable-pitch propeller is changed at will by the pilot from his seat in the cockpit. The visible control gadget is a knob, similar to the choke button in your car. If the pilot wishes to change the pitch to high, he pushes the knob in; to low, he pulls it out. The change in pitch of the propeller blade—or the change in the angle at which it "attacks" the air—is about five to ten degrees. It is accomplished by hydraulic principle. When the cockpit knob is pulled out to low, oil under pressure from the engine is admitted through a tubing into a cylinder out in the propeller hub, and a piston therein is moved forward. Through a series of simple and direct connections the counterweights—which you can see on the outside of the hub, in the picture of the propeller—are moved inward, toward the axis of the crankshaft, or center of the hub. These counterweights are directly attached to the propeller blade roots, and thus the blades are rotated as far as the new position of the counterweights.

When the pilot wishes to shift back to high pitch, for cruising, he pushes in the knob on his instrument panel. This causes the oil in the cylinder to release its pressure on the counterweights and flow backward, out of the cylinder. The counterweights are so balanced that they return then to their original setting, moving the blades with them.

This is the type of propeller which the tomes and the wiseacres said could never be achieved; and it is the one for which our heroes are today receiving their reward, after their propeller has been tested and proved in actual service and found to be the answer to the stalemate which last year threatened aeronautical progress. The success of the controllable-pitch propeller has revealed a new horizon to aeronautics, and taken the limits off speed; henceforth, our pace through the air will be as fast as the daring and imagination of the engineers.

Here, perhaps, lies the most important contribution of the controllable-pitch propeller. Without it, we could never have taken advantage of the improvement in design and in motors which is behind the new era of high speeds; for with the old fixed-pitch, or compromise-setting, propeller these swift new airliners could not take off with safety from any but the largest airports. Now the controllable-pitch propeller, which shrinks the distance needed for the take-off—combined with the new wing-flaps or "air brakes" on the trailing edges of the wings which shrink the distance needed for landing—makes every field completely available for the most modern airplanes.

Up We Go

We can summarize the principal merits of the propeller which the award of the Collier Trophy recognizes:

First, with a given load, we'll get quicker take-off and more rapid climb.

Second, where you have an unlimited space for your take-off—as in the usual circumstances of seaplane operation—and there is no risk in a slow take-off and slow climb, you may carry a much greater load. This makes transatlantic operation possible on a profitable basis, because you may carry ample payload—passengers, mail and express—with sufficient fuel to give you long range.

Third, it improves the single engine performance of a twin- or multiple-engine ship and is thus a great safety factor in the event of motor failure of one or more units. The pilot of a twin-engine high-speed modern airliner demonstrated this phase the other day. High in the air, he cut one motor out entirely; then adjusted his propeller on the still-running motor to low pitch, and the plane—with full load—actually began to climb.

Without the controllable-pitch propeller, the schedules on the airline web over the United States could never have been reduced so dramatically last year; *with* it, you may look forward very soon to a theater in New York, a comfortable night's sleep in a luxurious berth on an airliner, and San Francisco's Golden Gate under your sleepy eyes at breakfast time. *Without it,* Captain Eddie Rickenbacker could not have made his spectacular passenger-ship flight from Los Angeles to New York in thirteen hours recently. *With it,* the great capitals of Europe become our neighbors and the Atlantic Ocean loses its importance.

There are countless minor technical advantages; but the major ones ought to be sufficient to convince you that the Collier Trophy Award Committee knew very well what it was doing.

And your reporter is justly impressed with the scientific wonder of it all, and hopes you are. But we should not forget there is something more here than meets the limelight. If science is in debt to Frank Caldwell, how much more so are we average fellows indebted to him for demonstrating that fame and fortune are possible to a man who does not wear his personality, his brains, and his "it" upon the tip of his tongue.

In Freedom's Name

Continued from page 11

considerable wit—he has repeatedly defended his gyrations by saying that he knew somewhat better than any member of the Congress of the United States what Filipinos wanted.

But this time there was no fooling. When Mr. Roosevelt reminded him how happy the signing must make both of them Mr. Quezon may have harbored a bit of doubt, but there was nothing he could do about it. Mr. Quezon is a veteran of many years of Filipino politics. Furthermore, he is in precarious health. He would like immensely to conclude his fine career by being the first President of the Philippines—or at least the first president-maker. But as he watched Mr. Roosevelt sign, an uncomfortable fact rumbled through his mind. One of the stoutest of his political foes—the scholarly Mr. Camilo Osias, Resident Commissioner from the Philippines, President of the Filipino National University, was even then back in Manila preaching an anti-Quezon doctrine to the Little Brown Brothers with a view to succeeding to Mr. Quezon's place in the Senate and otherwise promoting himself toward Mr. Quezon's lofty position. Therefore Mr. Quezon agreed without outward quibble with Mr. Roosevelt's pleasantry and departed forthwith to pack his trunks and compose entreaties to west-bound transportation authorities to break all existing records between Washington and the Orient.

At last, then, the Filipinos after many years had achieved that most widely advertised of mankind's boons—liberty. And this time without the loss of a drop of blood, but nobody knows how much sugar. Sugar is the staple crop of the Philippines. If it weren't sugar it would, of course, be something else; but it is the Filipinos' luck that it had to be sugar. And nobody is going to know for some years just what the gradual loss of a free American market is going to mean to the islands. We shall go into the subject in sufficient detail to prove our point but we wouldn't for the world go so far as to confuse you with attempts to explain the whole plight of sugar. Nobody not engaged in the sugar business would read it anyway, and if they did they wouldn't agree.

Burning with Liberty

Yet sugar had a lot to do with the granting of independence to the Philippines. Briefly, we would have granted the islands independence long ago if they hadn't produced sugar in such large and easy quantities. And they would be far, far from independence today had not that sugar crop coming into the United States free of duty been regarded as a horrid threat to the 100,000 American sugar-beet farmers working one million acres of land, to the sugar-cane growers of Louisiana and Florida and last, but away up in the van in importance, the hundreds of millions of American dollars invested in the canebrakes of Cuba. These jealous interests, particularly in these times, were hot for Philippine independence and even hotter for the import duty which will be imposed upon Philippine sugar—which, incidentally, we need to maintain our insatiable sweet tooth. The United States consumes between 6,000,000 and 6,500,000 short tons (2,000 pounds) of sugar a year.

But there were others in America with equally material reasons for demanding that the priceless benediction of liberty be bestowed upon our Little Brown Brothers. The American Federation of Labor's voice was tremolo with emotion. Under the Independence bill fewer than fifty Filipinos will be permitted to cross our borders looking for jobs—not enough to man a first-rate hotel with bus-boys and scullery drudges. As it was, there was no restriction. Yet oddly enough (and not very complimentary to us either) the Census Bureau finds that there are only 45,000 Filipinos living here, 35,000 of whom are to be found in the Pacific Coast states.

It follows, therefore, that the Pacific Coast states were burning with Liberty for the Filipino. In fact, almost all the popular organizations to which politicians listen respectfully in California, Oregon and Washington demanded that the Filipino be disbarred from immigration, liberty or no liberty. And when you consider that a Filipino will work for fifty cents or a dollar a day, you have considerable difficulty becoming indignant at the Pacific Coast.

Hoover vs. Roosevelt

Next, the American farm organizations made it a point to tell Congress every few weeks that if the Philippines were to be permitted to continue sending us farm products at scandalously low prices free of duty there would be just no use going on, that's all. Speaking, of course, of sugar, tobacco and rice.

The New Deal itself, the Roosevelt Recovery Program, simply had to be for independence for the Filipino—and for reasons not radiantly idealistic either. Sugar again. There are seventeen states producing sugar beets. In ten of them beets are an essential crop. From these states we get annually about 1,500,000 short tons of sugar. And to this we must add the 300,000 short tons of sugar we get every year from the cane of Louisiana and Florida. Our domestic sugar crop increases year by year and, while it is the hope of Mr. Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, that under his Sugar Administration he may control this growing crop without doing injury to it or to the consumer, it would be perfectly silly for any administration under current farm conditions to irritate a hundred thousand beet growers and a large number of cane raisers.

It had become necessary, too, for Washington to do something to keep Cuba sober. And Cuba was not going to keep sober unless something was done to convert her sugar into cash. From Cuba we take approximately 1,500,000 tons a year and the political health of Cuba depends largely upon our continuing to take at least that amount. Not that Cuba has been wholly to blame for her recurrent nervous fits: American capital has invested $544,012,000 in Cuban sugar industries, and the lenders were not above political conniving at carefully selected moments. . . . In all of the raw material assets of the Philippines we have invested more than $200,000,000, most of that having been put into the islands more than ten years ago.

Therefore it became increasingly clear that what with the duty-free sugar we were importing in ever increasing bulk—the Philippines 1,140,000 tons, Puerto Rico 726,000 tons, Hawaii 909,000 tons, the Virgin Islands 4,100 tons—crop regulation and import quotas were necessary. With the duty-free crops increasing annually, the

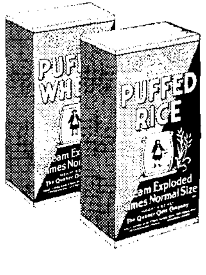
(Continued on page 40)

NO MORE BREAKFAST SCENES with Junior
AH, DEAR READER, HOW MANY HAPPY HOMES HAVE BEEN DARKENED BY JUST SUCH SCENES!
No sir, you don't leave this table till you've eaten some breakfast.
John, don't! Maybe he doesn't feel well.
THAT AFTERNOON
John is just ruining our home life with these breakfast scenes.
Don't blame John. Why not give Junior a cereal he just adores? Try PUFFED GRAINS!
But aren't all cereals just about alike?
Not PUFFED GRAINS. Why Mary, children think PUFFED WHEAT and RICE are just as good as candy!
AND 2 MONTHS LATER
Thought I wouldn't give you PUFFED GRAINS this morning. Thought you might be getting tired of them.
Say, a fella couldn't get tired of them. I could eat 'em forever!
QUAKER PUFFED RICE
LISTEN TO BABE RUTH on N.B.C. Stations Mondays, Wednesdays Fridays 8:45 to 9 p.m. N.Y. Time

Why Junior needs no coaxing to eat Puffed Grains

"I DON'T think children should be forced to eat cereals," said a professor at Columbia University. So he set about to make a cereal so *tempting* that the very *looks* of it, the first taste of it, would set children's appetites dancing. He found a way to shoot plump rice grains and rich whole wheat grains from cannons, so that they came out toasty, crunchy, snow-flake tidbits that taste like nutmeats and turn into energy like magic! Get a package of the *new* twice-crisped, double-wrapped Puffed Grains tomorrow. Serve them every day. And watch breakfast troubles melt away into smiles.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, CHICAGO



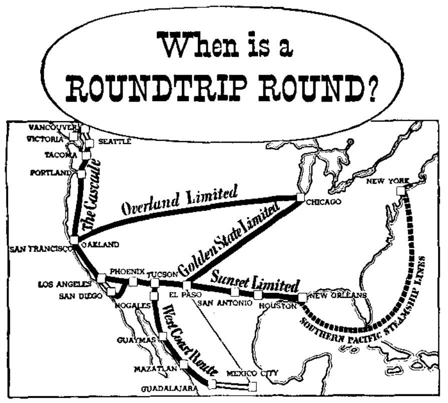
"A JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH"

on your trip to California

"You are not told," wrote Arthur Brisbane, "that Carlsbad Caverns are the eighth wonder of the world. They are *the world's first wonder*, *ahead of the other seven.*

"Could not be otherwise, since man made the other seven and God made this one. Ringling Brothers' press agent could not describe one big room cavern more than three city blocks wide, three hundred and fifty feet to the ceiling and three quarters of a mile long. Fathomless pools, clear as glass, terraced bowls of onyx marble filled with crystal water, totem poles delicately etched by the earth's chemistry, rippling curtains of tinted silk frozen into everlasting beauty, rushing multicolored flames shooting upward to mingle with a forest of glittering ice blades that slant down from the vaulted roof . . ."

Carlsbad Caverns are a one day side trip from El Paso on the routes of our Sunset Limited and Golden State Limited (see map). Any railroad agent will gladly plan your California roundtrip ticket so you can see the caverns.



If you will glance at the map, you will see that our four leading trains approach California through four entirely different parts of the United States. They serve most of the scenic wonders of the West. By going to California on one of these trains and returning on another you can make a roundtrip that is really *round.* From most eastern cities, this type of roundtrip ticket costs not one cent more than the "straight there and back" type.

Suppose you are planning a summer trip from Chicago to Los Angeles. The first class summer roundtrip fare is $86. At this fare you can go straight to Los Angeles and back on our Golden State Limited. That's one way of doing it. But at exactly the same rail fare you can take a train to New Orleans, meet our Sunset Limited and travel to Los Angeles through the picturesque Old South and the colorful Southwest. Stopover at El Paso for the side trip to Carlsbad Caverns. Spend the time you wish in Los Angeles, then swing north to San Francisco and return to Chicago on our Overland Limited, over the route of the Forty-niners.

Thus you see a different part of the country each way, yet the rail fare is no higher.

AIR-CONDITIONED

Club cars, lounge cars, dining cars, room cars (compartments, drawing rooms) and observation cars will be *air-conditioned* on our Golden State Limited, Sunset Limited, Cascade and Overland Limited this summer. Cool, filtered air will keep you comfortable no matter how warm it is outside. By using these trains to "go one way, return another," you'll enjoy spring weather all the way.

WRITE MR. BARTLETT

Mr. Bartlett, our Passenger Traffic Manager in Chicago, will gladly answer any questions about a trip to the Pacific Coast or Mexico. Mail the coupon, or better still, write him a letter, telling him the places you want to see, when you plan to leave, number in your party, etc.

Low summer fares are in effect every day until October 15, return limit October 31. Stopover anywhere. Pullman charges have been greatly reduced. And please note that if two people go west by train, they can check an automobile for only 3.6 cents a mile!

O. P. BARTLETT, Dept. H-6, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago. Please send me information on a trip to________________I plan to leave about________________and will have_____days for my trip. There will be_____persons in my party.

Name________________

Address________________ City________

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

(*Continued from page* 39)

American demand for Cuban sugar was bound to decrease. One way to meet the situation was to make the Filipinos pay duty on their shipments to our continental markets. And the only way that could be accomplished under the theories of the current administration was to grant freedom to the Philippines. Mr. Hoover, who had no gift for popular thinking, proposed to settle it by keeping the Philippines for at least twenty or twenty-five years more but to restrict immigration at once and to bring about "a very gradual reduction of their free imports." Mr. Hoover represented a much older and less mobile political philosophy, having had his training under the banners of imperialism. The disposition of the Philippine problem was a rather concrete example of the differences between the Hoover and the Roosevelt régimes—the latter acts where the other seemed content to deplore.

Japan vs. Russia

If you want to find out how far difference of opinion can carry a mere listener you should ask in Washington whether the Russo-Japanese-Chinese mess in the Far East had anything to do with liberating the Philippines—or how much. But after the furor of contradiction subsides—and seldom will you find as many as two minds in agreement—it will come to you that Japan's restiveness was one of the principal reasons why a number of senators and representatives voted for the bill.

It isn't likely, Japan being a crafty member, that she covets the Philippines. Japan requires foot room for her expanding population, but no one appears with proof that she longs for more islands to expand to. Strategically the addition of the Philippines to her already overcrowded islands would be an error. Islands are notoriously harder to defend than mainland. Any of the hard-working tacticians in the War Department will tell you that while it's very annoying to have a well-armed enemy at your front door, it is next to fatal to have him surrounding you. And Japan, being wiser than most in military theory, appreciates how easily her islands might be blockaded and her future ruined if she added a thousand of Philippines to her far-flung chain. So it isn't that Japan longs to annex the archipelago to which we have just granted liberty.

Naturally very few if any important members of the present Administration in Washington will concede that Japan was in the mind of the government when this latest independence bill passed Congress. And yet they will go so far as to say that it would be just too bad to have this country's policy, in the event of war between Japan and Russia, influenced or made murky by a determination to hold on to islands so close to the actual fighting as to be within gunshot distance. A thousand and one things might readily happen if Japan and Russia collide. And any one of them might make it difficult for the United States to continue nonchalant. And while little was said about it during the debates in Congress, relatively late gold discoveries have been made in the Philippines and Japan could do nicely with these lodes.

Add to all this the current spirit of nationalism that fills the halls of Congress and you arrive disillusioned at the conclusion that it was not so much that we, inspired by righteous idealism, bestowed independence upon the Filipinos because it is contrary to our fine American faith to hold a foreign people against her will. Alas, no. Rather it was because we have too much to occupy our thoughts and strength at home to warrant running hither and yon to mend other people's affairs. Such speeches in Congress were full of that three-thousand-mile jaunt we made in 1917 and 1918 just to show somebody we could fight if given time enough to get mad. And in the torrents of mail that daily descend upon Congress were many thousands of letters from veterans of the A. E. F. and from younger men who would be drafted into a new A. E. F. Those letters made it clear that the writers had lost nothing in the Philippines and had no desire to travel seven thousand miles of the Pacific Ocean to look for it. Those who knew that America had more than $200,000,000 invested in the Philippines (and they are very few) said plainly that safeguarding that was distinctly up to those who had put it there. Patriotism too has gone in for New Deals.

Against independence you find nothing quite so concrete. Naturally enough, the importers of duty-free Filipino produce are regretting that we should so summarily turn the Little Brown Brother loose. But not all of the Filipino sugar planters are in this group. Some of the archipelago's sugar interests foresaw regulation of their acreage by Washington. Too, they were uneasy in the prospect that, while America would so arrange sugar affairs that less and less sugar would be taken by America from the Philippines, the islands would by subsidies and agreements be barred from taking full advantage of the broad world market. Their reasoning may be a bit vague in spots but the processes whereby the Asiatic and Polynesian minds arrive at conclusions are not Western. They may even be better.

The American capitalists who invested that $200,000,000 in the Philippines do not view with complete equanimity the liberation of the islands. Not that anyone may blame them for shuddering a bit. No one knows now what attitude the new Filipino government may assume toward foreign capital. We do know that the Filipino has never learned to love his white masters. If a future Filipino Congress elects to impose a discouraging taxation upon American industry there is going to be much groaning and plenty of appeals to Washington. And the chances are excellent that the appellants will get nothing much more substantial than sympathy. Little Brown Brother has been booted down the dark Manila road, and even if he gets lost, which is unlikely, we're not going looking for him to fetch him home.

Glory Bound

Prominent among the other dissenters is the so-called Manila American, the American who has made his home and who conducts his business affairs in Manila. For the most part the Manila American scorns the Filipino, who, in turn, finds nothing in particular of a praiseworthy nature in him.

Ancient prejudices are heard in the criticisms of the Independence Bill. You will find them strong in the minds and on the tongues of the older soldiers, particularly among the older staff officers to whom imperialism is glory and to whom there is no beauty so full-blown as the sight of the Stars and Stripes rippling over a foreign hill. Closely allied with these dwellers in an age so swiftly passing are the frankly sentimental and the earnest spiritual crusaders who fear that the warlike Moro, the Mohammedan, will halt the progress of Christianity in the islands. This threat is rather remote. Ninety-two per cent of the people of the Philippines are Christian—overwhelmingly Roman Catholic. Four per cent are Mohammedans. Four per cent are pagans.

No, the Little Brown Brother is glory bound. And in the Congress that gave him his ticket there was the spirit that might very well have extended to all our Pacific possessions had there been organized agitation from the three hundred and seventy thousand who call the Hawaiian Islands, once the Sandwich Islands, their native land. But there was none. Besides, Hawaii does not produce enough sugar to annoy our beet growers or Cuban investments. And those two thousand miles of islands (only eight of the chain being inhabited) are 3,445 miles from Japan whereas the top of the Philippine group is less than a hundred. No immediate complications in Hawaii except, of course, in service society.

And Guam, a mere fifteen hundred miles from San Francisco, might have been booted out of camp had she made the necessary nuisance of herself. Nobody in Congress mentioned Guam in the late excitement. Probably, like the rest of us, Congress had forgotten there was such a thing.

Ask Mister Dooley

So we shall continue with Hawaii and Guam for a while. And probably with Yap, which lies between Guam and the Philippines and which, to the puzzled astonishment of all, became ours at Versailles in 1919 although the country knew nothing about it for weeks afterward. Naturally no one knows why and no one has even suggested an answer to what of it. And so with the Midway Islands, just northwest of Hawaii, and the six of the fourteen islands of Samoa. They're our affair in the Pacific too. They were ceded to us by someone pretending to be friendly in 1899 but Congress paid no attention at all until 1929 when, with a promptitude unusual in Washington, we laid official claim to them and appointed a commission to set up a government for them. And that commission, along with thirty or forty others appointed to do something about things, went into obscurity, although doubtless it did a splendid if unsung job. We must look it up sometime.

But our immediate concern is the Philippines. We shouldn't let ourselves get sidetracked like this. We paid Spain twenty million dollars, after winning that war, for the privilege of subjugating them. And in subjugating the Philippines we used 60,000 soldiers while President McKinley, speaking of "benevolent assimilation," demanded 100,000. But 60,000 were all that he got. Large numbers of them never came back, the Filipinos, failing to understand that sort of "benevolent assimilation," killing what disease overlooked. And it cost us $170,000,000 to put over that "benevolent assimilation," exclusive, of course, of the millions we have spent to educate the Little Brown Brother in the art of self-government at which we are so adept.

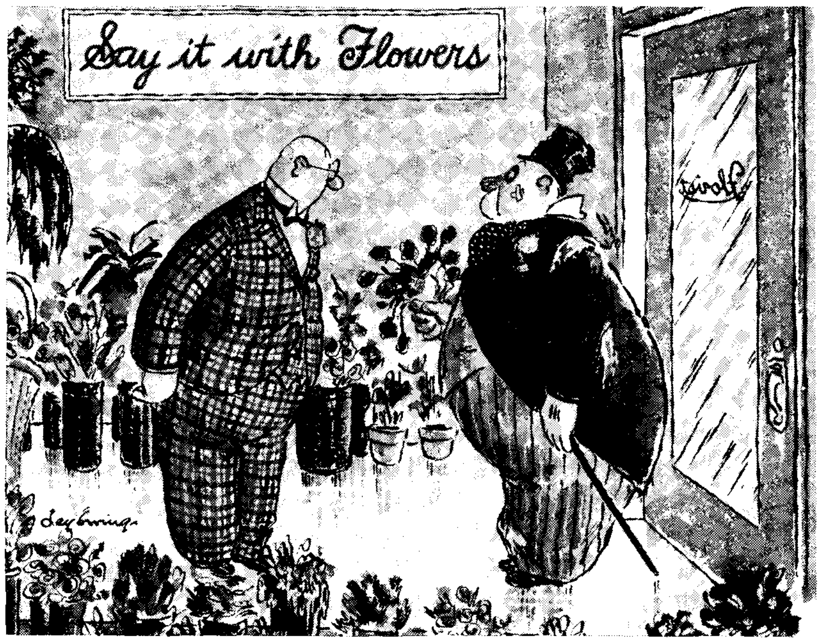
All that happened thirty-three years ago when the Little Brown Brother led the way that dark night on the Manila road. And we got into all sorts of mental difficulties when, presently, the "benevolent assimilation" was accomplished and the dead all buried. For months Washington couldn't make head nor tail of the fearful dilemma our "benevolent assimilation" jammed us into. Nobody, as we have said, knew whether the archipelago was a state, a territory, a colony, a possession or just a pain in the neck.

Finally the Supreme Court handed down an opinion—the Insular Decisions—which solve nothing in particular because no two Americans got the same thing out of the wordy fustian. But it was mildly apparent that the Supreme Court had done its dignified best to offend nobody except the Philippines and Puerto Rico—Guam being still in utter darkness about what was going on. But the country was in a fearful dither, asking whether "the Constitution followed the flag" and wasn't it nice to have a "territorial appurtenance," which was what the Supreme Court had called the Philippines. President McKinley, walking on eggs, said that of course the Constitution did not follow the flag where his party's high protective tariff was concerned but that it did seem a shame about our Little Brown Brothers. And so on.

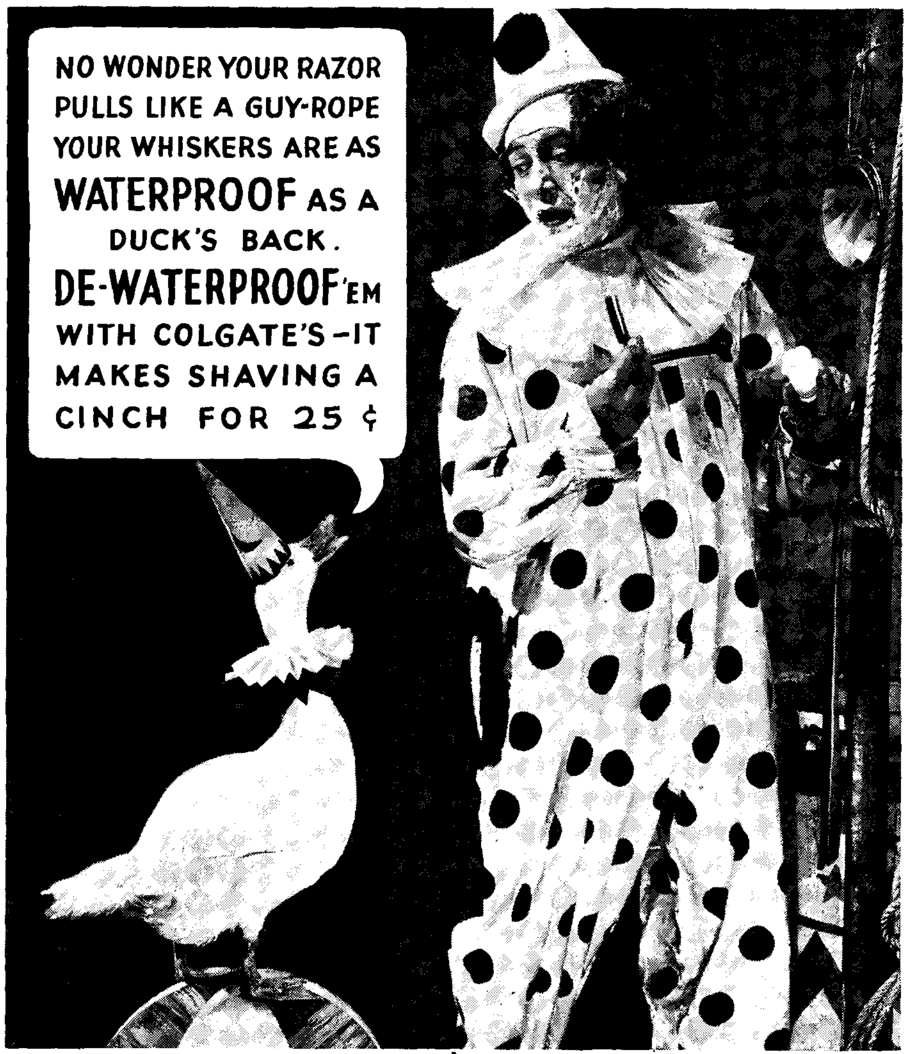
The only person who came anywhere near the truth was Mr. Dooley. Said he:

"Ye can't make me think th' Constitootion is going traipsin' around iverywhere a young leftenant in the army takes it into his head to stick a flagpole. It's too old. It's a home-stayin' Constitootion with a blue coat with brass buttons onto it, an' it walks with a gold-headed cane. It's old and feeble an' it prefers to sit on the front stoop an' amuse the childer. It wouldn't last a minute in them tropical climes."

But that's all over now. The Constitution hasn't tried following anything since—including Congress. And the Philippines will soon have one of their own to worry about. And here's wishing them luck.



"They must've been too fresh"   Jay Irving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Celebrity Party

Continued from page 13

or if it was all done with codes and telephones. . . .

The party found its level, as parties usually do after the guests of honor show up. I mixed a highball for Sheila Lambert and exchanged it for a warm smile. She was certainly one of the most beautiful girls I'd ever seen in my life—and I'll swear that oddly shaded ash-blond hair was real.

Presently Marshall Fournot returned. Sheila waved to him.

"Oh, there you are," she said.

He moved between some people and joined her. It appeared they had known each other before—had met twice in San Francisco and once in Chicago—and now here.

IT WAS at that extremely late hour, during the period which always comes to celebrity parties, when the celebrities do the stunts they reserve for parties—cruel little imitations of other actors, witty and damaging stories of other writers, barroom music by grave music masters—that Marshall Fournot played St. Louis Blues, and Marc Lambert and his host appeared on the stairs.

Lambert came on into the library as Fournot finished. They exchanged bows.

"I knew you'd be here," Lambert said, without cordiality.

A sharp chill went around the room.

"Everyone is going to do a little something," promised Mrs. Collins, as Chalmers sat down in the shadows, "and we would just adore to have you read our minds, Mr. Lambert. Wouldn't it be fascinating? We're all ready."

"Are you sure?" said Lambert.

He looked very frosty to me.

"You're all wondering if I really can read your minds," he said in that sleepy way of his, which was doubly effective because of the menace of his personality. "All of you—except Sheila."

She laughed nervously—as if he had made a joke that she didn't quite understand.

"Aren't you?" He shot it at us.

Some of the women giggled. One or two men looked uneasy. Chalmers Collins gave a hollow cough.

Lambert went on relentlessly:

"If I can, you'd rather I wouldn't."

He had us there, I admitted it.

"Then why not drop it?" snapped Lambert. "I've done four shows today."

I thought him ungracious—still, you couldn't blame him if he knew what we were thinking!

There was some inconsequential chatter during which Lambert looked us all over in a slow, insolent way. I glanced at Sheila, but couldn't see her face—her chin was down.

"Oh, come on," Fournot said to him finally. "We've all given samples."

"You particularly surprise me," murmured Lambert. Then, turning to Mrs. Collins: "This is very dangerous, Mrs. Collins. Are you sure you wish it?"

"I think it's such fun," said Toots. "Let's all sit down."

Even at these close quarters there was an occult quality about him that made us apprehensive. And Sheila Lambert's nervousness added to the thrill.

He took his time about it. It was clear, in spite of the spell he cast upon us, that he was in a vile humor.

"You're willing to take the consequences?" he said.

There was nothing to say but that we were.

"Very well. I won't work with Sheila tonight," he said. "You all know that I can read her mind."

There was more in this than appeared on the surface. At least two people moved uncomfortably—I think they were Sheila and Marshall Fournot. The rest of us merely held our breaths.

"No interruptions, please." Lambert looked at Mrs. Collins with narrowed eyes. "Think about something that interests you," he ordered. "Ah, you have just published a book, Mrs. Collins. I didn't know you wrote. Forgive me, I have no occasion to read children's poetry, as you are just explaining to yourself."

Mrs. Collins looked confused—but happy.

"If you please, put your mind on your book. Think about it as hard as you can. I shall take something from your thought stream and repeat it. Are you willing?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Collins.

"Now—think hard—your experiences in writing it—all that concerns it—and I'll pick up something that should prove to you—" he didn't go on. His eyes lighted forebodingly: "Keep your mind on your book, Mrs. Collins," he said sternly. "You're thinking of all sorts of things—dinner tomorrow and how many there will be—and how late it is—and how tired you are—no, no—the book. Think about the book. The title? Ah, yes—Tiny Songs for Tiny People. Now, concentrate!"

The silence lasted. I had a sickening sense that Lambert was going to be unpleasant. There was a dangerous light in his eyes.

At last he said:

"Very well—you pay to have your books published. No publisher would buy them. The last one cost you over two thousand dollars. Who's next?"

Stunned, that's what they were. Mrs. Collins nearly fainted—Sheila gasped—everybody was breathing hard. It was one of the worst moments I've ever spent anywhere. But Lambert didn't give us time to break up the party.

"Jackson," he said, and Seymour Jackson stiffened his spine. "You're worrying because you drew a picture of Mrs. Jackson when you created Lottie Small, the nagging wife, in The Furnace. Why deny it—or bother about it? You and Mrs. Jackson have been thinking of almost nothing else all evening. I'll tell you what I know: she's secretly pleased. Twice tonight she thought: That's better than being just Mrs. Jackson!"

THIS seemed to hit them both pretty hard. They looked at each other sheepishly, and then at Lambert with awe. He left them to their confusion and turned to Newcomb, the wan husband of Dotty Grear.

"If you feel that way about parties," he said, "why don't you stay home? All this self-pity is senseless. Go on to bed. Nobody will mind."

Newcomb's mouth dropped open, he swallowed, looked hard at his wife. It was upon Dotty that Lambert now fixed his attention:

"Your thoughts are impertinent, Miss Grear," was what he said to her.

I want to tell you that things were getting pretty uncomfortable. Over in his corner Chalmers Collins was shifting about like a man on pins. Mrs. Collins still had her hand over her mouth.

"So you think this is in bad taste, do you?" said Lambert, glowering at one of the healthy girls. "But didn't you ask for it? Wasn't I invited here to be amusing? You haven't had anything on your mind all evening but whether or not you should buy the horse. Can't you think of anything else? You've thought about that horse so much I'm bored." No question about it—he had scored again. He faced our host. "Collins—stop feeling guilty. If you don't quit thinking about where you were this afternoon, I'm going to tell it."

"Where was he?" asked Mrs. Collins.

"Miss Grear," exclaimed Lambert suddenly, angrily, "you're wrong. There is some difficulty, I grant you—but that's my business. It's really no concern of yours at all. And I'll be extremely grateful if you won't think about it any more."

Dotty Grear blushed! Then I recalled her earlier whispering and her notoriety as a gossip—she was said to have a sixth sense for divining coming disasters. An informant of the columnists, who, I understand, play her hunches. Whatever it was, Lambert had disturbed her right to the nerve centers. Her face twitched.

"And what's more," said Lambert fiercely, "don't talk about it!"

She shuddered. She already had!

"Where was Mr. Collins?" asked Toots in a quavering voice.

"He played poker for three hours at The Tavern with the plumber and the druggist and a few other tradesmen. A thing of which you don't approve, Mrs. Collins, because you're afraid someone will hear about it." He turned on Collins: "I told you to stop thinking about it," he said sharply. "Now, if you're satisfied—there's my stunt!" And he walked over to the table and poured himself a good, big drink.

"As for you," he said, looking over the heads of the people near him and fixing his eyes on me, "you're thinking that this would be good stuff for a play. Hang around," he said, "and I'll give you the rest of it."

As a matter of cold fact, I hadn't been thinking anything else since this amazing exhibition began!

I DON'T have to tell you what that did to the party. We were, certainly, all off-balance.

After a while Sheila took her husband into a corner and talked to him in what must have been a wifely way. Once I saw him grin—a grin that changed his face, and made him seem less fearsome—made him seem, indeed, like a small boy caught in the jam. He finally walked over to Mrs. Collins and apologized. You could see she was in a panic for fear he'd read what she was thinking about him. He did. He said:

"That's all right—I don't blame you," and moved on.

When I noticed him next his face was flushed and his eyes were burning. He was looking at Marshall Fournot.

But Fournot was undisturbed. He picked up his violin and asked Sheila to play for him. The sound of music helped the situation, though not much. I observed that Sheila played very well. Fournot seemed to like it, too. Once he patted her shoulder in praise.

Chalmers Collins walked casually over to me, and said out of the corner of his mouth:

"Wow! Let's break this up!"

So I made a point of going off to bed.

"A wonderful evening," I said to Toots. "I'll never forget it."

You could see that Toots wouldn't, either.

They were all very grateful to me. They didn't exactly rush for the door, but they certainly followed as soon as they could. I heard them coming up the stairs. Below, the music continued with sweet, distant singing—Sheila's voice, I'm sure.

When I came downstairs at eleven o'clock the next morning, I found only Chalmers Collins in the library. He greeted me dismally.

"Where's everybody?" I asked.

"Gone."

"All of them?"

"Most of 'em, anyway. I can't find out much. Toots was too jittery to talk."

"Where is Toots?"

"At her mother's. She's afraid to be in the same house with Lambert. She couldn't sleep. What a night!" He lit a cigarette with trembling fingers.

"What about the Lamberts—they haven't gone, too?"

"Don't think so. Their door's closed." And he added: "So's Fournot's. Well—you've got a play all right, all right."

"Not quite," I said. "But what a second act that's going to be!"

Outside the window the fields looked white and inviting.

"Let's go for a walk," I suggested.

WE CAME back an hour later. We stamped off the snow outside and entered the front hall. There were sounds upstairs, but no one was in the rooms below except the servants, who told us that three guests had been down separately for breakfast. We knew who they were, of course.

Collins was strangely uneasy about Toots. "Guess I'll just run over," he said, "and see if I can't get her to come home now. I want to talk to her, anyway."

"But your guests!"

He lowered his voice.

"Well, the way I feel about my guests is—I don't particularly want to see 'em," he said. "Look, Judson, if they go tell 'em how sorry I am, will you? Tell 'em it was a little private difficulty—you know—anything. It doesn't matter. But you stick around and I'll drive you to town later. I—I—I'm kind of worried about Toots."

His car went down the gravel driveway. I read for a while, waited, read some more, and finally wandered into the celebrity cage off the library. I was sitting there when the Lamberts came downstairs.

"You see," Sheila was saying, "everybody is staying out of sight until we go."

"As I told you last night," growled Lambert, "we aren't going to discuss it. If people insist on asking me to these darned things I'm going to let 'em have it."

"It isn't that, Marc darling. What's bothering you?"

"As if you didn't know."

"But, honey, I don't!"

"Ah!"

"Oh, hullo—where's everybody?" It was Fournot's voice.

Only Sheila answered, I didn't catch it all. They began a discussion of music, which led them to the piano.

There is no excuse that I can make for that eavesdropping. I just did it. I listened and I waited. I could see Lambert as he sat staring at the fire, but I couldn't see the others. Sheila was still singing, and her voice made the words mean more than they usually do in songs. The situation was so darned dramatic that I couldn't have torn myself away.

Lambert was tortured. His fingers were working and his lips were pressed tightly together. "You poor devil," I thought. "I get it and I'm not a mind reader."

It was then that the music ended, and a deadly silence settled down upon the room. Away off in the halls somewhere a door slammed, and there were voices in a distant room. Servants, probably.

Sheila said: "What now?"

Lambert's quiet voice interrupted:

"If you please."

"Yes, dear?" said Sheila.

"If you please," he said, "would you both be good enough to come over here by the fire for a moment?"

If I'm not mistaken, Sheila gasped.

(Continued on page 44)

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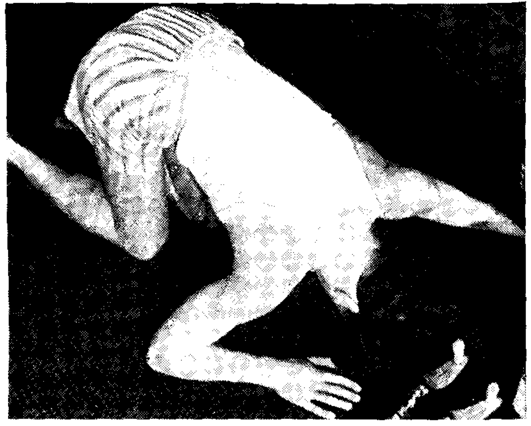

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(Continued from page 43)

I heard the sound of Fournot's violin as he laid it on the piano. Then I knew they were crossing the room. They sat down near him. Lambert's voice was not quite so dead, but just a little vibrant:

"I needn't explain to Sheila that in spite of the mechanics of my profession, with which she's familiar, I know that I have some greater sensitiveness than other men."

"Oh, Marc—please!" said Sheila.

HE WENT on: "Do you recall when we three first met in San Francisco—it was after your concert, Fournot? It was a foggy night. Do you remember how we decided not to take a cab, and walked down the street to the hotel? Do you remember what happened at dinner? To even a less sensitive man it would have been disturbing."

Sheila said: "Oh, Marc, dear—"

Lambert went on:

"And the next time in Chicago! And then the thoughts that were in your mind, Sheila—for days afterward! Don't interrupt! Then this time—yesterday, after we knew that Marshall would be here—all these thoughts, Sheila. I can't escape them."

"But, Marc—"

"I don't want to embarrass you. It's a sad thing to be the way I am. Sheila can't realize how acutely I sense these things, Fournot—because naturally she knows the technicalities of our work. I only want to say that I know you've been in love since that first dinner in San Francisco and I—I—love Sheila too, but I'm not going to stand in the way of your happiness."

They were both very embarrassed. I could tell even at that distance. Sheila put her hands over her face for a moment and Fournot mopped his brow with his handkerchief. He finally spoke:

"I don't know how to say this—but you see, Lambert, I happen to have three children and a wife—I'm in love with my wife. I've known her since we were kids—I've never thought of any other woman. I'm sorry—but I have to say it. I'm sorry, Sheila. You see—my wife's a brunette—and—well—blondes—I don't know. Well—I'm terribly sorry—" He mumbled a few things I couldn't hear.

Sheila gasped—then laughed, then almost cried.

"Isn't that enough, Marc!"

But now he was looking at her with pity!

"But, my dear—don't you see you're just being jealous!" cried Sheila. "You can't read people's minds. You're only clever, darling. You never read anybody's mind in your life! You poor, old sweetheart! I adore you. I've never loved anybody else!" She kissed his hand. "I don't know why I didn't realize what was the matter with you yesterday!" She laughed at him—pulled his ear. "You know what? I'm not going to let you see your write-ups any more!"

It was here that I went out the side door into the hall, and started for my room. Chalmers Collins was just coming in—with Toots! I didn't realize that he was triumphantly bringing her home. I was too excited.

"I've got it!" I said exultantly. "I've got the whole idea!"

Collins didn't pay any attention then. "She's come home," he said, pointing at Toots. "Of course, I had to explain about taking Lambert upstairs and telling on everybody at the party. Then she wasn't afraid to come home. She isn't even very mad—are you, Toots?"

"I've got a play!" I insisted, thumping him on the chest. "I've got the third act."

"Have lunch with me some day," Collins said, and winked.

It happened in the Islands

Continued from page 26

carried a straw suitcase in one hand and you could see at a glance that he was an American. With that suitcase he might have been a typical New England Yankee waiting on a railway platform at Manchester, Massachusetts, instead of boarding a ship at sun-baked Kagayan Sulu.

But it was the woman with him who attracted my attention. He held her elbow firmly but gently in one hand, and I could see that he was guiding her every step. She was a native woman, brown as a muddy swamp pool. She might have been forty—or sixty. It is difficult to tell a native woman's age. But there was no doubt that she was fat and ugly, and gross. She looked strong enough, however, and I couldn't figure out why the man was so carefully guiding her steps. Then I saw her eyes. They were wide and blank and staring. The woman was blind.

I leaned forward so I could watch them from the after deck. The man led her to a chair and held it while she sat in it. Then he unstrapped a wide palm-leaf fan from the side of the suitcase and began gently to fan her. He clapped his hands for a boy and I heard him order a "drink of water—for the lady."

Manley came silently up and leaned on the rail beside me.

"What are you thinking about, Buck?"

"Look at that, Skipper! That man's an American—nice-looking, too. And he's with that blind old hag!"

Manley laughed softly.

"Sometimes, Buck, I wonder how much you really know about the East."

"As much as most men," I said.

"Remember the other day when I indicated 'never' was a pretty big word? Let me tell you a little story, Frank, about a man named George Baker, from Connecticut, U. S. A. . . .

"Baker, as a young man, was with the United States Army in Mindanao all through the Spanish-American War and the Filipino affair. It was tough sledding, and a good many hundred of our soldiers dropped in those fever-ridden Mindanao jungles.

The Chance of a Lifetime

"But a lot of them, and George Baker among them, had had a taste of the tropics. After the fighting was over he decided to stay in the Philippines.

"The government, you see, needed white men on the islands. It was a pretty wild country, and the Spaniards hadn't done much with it. The Philippines were our first colonial possession and the cry went up back home for trade—sugar, copra, timber. It looked like a good thing, and a lot of our soldiers took up the timber concessions and the coconut plantations that were offered.

"As I said, George Baker decided to stay. He was tall, he was strong, he was young, and he had no ties back home in Connecticut. Even if he had, I doubt if their call would have been as strong as the call of the tropics. Baker had a sense of beauty, and he loved these green waters and the little emerald islands and the clear blue skies.

"But he was a Yankee, too. He had a business head, and he saw an opportunity here which would never come to him back home. On a leave of absence he had come down to Kagayan Sulu. He found the climate better than farther north, the sea breezes cooler, the soil richer. So when he was mustered out of the service Baker knew what he wanted—and got it. A coconut concession on this island.

"Had he been like a lot of those soldiers Baker would have folded after the first six months. Building up any land isn't easy, and this is probably the toughest in the world. Eight months of sapping sun to work in, and four months of steaming rain. And a dense jungle to clear, a jungle that almost springs up under the bolo that cuts it down. Besides all this there's a constant fight against wild pigs. You drive them out once and they return with twice as many, eating everything within sight and smell. Not to mention snakes, and insects, and a shortage of food—and, worst of all, a shortage of money.

"But George Baker was a Yankee. He whipped this Far East jungle just as his predecessors whipped the Far West prairies, and it wasn't long before he was growing coconuts and shipping a bit of copra now and then.

"He lived in a little nipa-thatched bungalow. He built it himself, and he made bamboo furniture, and reed screens, and straw rugs for the floors. His coconut palms rose far behind the house, green as jade, with the copra drying-field far enough off so that the breeze brought only sweet scents of blossoms to the screened porch.

"In front of the bungalow was a stretch of pink sand and then a little bay, blue as azure. A coral reef stretched across the mouth of the bay so that the water was always calm as a mirror.

"Every morning, early, before the sun had come above the palms and while the mists were still rising from the jungle, Baker would trot down across his velvety sand and plunge into his blue bay. He would swim about, play in the water, and kick his Yankee heels before going back to a day's work on his growing plantation.

The Old, Old Story

"And then one morning something happened. It didn't seem important at the time, and Baker laughed about it. He found someone else swimming in his bay.

"He didn't notice until he was actually in the water, and then he heard a splashing to one side of him. He saw a slim, copper-colored arm cutting the blue, and then a young face and brown eyes, glistening with wet, looking at him. It was a native girl from the village beyond the headland.

"She didn't wait when she saw him. She swam to shore, snatched up the bit of orange sarong she had left there, and darted into the jungle. Her body looked lithe and smooth as a copper-colored leopard as she sprang away, and Baker laughed.

"But he didn't laugh that evening. Sitting alone on his bungalow porch, he stared down across the little starlit bay. He had never before quite realized how lonesome he was. The work on the new plantation had taken all his time, his strength, and his thoughts.

"He got up earlier next morning. He didn't quite believe, but he hoped he might see the girl again. He did. And this time he caught her before she could get away. He grasped her wrist and, both standing in water up to their knees, they looked at each other. There was no fear in the girl's brown eyes. They looked frankly into his, and they laughed.

"Baker laughed back. He could speak a little Moro and he asked her name.

" 'Takahala,' she said.

"Her teeth, white as sea foam, flashed behind red lips as she said it. And the sun, coming up over the fringe of palms lighted and glinted on the curves of her lovely copper body. Gorgeous black hair, wet and glossy and long, clung to her and half hid her in dark softness.

"That was the beginning, of course. The girl was beautiful, beautiful as only a slim native girl of sixteen can be. And Baker was lonely, lonely as only a white man on a tropical island can be lonely. They met every morning in the blue bay. They swam together, laughed together, and talked together sitting on the smooth coral sand.

"Baker wanted that girl. He loved her—actually, definitely, completely. But Baker was a Yankee. He couldn't just take her as lots of white men in the East do. He didn't want to do that, anyhow. He really loved her. And with his New England background there was just one answer to that—marry her!

"Never" is a Big Word

"You can see now where all his Yankee blood rose up in rebellion. He had seen other white men who had 'gone native,' and he didn't admire them. He loathed and abhorred the whole business. Yet here he was with this beautiful girl, lovely as an April morning, slim, delightful, soft, with a laugh that rang like music across the pink beach, and a copper-colored body made for dreams at night.

"Baker sat a good many evenings alone on his bungalow porch, torn and miserable. I think I know the way he argued with himself. 'I am going to spend the rest of my life here—here, on this island. I have no one waiting for me at home—no people, no ties. If I marry this girl I shall never be able to go back to America. But probably I'll never go anyhow. This is my place—my life. Why not? Why shouldn't I do it? It isn't as if I just wanted Takahala—I love her!'

"So he did it. There was a boat in the harbor at the time, and on it was a padre, one of the Spanish priests that periodically visit every island in the archipelago. Baker went straight up to him, tall, lean, and said in his nasal Yankee voice, 'Padre, I've got a job for you.'

"He took the padre over to his little nipa-thatched bungalow where Takahala was waiting. And still standing very straight, he looked the priest clearly in the eyes and said, 'Padre, we want your blessing.'

"The padre hesitated a moment and the two white men looked at each other. 'I mean it,' said Baker. 'And when you go back to Zamboanga I want this marriage registered in the book.'

"So with the coconut palms behind, and the blue bay sparkling before them, the padre gave Baker and Takahala his crucifix to hold—and the brown girl and the white man were married in sight of God. . . ."

Captain Manley stopped speaking a moment, and I heard the water lapping at the little Kagayan Sulu dock.

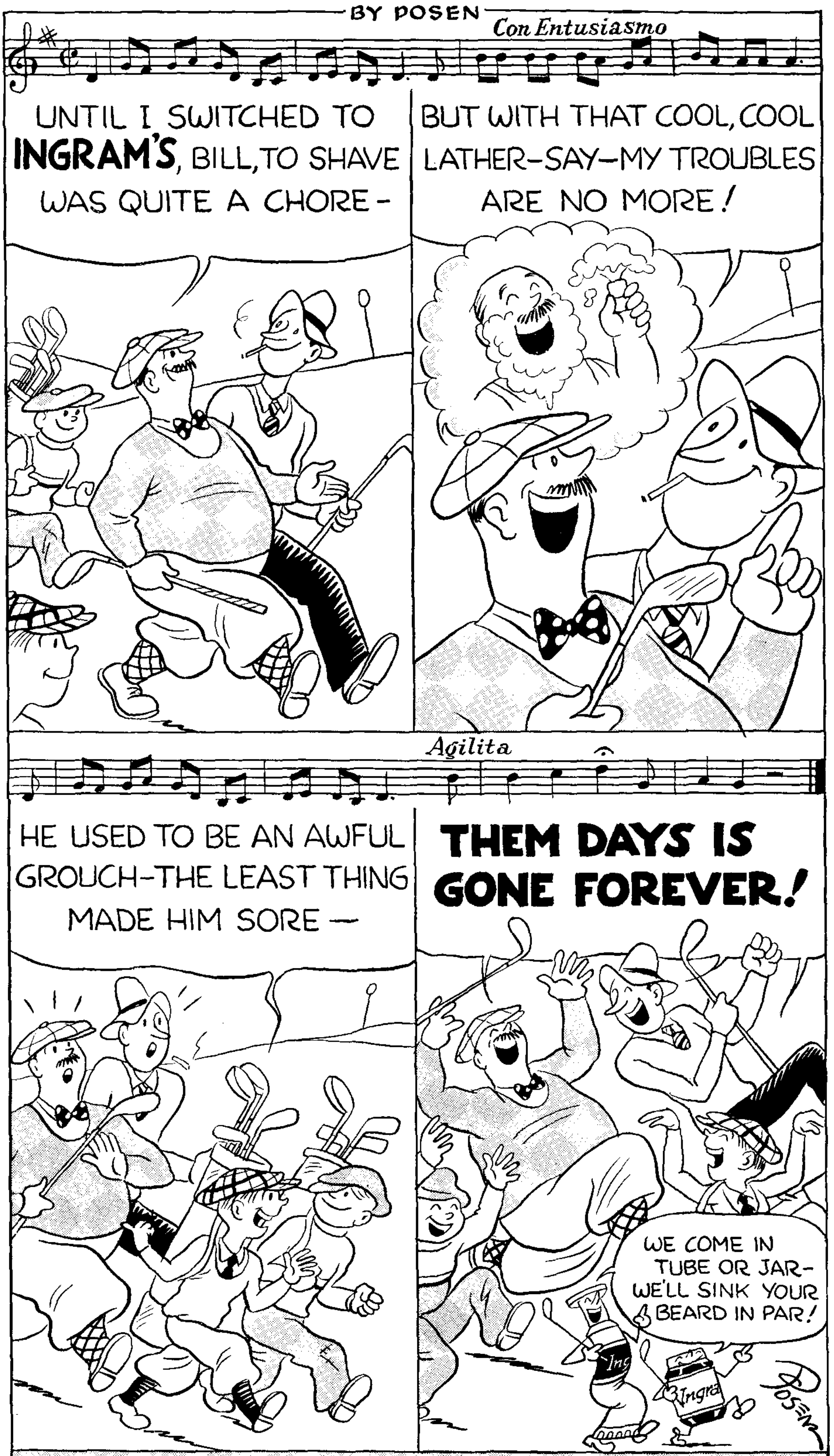
"That was twenty-six years ago," he said finally. Then he motioned quietly toward the deck below.

"And there they are."

I looked down on the after deck. The white-haired Yankee had a palm leaf and was fanning the brown old hag who was blind, fanning her as gently as if she were still the lovely copper-colored girl of sixteen.

"Native women age quickly out here," said Manley softly. "It's been years and years now. And 'never' is a pretty big word. You see, Buck, sometimes real love enters into the thing. . . ."

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER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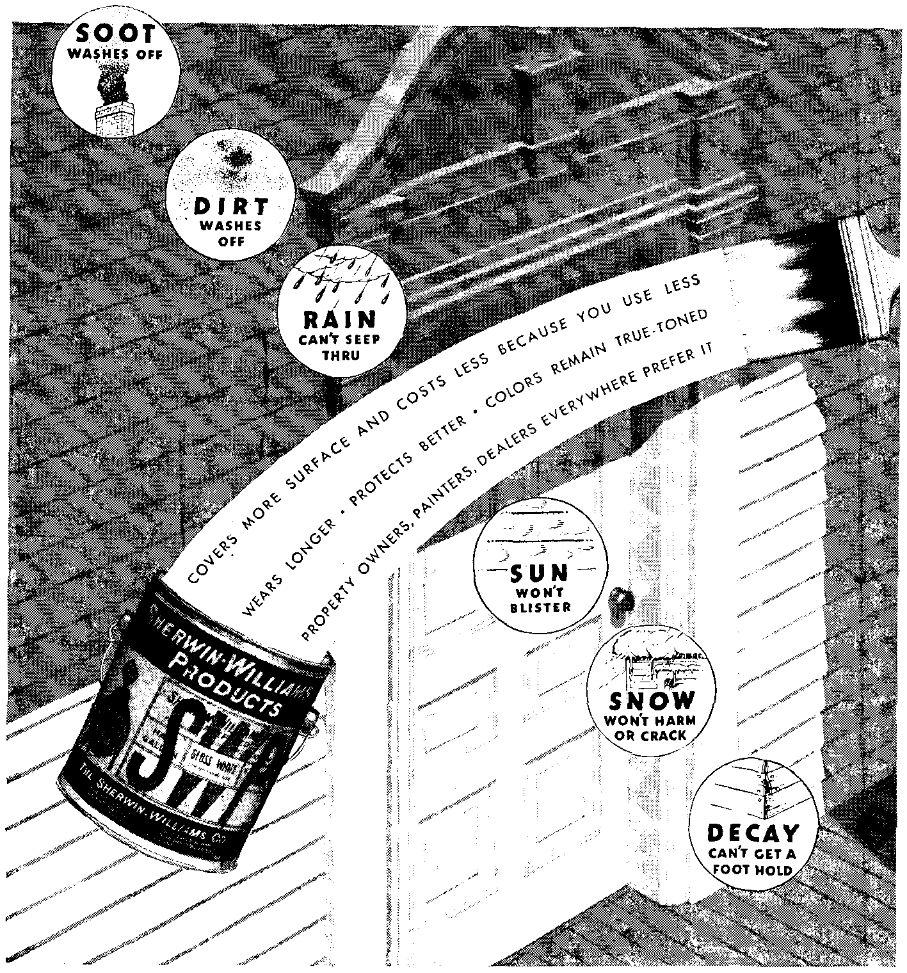
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Getting Away from it all

Continued from page 19

money back), gala get-acquainted dinner, gala masquerade ball, gala farewell dinner, gala farewell dance, gala farewell Here Comes Charlie, gala farewell snootful in the smoke-room.

And what about the drinking? The cruise people say it was always exaggerated and has fallen off to a minimum now, which seems true, but there is evidence that the first cruises carried ladies and gentlemen who never progressed farther in the boat than the bar and were eventually poured down the gangplank when the boat docked in New York.

On a New Year's cruise last year, one of the larger liners took in $12,000 at one bar and they had four in all. The bartenders went without sleep for four days and were reluctant to look at a drunk for months after. There are still amiable souses who come on board to get a little rolling motion into their imbibing but they are the exception.

Out for the Ride

The cruises all have the usual outdoor fiend who does his sixty laps around the deck every day, running down invalids, cabin boys and the patience of the populace. And these cruises never lack the ladies who retire below seven times a day to change their costumes. Clothes are really a serious problem. It is customary to dress every night for dinner and if you don't have several relays of sports garments on the Southern trips, you had better arrange to stay on your steamer chair wrapped in a blanket. Also something else—and very important—take along your best suit of pajamas. The room steward insists on ferreting them out, no matter how carefully you've hidden them, and spreading them out on the bed every night. Awfully embarrassing.

But the main difference between the ordinary cruise and the Pleasure Cruise is in the stage entertainers. The typical cruise staff consists of a director and seven assistants; a lecturer; a costumer and assistant (this for the masquerade costumes); a photographer; a priest (Mass every Sunday and services for other faiths as well); two bridge instructors and twenty or thirty actors and vaudeville performers. They generally have two or three "names" from the stage, screen or radio, a raft of dancers (rhumba, tap, ballroom, rhumba and rhumba), a singer or two and sometimes a stock company. The performers get a free trip and from twenty-five to fifty dollars for their work. The management takes over the burden of paying the tips on the boat. This is done on the theory that if the management doesn't tip and the performers don't tip, the next voyage may be marred by soup running down the customers' necks.

They have a rehearsal in the third-class lounge and the director does his best to arouse the proper enthusiasm.

"You got to go out there tonight," he cries, "and give them thisa and thata and SOCKO!"

The dancers nod agreeably and go on with their steps, but it is evident they have no intention of dying either for old Siwash or the Hamburg-American line. They are also out for the ride.

The passengers have different reasons for taking the trip.

"I?" said a teacher from Scranton. "I'm here for rest and FOOD."

With rates as low as forty-five dollars for a three-day cruise, the idea of a menu which looks like something arranged for the Lord Mayor's banquet is almost more than some of the paying guests can stand. There is the added inducement of chicken sandwiches and coffee at midnight. No extra cost. But the thing can be carried too far.

"Will you let me have some of those grapes off the captain's table, please?" said a lady peremptorily on one of the Easter cruises this year.

It took the efforts of the dining-room steward and two waiters to restrain the purser, a Mr. Healey, from going over and remonstrating with the lady personally, not to say physically. As a matter of truth the regular ships' crew have never been too fond of the tourists. The English were decidedly pained at the beginning. The idea of the stately old Aquitania, veteran of years of honorable travel service, the bearer of the Prince of Wales and other nobles, being turned into an excursion boat for week-end trippers—thirsty American bourgeoisie off to make—what did they call it in the States—oh, yes, whoopee! —well, it was a bit thick.

"Cruises, my eye," say the ship people. "They're circuses."

But the passengers often prefer the boat to anything they see en route. Before the trouble of last year, Havana was the favorite spot, but such a place as Bermuda with all its beauty is not so popular with the young folks.

"Bermuda," said the young lady from Passaic last year, "Bermuda is Philadelphia on a Sunday afternoon."

The great magnet is sunshine and even in summer the majority of cruises from New York go to Southern waters. The cruise idea has even revolutionized things in England, where the old-time vacation was a week-end to Margate or Brighton. Now they go to the Mediterranean. Sun worship has reached such a height that anybody returning from a three-day cruise with tan any less Ethiopian than the inside of a stove pipe is considered a sissy.

In His Cups

The cruise directors have picked up a lot of knowledge. Such things as: (a) on most cruises, seventy per cent of the patrons are women; (b) discourage couples who come on board with the intention of having the captain marry them; (c) never give a performer free drinks at the bar. Any slight roll of the boat can ruin the dancing technique of a man half rolled already; (d) performers must be people of such quality that they can mingle with the customers; (e) if a lady insists that her eggs be boiled until the center is green, let her have green-boiled eggs but don't let her in to tell the chef how it should be done. Meat cleavers do not bounce; (f) somebody must dance with the wall flowers; (g) somebody else; I'm a cruise director—not a gigolo.

By the time the boat gets back, the passengers as a rule are well acquainted. They wave goodby to their new-found friends.

"I have your address. You'll be hearing from us. I'll give you a ring."

The odds against this, according to Lloyd's of London, are eighty-five to one. But it does no harm. If they don't meet on land, they may run into each other on another cruise.

"You see that fellow," said the cruise director as the ship was docking. "This is his fifth cruise with us. The family's won twelve cups in the masquerade. We'll probably run into him a couple more times this summer. So long as these cups hold out, we won't be able to keep him off."

The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 18

of the sea. The landlady who owned the shop, a little general store, had been given tickets for the second house at the Palladium, as her well-behaved lodger was unable to use them that evening. It was unlikely that she would be back until considerably after midnight.

The room was full of plain-clothes police.

"Jump to it, Trench," growled Gallaho. "That was a shot!"

The door behind him was thrown open. Heavy footsteps clattered down the stairs. He waited at the window, watching.

He saw Detective Officer Trench come out from the door below and dash across to the entrance to Sam Pak's restaurant, two men close behind him. He waited until the rest of the party had set out for their appointed posts; then himself descended.

THERE was a smell of paraffin and cheese on the staircase which he found definitely unpleasant. In the open doorway he paused for a moment, readjusting his bowler. A woman's scream came from Sam Pak's shop. Something about it did not sound English. There was a sudden scuffling—a crash—another crash. On the river bank a police whistle wailed.

Gallaho crossed and walked in.

Mrs. Sam Pak, her gross features curiously leaden in hue, sat in a state of semi-collapse upon a chair before one of the small tables. Trench and another man were breaking down the door at the other end of the shop; the third detective guarded the woman.

"What is this?" she demanded. "Are you bandits? By what right do you break up my place?"

"We are police officers," growled Gallaho, "as you have already been informed. I have a warrant to search your premises."

The third man turned.

"She locked the door and hid the key the moment we came in, Inspector."

"You know the penalty, don't you?" said Gallaho.

Mrs. Sam Pak watched him sullenly.

"There is nothing in my house," she said. "You have no right to search it."

The lock gave with a splintering crash—but the door refused to open more than a few inches.

"Hello!" said Trench, breathing heavily. "What's this?"

"Let *me* have a look," said Gallaho.

As he stepped forward, torch in hand, the third man advanced also, but:

"Close the shop door, and pull the blinds down," Gallaho directed, tersely.

He reached the broken door, which refused to open fully, and shot the light of his torch through the aperture, then:

"K Division has been blind to this dive," he growled. "They've got an *iron door!*"

"Whew!" whistled Trench.

The four men stared at one another; then their joint gazes were focussed upon Mrs. Sam Pak, seated, ungainly but indomitable, upon a small chair which threatened to collapse beneath her great bulk.

"You are under arrest," said Gallaho, "for obstructing the police in the execution of their duty."

There came the roar of a powerful motor. The Scotland Yard car, concealed not far away, had arrived.

"Open the door," Gallaho directed, "and take her out."

The woman, breathing heavily and pressing one hand over her heart, went out without protest.

"What now, Inspector?"

"We've got to find another way in. Make contact with Forester. That sailor man of his is on the job again tonight. We shall have to go up the ladder and in at that back window."

"Very good, Inspector."

At any hour, in any London street, whatever the weather conditions, a crowd assembles magically at the first sign of trouble. A sort of drizzling rain descended through the mist which overhung Limehouse. Few pedestrians had been abroad when that muffled shot had sounded at Sam Pak's. But now an interested group, eight or ten strong, formed a semicircle before the door as the man detailed to get in touch with the River Police came out and ran rapidly along the street.

As he disappeared in the mist, Gallaho opened the door and stepped out onto the wet pavement. Two police constables came up at the double.

"Clear these people away," Gallaho directed. "I'm in charge here, and I don't want loafers."

At that the two constables got busy with the well-known formula, "Move on, there." The reluctant ones were gently shoved, and by that combination of persuasion and force which is one of the highest assets of the Metropolitan Police, the immediate neighborhood was cleared of unofficial spectators. Windows had been opened, and heads craned curiously from them. The police car had pulled up half a block away, but now the officer in charge of the party came forward.

"What's the trouble, sir?" he asked, saluting Gallaho. "Can't we get through?"

"Iron door," growled the Inspector. "That means the finish of Sam Pak."

"I know it does—and I'm wondering why it's worth it."

FORESTER of the River Police, handling the matter in accordance with his own ideas, had already sent Merton up with a line, and the rope ladder was attached fully ten minutes before the signal reached him.

The shot in the Sailors' Club he did not hear. A tugboat was passing at the time and the noise of its passage entirely drowned that of the muffled shot. But he heard the whistle.

Regardless on this occasion of attracting attention, the River Police craft was pushed as near as possible to the overhanging superstructure. Forester got onto the ladder, and began to climb. He turned.

"Nobody else until I give the word!" he shouted.

He reached the lighted window and looked in. He saw a dismal kind of bedroom, with a cheap iron bedstead in one corner, a dressing-table by the farther window on his right, a chair, a number of odds and ends suggesting occupancy by a woman, and very little else. He crashed a heavy sea-boot through the glass, bent perilously, found that the window was unlatched, and raised it an inch or two with the heel of his boot. Then, descending a rung, he raised it fully, reached over the ledge and drew himself into the room.

He stood for a moment listening. There was not a sound in the room.

He leaned out of the window.

"Come on!" he shouted.

Forester turned left, running along the room in the direction of a half-open door, and found himself upon a staircase, uncarpeted. Not waiting for the party, he went clattering down.

(Continued on page 48)

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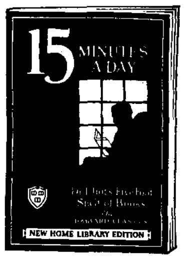

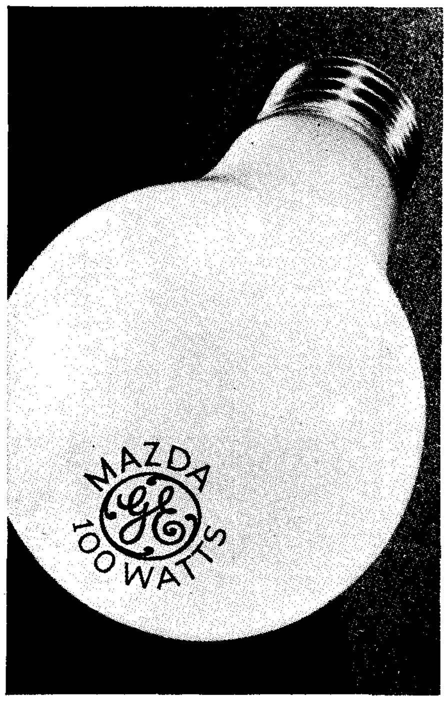

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(Continued from page 47)

The room above had been lighted by an unshaded electric bulb, and there was a similar crude light upon the stair. But, reaching its foot and jerking a curtain aside, a curtain of some kind of rough, patterned material, Forester saw darkness ahead of him.

Voices and bumping sounds indicated that his men were tumbling into the room above.

Forester directed his flashlight into a place resembling a small restaurant. He stood, he discovered, at the end of a fairly well-stocked bar; dirty plush-covered seats ran along the wall on his left; there were a number of tables and chairs. Some of the tables were upset, and there was a faint tang, perceptible above the smoke of the place, which told him that here a shot had been fired.

Footsteps sounded upon the stairs behind him.

But Forester continued to direct his flashlight beam steadily upon a door immediately ahead. It was an iron door of the kind one meets with in strong-rooms.

Forester whistled softly and walked forward.

"Hullo, Chief, where are you?" called a voice.

"O. K. Try to find a switch and light this place up."

THE door, Forester saw at a glance, was one which locked automatically on being closed. Furthermore, a huge steel bolt had been shot into place. He withdrew the bolt, ignoring the scurrying footsteps of his men seeking the light control. Presently one of them found it and the place became illuminated.

Forester pulled back the catch and hauled the door into the niche which it normally occupied, safe from the view of any casual visitor, and only to be discovered by one definitely searching for it.

A dingy corridor, dimly lighted, opened beyond. Forester found himself confronted by a badly damaged wooden door, the lock wrenched out of place and surrounded by jagged splinters, which lolled drunkenly in the opening. He started along the passage.

Another door, but this of a cheap wooden variety, was open at the end, and presently he found himself in Sam Pak's delicatessen store.

"Who's there?" came sharply.

A man was standing in the shop.

"Inspector Forester. Who are you?"

"Detective Sergeant Trench, Inspector," he introduced himself; "C. I. D. You got through from the back, then?"

"Yes. Where's Inspector Gallaho?"

"I'll get him."

NAYLAND SMITH tried to fight his way back to consciousness. He found himself unable to dissociate delirium from reality.

"My love, who has never loved me. . . . Perhaps it might never have been, but now it is too late. . . ."

A woman's voice, a soothing, musical voice—and someone was bathing his forehead with eau de Cologne.

Another blank came. . . .

He was lying on a camp bed, in a low, square, brick chamber. His head throbbed agonizingly, but a soft arm pillowed his head, and soothing fingers caressed his brow. He struggled again to recover himself. This was phantasy, a disordered dream.

Where was he?

The act of opening his eyes alone had been an exquisite torture. Now, turning them aside, he experienced new pain. A woman, strangely dressed, knelt beside the bed upon which he lay. Her dark hair was disordered, her long, green eyes watched him, piteously, supplicatingly, as the eyes of a mother watch a sick child.

Those long, green eyes stirred latent memories, stimulating the dull brain. What woman had he known who possessed those eyes?

She was a strange creature. Her beautifully molded lips moved as if she spoke softly. But Nayland Smith could detect no words. Her shoulders were bare; her skin reminded him of ivory. And now, perhaps recognizing some return of understanding, she bent, fixing the gaze of her brilliant eyes upon him.

A moment of semi-lucidity came. He had seen this woman before; this woman with the ivory shoulders and the green eyes. But if a woman, why did she wear coarse gray flannel trousers? . . . She was perhaps half a woman and half a man. . . .

Hot lips were crushed to his own, as darkness came again. . . .

"You have never known . . . you would never have known . . . but at least we shall die together. . . .Wake, oh, my dear! wake; for the time is so short, and because I know I have to die, now I can tell you. . . ."

Nayland Smith, as if in obedience to those urgent words, fought his way back to full consciousness.

The brick chamber and the camp bed had not been figments of delirium. He actually lay upon such a bed in a square brick chamber. The woman tending him was Fah Lo Suee! He was in the power of Dr. Fu Manchu, his lifelong enemy!

Fah Lo Suee watched him under lowered lashes.

Any make-up which she had worn in her rôle of Chinese waiter had been removed. He must suppose that those long lashes were naturally dark. But her lips were pale, and now, from the pocket of the dirty flannel jacket, she took out a lipstick and a mirror which formed the lid of a small rouge-box. Unaffectedly, she adjusted her appearance to her own satisfaction, delicately rouging her cheeks.

SIR DENIS watched her. Slowly he was regaining control of mind and body. Finally, replacing the tiny toilet case Fah Lo Suee pulled out a yellow packet of cigarettes and, bending forward, offered one.

A picture of the elegant Madame Ingomar flashed momentarily before his mind. . . . The long jade holder; those patrician cigarettes. . . .

"Thank you," he said, and was glad to find that his voice was steady.

He took the cigarette, and Fah Lo Suee, placing another between her lips, dropped the packet back into her pocket, producing a lighter which she snapped into life, lighting both.

Nayland Smith cautiously sat upright.

"Fah Lo Suee," he said—"for I know you by no other name: where are we, and why are we here together?"

She glanced at him swiftly, and as swiftly looked aside.

"We are in part of the workings of an abandoned Thames tunnel. We are together because . . . we are going to die together."

Nayland Smith was silent for a moment, watching her, and then:

"Is this place below Sam Pak's?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then the raiding party will break through at any moment."

"There are iron doors," Fah Lo Suee replied, tonelessly. "Long before they can force them, we. . . ."

She shrugged her shoulders, fixing the gaze of her long, narrow eyes upon him. Nayland Smith met that queer, contemplative gaze.

He realized how rarely in the past, in all his battles with the group surrounding Dr. Fu Manchu, he had looked into the eyes of Fah Lo Suee. How

I'LL TEAR UP THE SHEETS

[*I threatened*]

"NO, YOU WON'T," said my wife. "You can't make underclothes out of my sheets. But you can buy shorts of Pepperell extra-value fabric that won't shrink. You'll get the same satisfaction I do from my Lady Pepperell sheets, and from forty other cotton things I buy which carry the Pepperell label."

She knows her fabrics. Every pair of shorts I own nowadays—shirts and pajamas too, for that matter—carries the Pepperell name. Economy, satisfaction, comfort—that's what Pepperell means. Fabric by Pepperell Manufacturing Company, 160 State Street, Boston, Mass.

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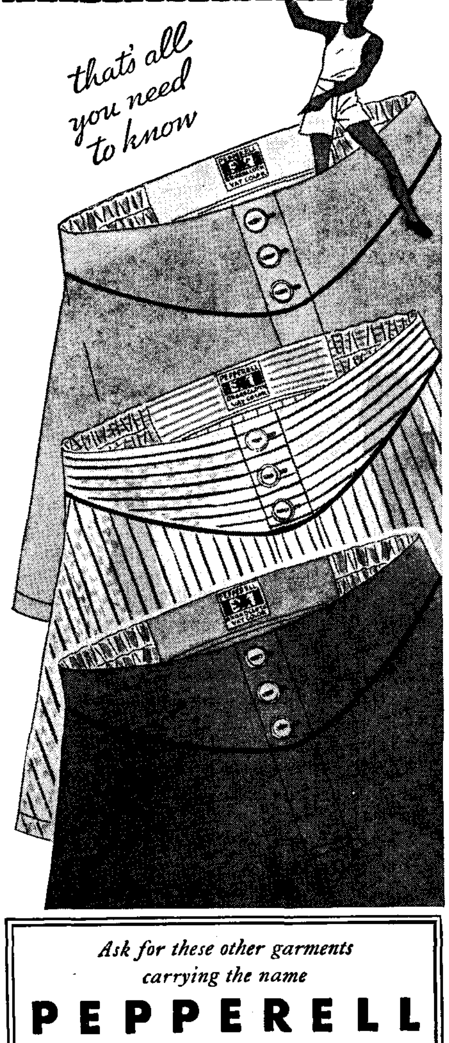
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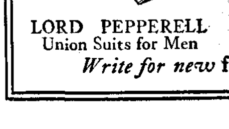
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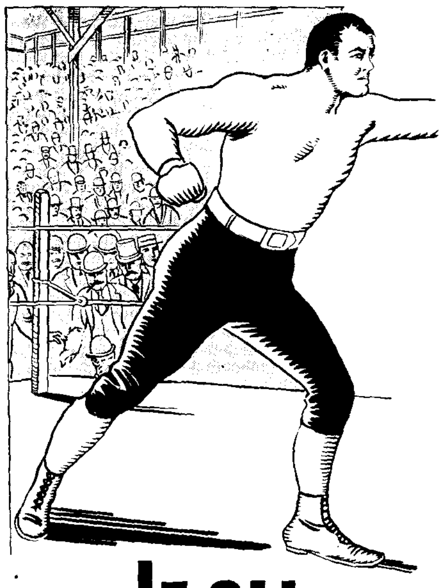

IF ALL *Prize fighters* SIGNED A CODE THERE STILL WOULD BE BUT ONE *"John L" Sullivan*

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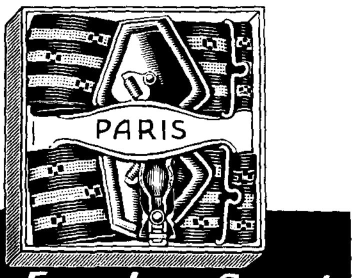

Try-Extra Long Stretch
PARIS
GARTERS
For Greater Comfort

much had he dreamed? To what extent now were his impressions his own, and to what extent due to the hypnotic power which he knew this woman to possess?

"Fu Manchu's daughter," he said, "do you hate me as your father hates me?"

Fah Lo Suee closed and opened the slender fingers of her left hand. He watched that hand fascinatedly—thinking of the dirty yellow fingers of the Chinese waiter. His thoughts drew his glance floorward, for there, near the chair upon which Fah Lo Suee sat, lay two crumpled objects which had puzzled him.

They were painted gloves!—gloves which had concealed the varnished nails and slim, indolent fingers of this daughter of the Manchus.

He glanced up again, and swiftly though Fah Lo Suee lowered her lashes, nevertheless, she had answered his question.

And he was silenced.

"I have loved you since the first day I ever saw you," she replied quietly.

And, listening to the music of her voice, Nayland Smith understood why so many men had fallen under its spell. . . .

"I have had many of those experiences which are ridiculously called 'affairs,' but the only man I could ever love was the only man I could never have. You would never have known, for I should never have told you. I tell you now, because, although we could not live together, we are going to die together."

"NO WAY out," said Gallaho, flashing his light about a low cellar, which contained stores of various kinds: bottles of wine, casks of beer and cases of gin and whisky. There were cheeses, too, and even less fragrant delicacies of Chinese origin.

"This way, sir," came a voice from somewhere above. "Here's the way down!"

Gallaho came out of the cellar and hurried up to a kitchen, where Trench was standing before an open cupboard. The shelves of this cupboard contained all kinds of lumber—tins, old papers, cardboard boxes. But in some way, probably by accident, the Scotland Yard man had discovered a hidden latch, and had swung all these shelves inward, for they constituted a second masked door.

Hot, stifling air came up out of the darkness beyond.

"This is just below the bar, Inspector, and I noticed how hot it was at that end of the club room."

"What's in there? Be careful."

Gallaho came forward and shot his light into the cavity. A steeply sloping passage with wooden steps was revealed.

"Come on," he growled, and led the way.

Ten steps down there was a bend. Gallaho cautiously rounded it, and saw more steps ahead. It was very hot in this place, a thing for which he was quite unable to account. A brick landing was reached. Some of the brickwork had fallen away, and:

"This is built into an iron framework," came a voice from somewhere behind.

There was a steady tramp of feet upon the stairs.

"Oh!" said Gallaho. "That's funny!" He paused and looked about him. "I wonder if this has anything to do with the tunnel that Sir Denis has been inquiring about?"

"It's been built a long time."

"So I see. Also, it goes down a long way."

The formation of the steps became more crude the lower they went. They were merely boards roughly attached to cement. Now came a long, straight passage, brick-walled and cement-floored. Gallaho led on; but it was so extensive that before he had reached the end, the whole of the party engaged in searching Sam Pak's premises filed along behind him.

"This is a queer go," said someone. "We must be below Thames level."

Gallaho pulled up with a jerk.

"Another iron door!" he barked.

ALAN STERLING had abandoned hope. The message to Nayland Smith, written on a leaf of his notebook (for nothing had been taken from him with the exception of his automatic) and pushed under the door to Ali, had miscarried, or perhaps it had never been dispatched.

No duties were allotted to him; no one came near the room. He was surrounded by an oppressive silence, through which, from time to time, that muted roaring seemed to vibrate. In his fall he had smashed his wrist watch, and so had no means of knowing the time.

Hour after hour went by. He was desperately thirsty, but for a long time resisted his desire to pour out a drink from the water bottle.

Logic came to his rescue. Since he was completely in the power of the Chinese doctor, why should the latter trouble to tamper with the drinking water, when without danger or difficulty he could shoot him down at any time?

And what had become of Ali? Was it possible that he had been detected, and that he, Sterling, was doomed to be left locked in this dark brick prison somewhere in the bowels of the earth, perhaps even under water? So situated, hope of rescue there was none, if those who had placed him there chose to remain silent.

In short, his life depended upon that note having reached Sir Denis, and upon his success in tracing the subterranean tunnel so vaguely referred to in it.

Hours passed in silence and a great weariness claimed him. Telling himself over and over again, "You must not fall asleep . . . you must not fall asleep," perhaps by the very monotony of reiteration, he presently lost all knowledge of his surroundings.

His awakening was a rude one.

He felt himself seized in a herculean grasp, lifted and then thrown face downward upon the bed!

Blindly he began to struggle, but his ankles were grasped and firmly tied, throughout he was held in such manner that he was unable to reverse his position. Then, again he was lifted by his unseen assailant, lightly as a woman lifts a toy dog, and thrown back upon the bed.

A short, yellow man, stripped to the waist, grasped his arms, clasped them together with a remorseless strength which appalled Sterling, and adroitly tied his wrists with some kind of fine, strong, twine.

The man was built like a baboon; his forehead was abnormally low, his arms incredibly long and of a muscularity which Sterling found almost incredible. The upper arms resembled the thighs of an athlete. The man had immense shoulders and amazing chest development. His face was like a yellow mask; his sunken eyes registered no expression. Sterling's heart sank.

This could only mean one thing. Ali Oke had been detected—his message to Nayland Smith had never reached its destination! Dr. Fu Manchu had changed his mind. Instead of employing him in the subterranean hell, he had determined to kill him. . . .

This frightful awakening had temporarily robbed him of the power of speech, but now:

"Who are you?" he demanded angrily. "Where are you taking me?"

(Continued on page 50)

SCURF

The Dread Phantom of the Scalp!

Scurf is a scaly, scabby condition of the scalp, resulting in dandruff. The terrible thing about SCURF is that unless quickly checked it may lead to baldness.

If *you* suffer from SCURF — do something about it! Thousands of men have discovered the scalp-cleansing magic of Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. A daily rub-down with this world famous preparation quickly brings the scalp and hair back to a vigorous, healthy, natural condition. The scalp stays sweet and clean — the hair, free-growing and lustrous.

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PIMPLES
"She had pimples, blackheads, boils."
INDIGESTION
"Her stomach was upset after meals."
CONSTIPATED
"Her intestines felt 'toneless' ..."

"All her ills corrected -in 30 days"

reports

DR. ERWIN PULAY,
internationally known Vienna specialist

NOTE how similar *your* troubles are to those in the case described here by the noted Dr. Pulay:—

"This patient's skin itched, was greasy, full of pimples. Scalp covered with dandruff. Perspiration excessive.

"She often had indigestion, was frequently constipated. An X-ray of her intestines showed 'self-poisoning.'

"I had her eat Yeast. At the end of four weeks, her skin was completely clear, her digestion greatly improved, and her intestines worked perfectly . . . "

Won't *you* take advantage of this great doctor's experience? Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast (rich in vitamins B, D, G) every day, for 30 days at least. Directions are on the label. You can get it at all grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Get some *today* . . . start feeling and working and *looking* better!

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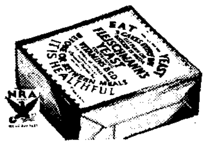


(Continued from page 49)

The Burman, ignoring his words, treating him as he might have treated a heavy sack, grasped Sterling by the middle and threw him over his left shoulder. Stooping, he walked out through the open doorway.

As he hung limply across the gigantic shoulder, he could have wept with rage, for his very weakness.

He, a physically powerful man, as normal men go, had no more chance against this deformed monster than a child would have had.

On to those nightmare stairs which led down into the pit, he was carried. From time to time fitful gleams of light danced on the iron girders, or sent a red glow up into the darkness. He was being carried to his death: every instinct told him so. . . .

One shaded lamp burned in the pit. It hung directly in front of the furnace door. From time to time, at bends in the staircase, through eyes clouded by reason of his unnatural position, Sterling observed squat figures firing the furnace. The heat grew greater and greater. The place quivered and roared as white hot flames were whipped up under a forced draught.

THE bottom reached, his captor and carrier dropped him unceremoniously upon the concrete floor.

Bruised, dazed, he yet succeeded in rolling over into a position from which he could inspect the shadows surrounding that ring of light in front of the furnace.

Several things became visible which conjured up horrible possibilities.

He saw a number of rough wooden cases, some six feet in length and eighteen inches wide, laid upon the floor in the circle of light.

What could their purpose be?

Some inert body lay quite near to him. He strained his eyes to peer through the darkness; but beyond the fact that it appeared to be the body of a man, he could make out no details. Two muscular Chinamen, stripped to the waist, appeared now under the light. One he thought he recognized, unless he was greatly mistaken—for to Western eyes Chinese faces are very similar—as a man who had formed one of the fan-tan party on the night that he and Nayland Smith had visited the Sailors' Club.

The furnace door crashed open.

Scorching, blinding heat poured out. Sterling wrenched his head aside. The Chinese stokers, probably professional firemen, fired the furnace, working mechanically and apathetically, although sweat poured down their faces and bodies like rain.

The furnace door was clanged into place again.

Sterling lay so near to it that it had been impossible to take more than quick glances about him during the time that the door had been open, for the heat had seared his eyes. Nevertheless, he had seen enough to know that his doom was sealed . . . perhaps the doom of all who stood in the path of Dr. Fu Manchu.

The man lying near him, gagged and bound, was Ali Oke. . . .

Alone, this discovery would have been sufficient to have dashed his last hope. But there was more.

On his other side, Nayland Smith crouched on one elbow, bound as he was bound. He had glimpsed him searching the place with agonized eyes, as he himself had searched it.

It was the end.

"THERE'S only one thing to do here," growled Gallaho, banging his fist on the iron door which barred further progress. "There's a bit of a cavity—so I suppose the hinges are sunk. A couple of dynamite cartridges will shift something."

"It might shift too much," said Forester, who had pushed his way from the rear and now stood at the speaker's elbow. "Wouldn't it be better to send for an acetylene torch?"

"Do you realize how long it would take to cut through this door?" Gallaho demanded. "Are you forgetting who's inside, and what may be happening?"

"I'm not forgetting. It was just a suggestion. Anyway, it's going to take time to get either."

"May *I* suggest something, sir?" came a voice.

"Yes, my man, what is it?"

"The Kinloch Explosive Works in Silvertown carry on all night. We could get there and back in half an hour in the squad car, and probably bring someone with us who understands how to employ explosives on a job of this kind."

"Good man," growled Gallaho. "I'd better come along, as they won't act without authority. Will you take charge, Forester?"

"Certainly. But if I can get hold of an acetylene torch by hook or by crook, I'm going to start."

"Good enough. No harm done."

Gallaho adjusted his bowler and set out. He disappeared along the corridor lighted only by the lamps of the police. Forester turned to Trench.

"What about getting through to the Yard?" he suggested. "See if it's possible to get an acetylene torch rushed down."

"We can try," Trench agreed. "Leave two men here in case the door happens to open from the other side—and there's a telephone upstairs in the shop."

These dispositions were made, and the remainder of the police tramped up the concrete stairs and the wooden stairs into the premises of Sam Pak.

The shop blinds had been drawn—all lights put out. A constable was on duty on the pavement outside. At the moment that they reached the shop, the roar of the Flying Squad motor proclaimed itself as Gallaho dashed by on his journey to Silvertown.

"Here's the telephone, Inspector," said one of the men.

Forester nodded to Trench.

"This is your department, not mine," he said. "You know whom to call up, no doubt."

Trench nodded and stepped behind the counter, taking up the instrument.

He called Scotland Yard and waited.

A tense silence descended upon all the men present until the call was answered.

"Detective Sergeant Trench speaking," he said, and gave a code word in an undertone. "Thanks."

A further interval of silence, and then:

"Oh, is he, Inspector? Oh, I see. . . . Yes, I suppose so, if those are the orders."

Trench placed his hand over the mouthpiece and turned.

"The Commissioner is standing by for a report on this job!" he whispered. "It wouldn't surprise me if he turned up—"

"Hello, sir. Yes, speaking from there, now. I'm sorry to report, sir, that Sir Denis has disappeared. We have reason to believe that he's been smuggled into the cellars of this place."

AN INTERVAL of respectful silence, and then:

"The difficulty is, sir, they've got iron doors, here. I am speaking for Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho, sir. He has proceeded in person to Silvertown to try to get an explosive expert to deal with one of the doors below, here. . . . Yes, sir. We thought a torch might do the trick, if it's possible to get one down in time. . . . Very good, sir. Yes, every exit is covered."

He replaced the receiver and turned to Forester.

"The hell of it is," he said, "we don't know what's going on below, there, and we can do nothing! Our only arrest is Mrs. Sam Pak, and I don't believe she knows a thing!"

"*Sst!* . . . what's that?"

All stood silent, waiting for a repetition of the sound, and presently it came—a muffled cry.

"It's one of the men in the passage," said Trench, and ran off, Forester following, his heavy boots making a booming sound upon the wooden floor. They were halfway down the stairs when the man who had called out met them. His expression indicated excitement.

"Come this way, Inspector," he said, "and listen."

Their flashlights moving eerily upon brick and plaster walls, they proceeded to the end of the long passage. Another man was standing with his ear pressed to the iron door. He signaled, and they all approached, standing silently, listening.

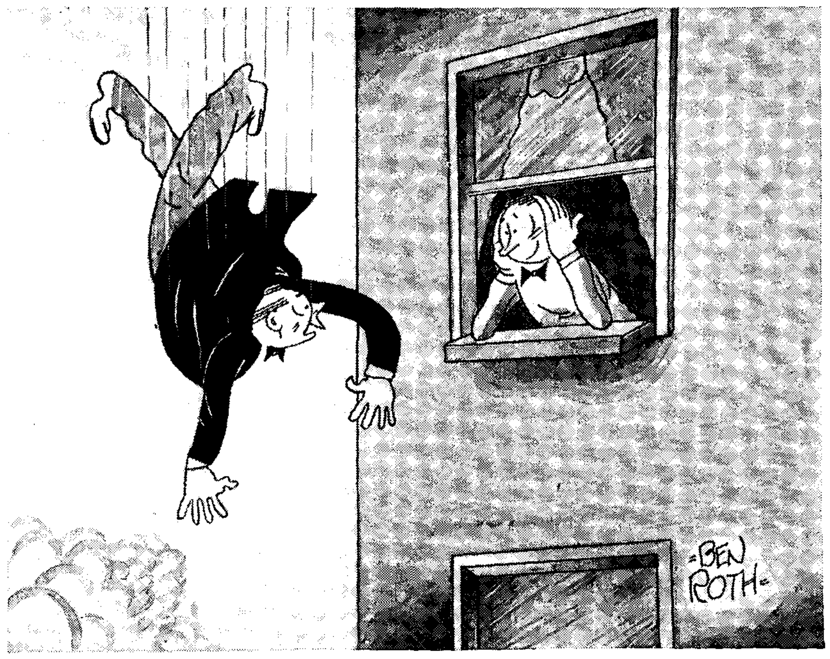
"Do you hear it?"

Forester nodded, grimly.

"What the hell is it?" he muttered.

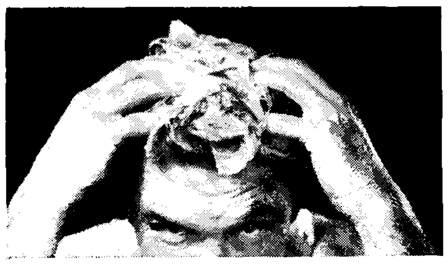
A dim but dreadful roaring was perceptible, coming, it seemed, from remote deeps beyond the iron door.

(To be continued next week)



"Flair for the dramatic, eh?" *Ben Roth*

Stop DANDRUFF
this pleasant way



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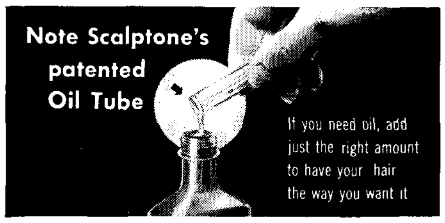
Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into your scalp. Rub Scalptone well in—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—see it remove the dandruff scales—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute once a day.


Note Scalptone's patented Oil Tube
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And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable.* In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair. Scalptone is the only tonic and dressing that has this feature.

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AFTER 21 DAYS—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for *dandruff*—well, this method usually checks it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to prevent dandruff's return.

Packer's SCALPTONE METHOD FOR Dandruff
1 Shampoo with Packer's Tar Soap
2 Massage with Packer's Scalptone

Woman of Honor

Continued from page 21

her hands to her wide linen collar, her sable coat draped across the crook of her left arm.

"Somebody," she said, "had more determination to eliminate the Bibescu than good eyesight to be sure I was she."

The outer door closed on Eric. Quiet—the dim quiet of four walls, and a subdued murmur of traffic outside. Sandra took off the little jacket of her traveling suit and threw it across the bed. She sat for a moment on a chair edge, smearing the slow tears as they came with the flat of her hand like a little girl who has barked her shins, feeling very sorry for Sandra Cleed and laughing inwardly at the thought that she didn't very much care really what became of Sandra Cleed.

SHE bathed presently and lay on the chaise longue, smoking and watching the Paris shadows creep down the gray walls of her room, pulling their dark cloak over the high ceiling until nothing was left but the pale opalescent eye of the window. She felt very comfortable now.

The phone rang. She picked it up. An interminable clacking pierced her ear, shot with distant voices calling from the mysterious void of the Paris telephone system.

"Sandra—"

"Hello? Yes?"

"Georgia—Georgia Crail." Her voice was shrill and laugh-laden. "We're celebrating, Sandra. We're all going out on a big party. Charlie Martin and Toby Macintyre and Anne—Anne got her decree yesterday. And two delightful Italians that are supposed to be counts, but they have money, so they must be impostors. Come along with us, Sandra—we're going to do things. Come on, Sandra—you can have an Italian—" Georgia's voice broke off suddenly, and Anne screamed into the phone, "Sandy, my *dear*, we'll be right up."

"You'll let me dress first," said Sandra, "and you'll give me an hour to do it in."

"Nonsense"—Charlie Martin was talking—"you don't get an Italian at all, Sandra—you get me! How's everything at home, Sweetheart—did Tommy—" The telephone clicked and banged as someone upset it at the other end.

Georgia getting rid of her third husband. Little Georgia of the brown legs, who used to go wading in the creek at home with two yellow pigtails down her back, and lovely Anne Jordan. Charlie Martin, resigned from the Navy; quiet old Charlie with his guitar and his baritone. Part of the dwindling rearguard of Paris.

Sandra dressed—a gentle thing of fragile chiffon, clinging to her like a soft shadow—molding her into a pale, firm column, trailing and whispering at her silken ankles. Pearls—Eric's pearls—and an emerald. Come—full uniform tonight.

They were at the door—clamoring.

"Sandra!" Anne and Georgia, flushed with their predinner drinking. Charlie and Toby taking both her hands. The two Italians, tall, black and smiling—bowing and raising her hand deftly to their lips—"Tony" and "Wallio," Charlie had christened them—beautifully tailored and trying their best to break into the alcoholic spirit of the evening, but being held by an absurd reserve of race that knows no medium between formality and hysteria.

They were in two taxis presently. Georgia and the two Italians ahead. Anne, Sandra and Charlie and Toby following.

"Who are 'Tony' and 'Wallio'?" Sandra asked.

"Two swell Italians I picked up at the bar. Good lads," said Toby. "Georgia's fallen for Wallio."

The cab screamed to a stop. They dashed across the curb into the warm gullet of a restaurant. The band roared suddenly. Charlie and Anne started to dance madly. A waiter pulled back a table.

"Daiquiris," Toby said—"all around. Best Daiquiris in Paris!"

Wallio leaned over Sandra. "Madame wishes wine, instead?"

"Yes," Sandra laughed, "wine."

Wallio grinned. "Champagne, it is better than all this mix drink."

There was food presently, and more wine and interminable dancing—floating in a delightful, dim haze for hours, with lights and music whirling in one's eyes and ears—not caring for time or place—with tomorrow a thousand years away, and yesterday a play that one had forgotten.

Sometime after midnight they were outside—going somewhere else with the cold air on their faces. Little stuffy places they went to now, with red-and-white-checkered tablecloths or no cloths at all. Americans in other parties called to them and waved and came over to their tables—young women, their voices shrill with drinking, ready to dance, with warm, clinging bodies. Men in slightly rumpled dinner clothing, doing the nightly round of a much maligned town—trying to dig up some fabulous Arabian Nights entertainment, finding nothing but pubs and cheap, sordid tourist attractions in moldy alleys, and being satisfied with that, for Paris is Paris in Wichita. Charlie Martin got into an argument outside of Cambino's and wanted to hit their taxi driver. Toby suddenly was quite drunk.

SANDRA and Tony sat together silently with the blue-white glare of the floor lights just beyond the table edge. Her mind was clear and lucid with the wine she had taken. This was enough—this was everything for the moment—warmth, light, nervous life and music. A girl in spangles sang to them from her spot in the center of the floor—sang and danced slowly, calling to them in soft, indecent notes.

Anne Jordan was dancing with Toby. His feet slid and fumbled, and they bumped continually into other couples. Charlie Martin clapped for a waiter. Wallio and Georgia Crail were sitting shoulder to shoulder and holding hands tightly under the table. Sleepy-eyed waiters were taking the soiled cloths from tables at the far side of the room and putting chairs on their bared tops. The place was closing.

An hour, and the pitiful false gayety would be drugged and sunk into aching slumber—an hour, and Sandra would be lying wide-eyed in bed, staring at the dark shadows, listening to the heavy rumble of market carts—the clack of milk cans.

"You don't want to go home yet?"

She looked at Tony, waiting for the inevitable challenge she knew would come.

"I would like to ride somewhere in a car—a long way—and have breakfast at some splendid little inn that doesn't exist outside of a book."

"We could—"

"No," she smiled, "our clothing would spoil the picture—and our faces—when the sun comes up."

"But it is a long time before the sun."

(Continued on page 52)

WHY the 3rd Generation Benefits

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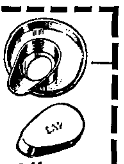

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BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
355 Everett Station, Boston, Mass.

(Continued from page 51)

"They're closing up on us," Charlie yelled. "Can you beat that?"

Joe slapped his waiter on the shoulder. "You're *getting* old, George—you shouldn't close up on us this way."

Georgia leaned forward and drained her glass—"Come on."

Toby was slumped down in his chair, pushing his hands nervously through his damp hair.

"Come on," Charlie yelled.

They were all standing close together at the curb with the cool night wind biting at their ankles.

Tony and Toby were making some arrangement. Toby nodded.

"Come on, people—we'll go to Tony's—he'll give us some breakfast, and we can start all over again."

"Ham and eggs!" said Georgia.

"Come on—what's the address?"

Charlie and Toby piled Anne Jordan into a cab and got in after her.

Wallio and Tony, Georgia and Sandra got into the other one. Sandra sat back against the cushions, her eyes closed. She felt Tony's hand groping for hers and let him take it. He held it gently in the darkness. Georgia was singing softly. The cab bounced and jolted at a furious pace. They crossed a bridge and Sandra had a glimpse of the dark Seine below with its high-prowed barges hugging the shores. Street lamps flashed by. She caught a brief silhouette of an *agent de police* standing against the corner of a building, his short cape drawn tightly about his shoulders and snugged against him by his elbows, his head bowed—sleeping on his feet.

The cab stopped. Tony got out and paid the man. They stood for a moment waiting for the other cab. Georgia's teeth were chattering.

"They'll be along in a moment," Tony shrugged.

"I'm cold," Georgia whimpered.

"We go in an' make a fire—yes?"

"Please! I'm frozen to death."

"I'll wait"—Tony bowed—"to bring them up."

SANDRA and Georgia, with Wallio between them, holding their arms, walked under the archway, past the darkened concierge's cubby, and across the *pavé* of the courtyard. Wallio opened the heavy door and led them up a flight of stairs. His keys rattled as he opened his own door. There was darkness still as his finger groped for the button—then light suddenly, splashing down the high, paneled room in soft pools. The carpet was soft and deep underfoot. A portrait smiled down from the high walls with lips that twisted and writhed in the upper border of the shaded lamps.

He took Sandra's cloak from her shoulders and laid it carefully across a divan.

He opened a door. "Through here," he bowed. Georgia went through. Wallio rubbed his hands together and crossed to one of the tables.

"Cigarettes." He waved a hand. "Wine in just a moment—and a fire, yes? The man is gone so I will make it myself, yes? If you will excuse me?"

"Of course." He went through another door, closing it softly behind him. Sandra took a cigarette from the little ivory box on the end table. She lit it and flicked the match into the empty fireplace. The outside door opened and Tony came into the room.

"Hello," she said, "where's everybody?"

He shrugged. "They are lost, I believe." He put his hat on a chair and unbuttoned his coat.

"Lost?"

"Yes—that was a stupid taxi man." He took a cigarette from his case and pinched it between his long, slender fingers.

She said, "You have an attractive place here."

He laughed. "It is good enough. Please, will you sit down?"

She looked at him. There was something about him in the quiet of the room that she didn't quite like. She came toward him and sat in the corner of the divan.

"You have exquisite taste in dress and in jewels." His eyes flashed from the emerald to her pearls and earrings. He flicked his cigarette casually. "Where is my friend—and yours?"

"Yours has gone to make a fire," said Sandra. "Mine went with him."

"I see." He got up and crossed to the door. Wallio had gone through. He turned the knob.

"Locked," he said. He tried the other door. "Locked, too," he shrugged.

The palms of Sandra's hands and the tips of her fingers were quite cold.

"And why should they be locked?" she asked.

"I suppose," he said, "because my friend locked them."

"I see—may I have the rest of the story?" She was quite calm.

"Why not?" He shrugged again. "You pay me the compliment to say that my flat is attractive—such things are not given away on street corners."

"Go on."

"And I—I remark that you have exquisite taste in jewels. Your pearls are beautifully matched, and I presume—worth considerable money. The emerald on your finger, also."

"Am I being held up?"

"Of course *not*. Madame! It is an ugly word—'held up'—we have no such ugly words in Italian."

"What then?" she asked sharply.

"Simply that the hour is late—that Madame finds herself alone with me in my apartment—it is what you call a compromising situation—at best."

"Well?"

"And Madame's husband—unfortunately is an attaché at the American Embassy here—a most unfortunate circumstance. I am sorry, but they are facts. Spoken—they do not sound too bad—in a newspaper—" he shrugged—"well, one hates to think how much would be paid to keep them out of a newspaper. So—perhaps the better way is to settle the little difference at once and close the account"—he held out his hand—"for jewels can be replaced when one is rich—but the reputation of a lady—never—"

Sandra sat looking at Tony from her corner of the divan.

"And what makes you think," she asked, "that the lady in question has any reputation to defend?"

"In my experience—I have met with cases of that kind also," he bowed slightly. "My interest is purely mercenary, I assure you. I may say, therefore, that should you remain here until morning, no court in France could shut its eyes to the implication. It would be purely formal evidence, but there would be ample grounds for your husband obtaining a divorce from you—and there would be no alimony granted to you."

"You are explicit, aren't you?"

"I try to be. It is safer when one deals with women."

"And if a divorce or the question of alimony does not concern me one way or the other—?"

"In that case," Tony shrugged, "we shall hope that Madame has a regard for her husband's position, and that the scandal will not be so open that he will be jeopardized in his career. The situation becomes then—merely a business transaction. So much for so much—if the emotions are not involved. Now then—the matter is fully discussed—there is no more to be said, please."

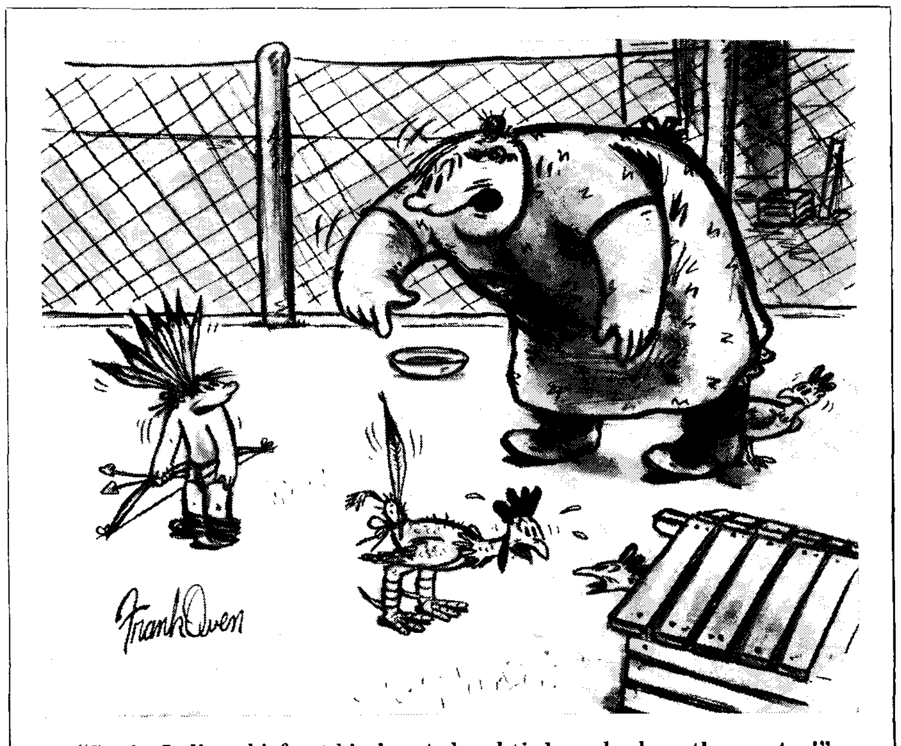
SANDRA looked at Tony's grave face and smiled.

"Madame thinks this is something to laugh about?" he said quietly. "I assure her it is not. Perhaps Madame does not understand it fully. Allow me to explain. It is not a parlor game. The doors are locked, and the windows are closed. Madame may scream—but even if it is heard, which is not probable, no one will come. When it is daylight, if Madame is still determined to retain her jewelry—a telephone call will be made requesting her maid to arrive at this address with street clothing for her to go home in—after which—the story will be kept out of the papers for a consideration, paid by Madame's husband." Tony shrugged.

"Yes," Sandra nodded, "there is no question of the planning. The other people will not arrive, because they were given the wrong address and your friend and my friend"—she nodded to the door Georgia had gone through—"are no longer in this apartment."

"That is true—the door leads to a common foyer. I know nothing of their plans."

(To be continued next week)



"So the Indian chief got big-hearted and tied one back on the rooster!"

Frank Owen

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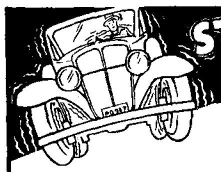

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

The Man on the Truck

Continued from page 22

"Sometimes. Why?"

"I was wondering if he said anything. I've heard that people coming out of an anesthetic tell the truth about whatever is uppermost in their minds."

"Yeah? Is that right?" O'Malley demanded.

"A lot of people believe that," Dr. Devar smiled, "and for that reason don't like to take an anesthetic, but it's not true in my experience."

We went back to headquarters.

"It's a crazy case, O'Malley!" I told him. "If Nogert murdered someone and put him on the truck, why hasn't the man been missed? Of course it might be some bum he picked up to give a ride. The suspicions of the men they tried to hire don't mean anything. It looks to me as if the real explanation might be accident."

"Yeah? How come?"

"Nogert and Elvin fixed it between them to defraud the insurance companies. They arranged the truck so that it could be exploded and set afire and they tried to hire someone who looked like Nogert to drive the truck. Nogert would disappear at the same time it happened. But they hadn't yet got the kind of man they wanted to drive the truck. Nogert was driving it and whatever device they had went off accidentally and Nogert was burned up."

"You might be right, at that."

I DIDN'T see O'Malley for several days. Then he stopped by for me.

"Anything been proved in that case?" I asked.

"As much as I expected, and that's nothing."

He was going out to see Mrs. Nogert and we took a cab, and I waited in the cab while he went in, and after a while he came out with her and they both got in. I didn't know where we were going. We went to the dentist's. I had an idea Mrs. Nogert hadn't known where we were going either, because when she saw where it was she stopped talking.

There were a couple of plain-clothes men in the small room and a uniformed cop, and a young and good-looking stenographer with her notebook, and Elvin was in the dentist's chair and was just coming out from under gas. He was surprised to see the people around him and stared at the police; so I understood they hadn't been there when he went under.

"You get down what he said, Miss Erne?" O'Malley asked the girl.

"I did."

"Let's hear it."

Miss Erne read from her notebook: "I've done it, Anne." Anne was Mrs. Nogert's name. "Everything went through. He was unconscious when I set fire to the truck and it burned so fast I hardly got away myself. I got back to the shop without anybody knowing I had been away from it and I'm sure nobody saw me. It all went perfect. So don't get uneasy, honey. We only got to sit tight and say nothing and they'll have to pay."

Elvin stared at us. He was bewildered and frightened and he seemed to be trying to remember whether he had said anything like that. But Mrs. Nogert didn't doubt that he had said it. She didn't look demure any more.

"You fool—you silly fool!" she screamed at him; and she started toward him but the cops grabbed her.

"You can't do anything to me!" she cried at them. "He did it. He got me into it. I didn't do a thing myself!"

"All right, lady," O'Malley said to her. "You can tell all that later."

They took them away.

"So it was Nogert on the truck, right enough," I said to O'Malley.

"Sure."

"Then he wasn't in the conspiracy?"

"Are you that dumb? Elvin and Nogert fixed it up to defraud the insurance people by getting Nogert insured, then they would set fire to the truck and have some guy on it that when he was burned up would pass for Nogert, and Nogert would disappear until his wife had collected the insurance. That was all Nogert knew about it, but that was only half. Elvin and Mrs. Nogert had been going together, and Nogert didn't know that. They figured to have Nogert be the one on the truck and that way they'd get rid of him and get the insurance too."

"ALL right. But how was it worked?"

"Why, the truck had been fixed up whatever way it had to be so that it could be exploded and burned up. Nogert was alone on the truck when it left the shop, but another guy was seen with him afterward. I figured that guy was Elvin. Elvin knew where Nogert was going, so he got in his car and intercepted him to tell him some business message, I guess. Then he rode a little way with him, and give Nogert something to make him unconscious, and connected up whatever was necessary to blow up the truck and set fire to it, and went back to his car, and back to the shop."

"Hey, wait a minute!" I exclaimed. "You don't know that was the way it was. You're guessing."

"Sure. I had to guess. We knew there'd been a conspiracy but we couldn't break the case because we couldn't prove nothing.

"I asked around and I found people that knew that Elvin and Mrs. Nogert had been going together; so I figured Elvin had murdered Nogert. Well, how did he do it?

"I didn't see no use working on Elvin; he's a smart guy and he wouldn't talk. So I thought I'd work on Mrs. Nogert. When a woman and a man do a crime together and they get caught, the woman almost always tries to put the blame onto the man. I figured if Mrs. Nogert had been in it with him and I could make her think Elvin had said something, she'd try to talk herself out of it and put it onto him. So I was wondering how to do that, when I remembered what you'd said to the dentist about guys talking under anesthetic. That Dr. Devar is a square-shooter and I fixed it with him to give Elvin the gas, because of course Elvin wouldn't be afraid to take it because he'd took it before. Of course Elvin didn't say nothing when he was coming out of it. I give Miss Erne the stuff she read out of her notebook."

"I UNDERSTOOD that," I said. "But still you're not sure what Elvin did to Nogert."

"Sure I am. I looked that burned truck over about a dozen times and I found nothing; but at the place where it had burned I found some pieces of glass that fitted together into a whisky flask, and anything else we want to know Mrs. Nogert is going to tell us."

"Smart work!" I commented.

"Maybe. But did you ever hear a homicide guy getting talked about in an insurance case? Them insurance detectives are going to see to it that they hog all the credit."

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I feel afraid sometimes to speak too highly of your product—in case men may think it is simply "ballyhoo," so I say "Just TRY it."

Wishing you all success and thanking you for your courtesy in sending such a liberal sample, I am

Yours gratefully,
Dr. C. B. Cahusac

Notice that Dr. Cahusac is afraid of "ballyhoo"—by which we suppose he means high pressure selling methods. True to the traditions of his profession, he is conservative. He does not believe in making extravagant claims. Neither do the makers of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

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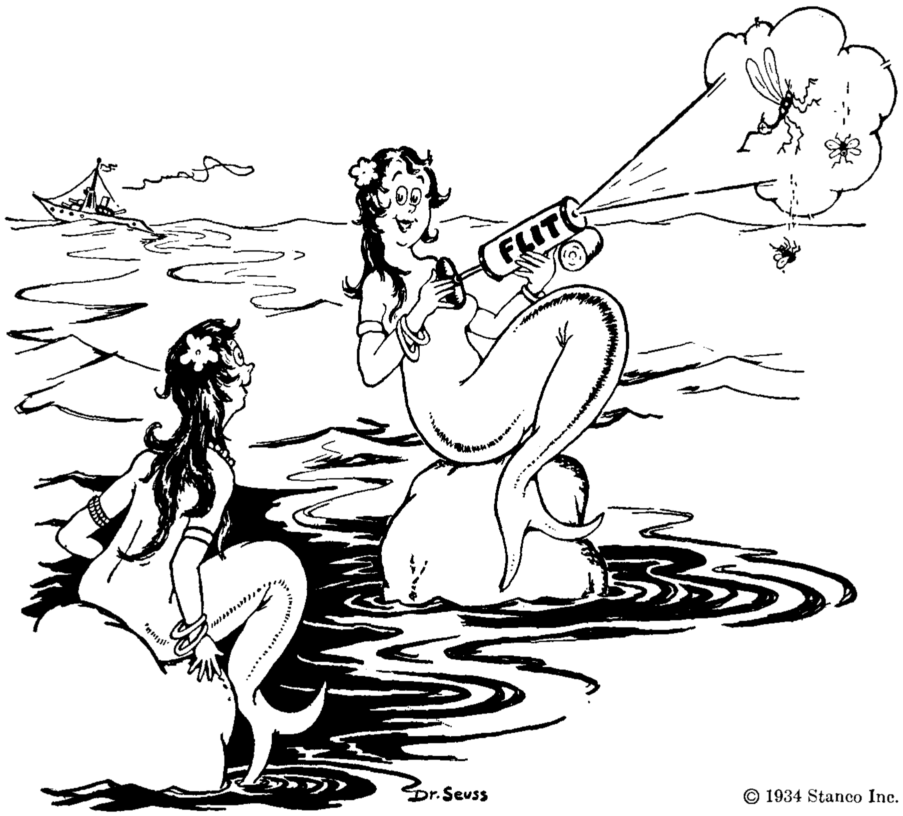

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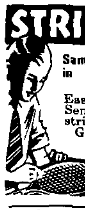

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Keep them Kissable

Continued from page 15

some common sense into me; that I lived alone with Mother too long in the old house and so on and so on.

Maybe he is right. But I am not quitting yet. The deadline for romance and The Golden Knight is Sunday night. I am hoping dreadfully. If the same old thing happens over again, or if The Golden Knight is a physical fizzle, I'm starting back for Clearfield Monday morning. But I keep telling myself over and over again that I can't be so terribly wrong all of the time. Maybe I am crazy. I don't know. Maybe sometime in the past I was a great gambler. Anyway I feel as if having staked my last coin I am sitting watching the wheel spin . . . spin . . . spin.

Your strange young sister,
VERNEY.

P. S. I am glad you like my picture in the magazine. The headline was ironic, wasn't it? I mean Keep Them Kissable for what? V.

April 10, 1934

Dear Mario:

What a partner you are. Last year you go away and almost at once we are raided. Now you take a vacation and even though it is legal to have people eat and drink like human beings what happens Mario? You will be surprised to learn my friend.

It begins with a girl that maybe you will remember. She used to come most often for the early dinner. A blond with the dark eyebrows and dark eyelashes that are different but with great red lips like bruised strawberries that will probably remember her best to you.

On Saturday evening she came to me after eating her dinner. It was raining as you will see from the enclosed study of the accounts. She says to me will I do her the great favor. I say to her that if it is possible I am always glad to do a good customer a favor.

It is a rather peculiar thing that she asks me to do Mario. You will see that because it was peculiar, it was natural that I should put two and two together afterwards, even though it should add up to the wrong number. She asks me to reserve the second small table to the left as you come into our restaurant for a gentleman, beginning at 6 o'clock on the following evening, which as you would know is Sunday. That, you will say, is nothing peculiar. True! But attend. The young one she does not desire to sit at the table with the young man herself. Guess what she wants to do? She desires that I shall let her have the small table behind the cash register where sometimes you and I sit.

IT WILL immediately come before your eyes that sitting at this table anyone can see and yet not be seen. It was natural that I should also think of that when I am adding up the figures which finally do not come as they should. But at the time! You agree that remembering back in the middle of the terrific excitement— But I shall record it just as it happens. I will leave out nothing so that you can see for yourself that if in barking up the wrong tree I was at fault.

Attend. It is Sunday evening. It is raining so hard that everything is gray without. At five minutes to six o'clock this girl arrives. Her eyes are bright and it is easy to see that excitement attends upon her. She nods and makes upon her big crushed lips the very pleasant smile, but her hands keep twisting.

"Everything it is all right?" she asks.

I say of course that it is. Then she smiles again Mario and walks back to the little table of which I have written. I myself ask her if she desires a cocktail. But no!! She will eat the regular dinner with the duckling and the chickory salad instead of the orange and grapefruit. Then she lights the cigarettes. One quickly after the other. The fruit cup she does not touch. The olive she picks up and then puts it away from her before it comes to her red lips. She tells Albert that she will not bother with the soup. All the time she keeps her deep blue eyes on the outside door. Would not anyone be justified in remembering these things with suspicion when —but you shall have it just as it occurred so that you shall decide for yourself. Follow closely. A few customers come in. Because it is raining, we have the lights. Now read carefully.

At six twenty, just as I tell the big lieutenant later, the door it opens and a young man comes in. He looks around. Not too carefully mind you, but he looks around. Then he takes the little table that is second to the left as you enter.

I shall be frank with you Mario, you shall see it exactly as it happened. In the first place he was a small young man with a white face that is dull and blue beneath the powder after shaving. His eyes are black and his right eyebrow it is cut in half with a pallid scar that is not pretty to look upon.

THE young man orders the regular dinner and also a Martini cocktail. More people they arrive. There is one I do notice. Another man with a fat nose and black hair that hangs over his too low forehead. This man, he is only a few years older than the young man at the second table has for himself a small table toward the rear. Our business it then goes on as usual for twenty minutes.

But not quite as usual. I detect a small noise. It is not a pleasant sound. It takes hold of the heart and twists it around. It comes from the little table where we are accustomed to eat, where the girl with the great lips is sitting. The girl she has her head buried in her arms and she is crying.

I think perhaps it is what so often happens—the girl cannot pay her dinner check. She does not look too prosperous. Are we people to cause a young girl such anguish? You know we are not. I am about to step around the cash register and offer the assistance when what happens Mario?

Something hard is pushed into my side. I turn around.

It is the man with the fat nose. His lower lip it is twisted unpleasantly. "Up above your head, you," he says and I see that the hard thing is what you are already saying—a revolver.

What is there to do? I raise my hands above my head.

A fat woman sitting with an old man —you will remember the one that eats with the little black dog under her chair —she notices the scene and screams. What a scream Mario! Enough to make the very dead to arise.

Then many things seem to happen. Frank he is waiting on the round table, the one with the short leg, near the front. He starts for the door waving the napkin like it is the flag. It is then that the young man at the second small table to the left as you enter becomes revealed. He jumps out of his chair and from somewhere jerks forward a gun with which he makes Frank come backward from the door. The man with the fat nose opens the cash register and stuffs even the gas bill which is in the rear into his pockets. He leaves nothing but the pennies and also the nickels.

SO—YOU'VE FINALLY BROUGHT BACK MY HEDGE SHEARS—AND BROUGHT 'EM BACK RUSTY! SAY—DIDN'T ANYONE EVER TELL YOU 3-IN-ONE PREVENTS RUST?
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Then suddenly the two men are gone. But the excitement it is not over. Somebody has run screaming into the street and in a few minutes a traffic policeman is dripping water everywhere and a big lieutenant is talking in a loud voice to everyone. It is like a moving picture.

And then as I tell it all to the lieutenant I suddenly remember where that young man sat. It comes to me like a sudden blow who it was that arranged that the table should be vacant. To you I leave it Mario. What would you have thought? Exactly. So did the big lieutenant. Like a big black mountain in his rubber coat he walks around our cash register. And there is the girl with her head still buried in her arms and the same dry noises coming from her small white throat. I have the imagination as you know Mario. I try to make the big lieutenant treat her gently. But like the feather he pushes me aside and brings the girl to her feet.

"Now then," he says, "who are the boy friends and where's the pay-off?"

But the girl only smiles at him, Mario. It is as if she does not know what he is saying. But it is a bitter, strange smile. A smile that you might think would come on little Mario if you told him that there was no Santa Claus. You know?

The big lieutenant shakes her. It is rough that shake and she sways.

"Come on now!" he shouts upon her. "None of this East Lynne stuff."

Then she speaks. It is slow. She says: "No night again."

It does not make sense. It is night already of course. The lieutenant he does not also understand. It makes him mad. Again he shakes the girl.

"So you are goin' to play dummy, eh?" he snarls at her. "It'll be plenty nights before you get out unless you come clean."

But the girl only stares.

Then as the shake it is again about to start something new it happens. A young man pushes me so violently that I fall against the small table and he faces the lieutenant. He is a tall young man. Tall even as the lieutenant. There is a streak of dirt across his face. His felt hat it is on the back of his head and it is to be seen that his hair is blond and curly. He is not dressed like most of the customers, Mario. The raincoat and the necktie they are more like the kind that come in from Montclair and Trenton for Saturday night Table d'Hôte. You will know what I mean. But he is tall and he is mad. Oh, how mad Mario! To all it is evident that he cares nothing for the lieutenant.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" he shouts. "Leave that girl alone."

The girl she stares at him. Attend! It is plain she does not know him from the Adam, which makes it all the more incomprehensible as you shall see.

"What the hell's it to you?" the lieutenant then roars upon him. "The girl's a crook. Keep your nose out of it."

"You're a liar!" the young man shouts in turn and goes as if to place his arm about the girl.

The policeman, he then is about to push the young man away but what happens Mario? Believe it or not as they say in the paper Mario, the young man swings his fist and the policeman falls like a mountain of rubber, over the fat woman whose husband is wetting her forehead with a damp napkin. The girl, she just keeps staring at the young man, but it is still plain that while he stirs something within her because of his strength and angriness, she does not still know him from the Adam.

Then the young man he is arrested. The wagon to carry them to the police station is telephoned for. It arrives. Everybody crowds around. I am right beside them as they are about to step into the conveyance. For the first time, I hear the girl speak. She says:

"Who are you?"

The young man he grins, as if being arrested was nothing. "I was held up by a puncture at Allentown," he told her. "I started to drive as soon as I got your letter."

"Then you are—" the girl said slowly and the young man replied.

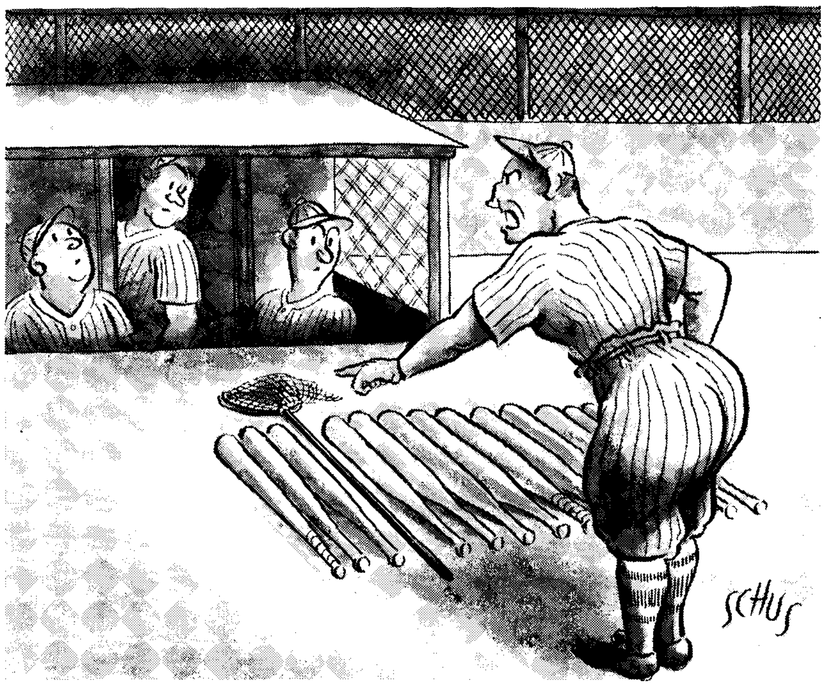
I watched the wagon carry them off Mario. It was unbelievable. Three little words the young man said and this girl who did not know who he was from the Adam, who only a little while before had been crying as if all the woes of the world had descended, was smiling so that it seemed, even in that gray downpour, that the sun was shining on her face and angels were singing in her ears. And the last I saw my dear partner was the two of them holding hands and looking at each other as if there was no rain and no police and no trouble left in the world.

And why? Attend Mario. Three little words that made this reckless young man, with the topcoat of Montclair or Trenton, such an old friend that meeting him was all that mattered.

"Keep Them Kissable," he whispered to her. What does that mean?

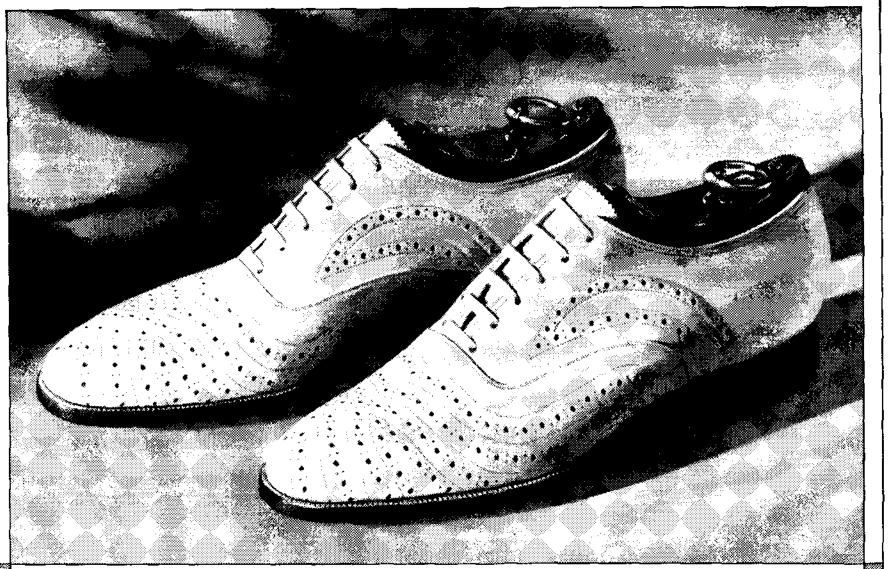
Your bewildered partner,

GEORGES



"Who put the butterfly net here?"

Adolph Schus



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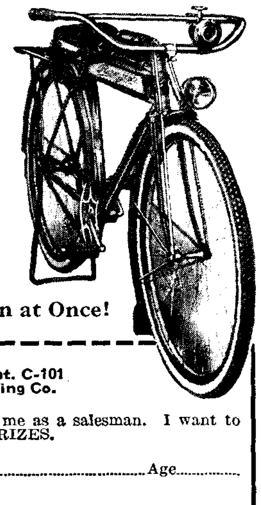

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He Grew Up Late

Continued from page 17

Just then a boy brought him a telegram. "The bull died this afternoon," it read. Stallings sat there stunned. He was still in the throes of despair the next day as he sat in the dugout watching his team play one of those crucial games, the winning or losing of which might have meant the pennant. The Giants led by a run in the last half of the ninth. The Braves got three men on and there was only one out.

The Boston player at bat slashed a wicked grounder but the Giant shortstop smothered it, snapped it to second base and then the ball went to first base for a double play which ended the rally, the game, and, for the moment, seemed to have killed all chances for a pennant. Stallings was sitting there stricken when a deep voice called out, "And the bull died too." Stallings could have killed Maranville for that crack.

The Rabbit had a great chance back in 1925 of becoming one of the game's great managers. He was given the job of managing the Chicago Cubs, a rare baseball plum. The night of his appointment he celebrated in the usual manner and wound up by flattening a cab driver in Times Square. That story didn't look so good in print although it did testify to the strength which lurked in the Rabbit's good right arm.

Managerial responsibilities rested lightly upon the Maranville shoulders because, remember, he was still a boy even though he was past thirty. He hadn't grown up yet. When the Cubs made their first appearance in Boston a group of his friends called upon the Rabbit to congratulate him. Finally the ice was broken, put into tall glasses, blended with the customary ingredients and the panic was on. They staged one, as the boys in the back room say, and they staged a beauty.

The next day the Rabbit was as dizzy as a leaf in a high wind. He did everything on the field that afternoon but play ball. He clowned and he kidded and he mimicked the umpire, and finally he so outraged the dignity of Umpire Bill Klem that Klem sent him to the showers. Well, it might have ended happily there, but the Rabbit didn't think he'd finished singing his song.

A $100,000 Joke

When the customers filed out after the game they were amazed and delighted to see the Rabbit, in full uniform, hawking the late editions of the newspapers and doing a rushing business. He had bought out the full supply of a newsboy and his shrill voice was calling the latest stock market quotations and baseball scores. The Rabbit thought it was a great joke. That joke cost him just about $100,000.

The Chicago management let him out immediately. A year later the Cubs took the rubber band off the bank roll, started buying high-priced players, hired Joe McCarthy as a manager and proceeded to win the National League pennant. Had the Rabbit behaved, he undoubtedly would have done just as well as McCarthy did, for Maranville was always a smart guy who knew the score at all times.

It looked as though his baseball dirge had been sung now but he bobbed up with the Brooklyn Dodgers again. Now the Dodgers were the original Daffydills of baseball and the Rabbit fitted in fine with them.

But after a while the Dodgers, too, let him out. He couldn't get a job anywhere. He found solace in the cup that is supposed to cheer. But it only numbed his senses, wrecked his health and led him to a hospital in Montreal where his life was despaired of. Only his wife remained loyal. She sat beside his bed and soothed him and stroked his fevered brow and whispered comforting words which finally broke through his numbed consciousness.

"Never mind, honey," he heard. "Never mind. We'll forget what has happened. We'll start all over again. I've bought a house in Rochester and we'll settle there and everything will be all right."

He looked at her with incredulous eyes. "You've bought a house? With what?"

She smiled maternally at this bad boy of hers. "Each year I saved a little bit out of your salary. You didn't know it, but I've saved until I had enough to buy a house. So don't worry, honey; we'll be all right."

And then the boy in Rabbit died—killed by the kindness, the self-sacrificing greatness of a woman. The boy died and from his corpse there emerged a man—the man that is Maranville today.

The Boy Grows Up

"You did that for me?" he said slowly. "I'll do something for you. I'll never take another drink as long as I live."

He went to Rochester, saw a priest he knew and signed the pledge. And not since that day to this has he broken it, for a contract is a sacred matter to the man Maranville where it had been only a bit of silly paper to the boy he had been.

No one believed that his reform would be permanent—except Bill McKechnie, a man who knows men. The Rabbit started up the come-back trail and it must have been a tortuous trip. He played with Rochester and then McKechnie brought him to the St. Louis Cardinals.

Then when McKechnie went to Boston the Rab followed. You'd be seeing him out there this afternoon playing great ball, punching out hits when hits meant runs—if a perverse fate hadn't taken a hand in that practice game with the Yankees this spring. He'd be out there instead of being on crutches, steadying the youngsters, kidding the veterans and thinking and scheming all the time.

That afternoon at the training camp a week before the Rab was hurt McKechnie said, "Oh, but Maranville is a great man to have on a club. He's dependable, he's loyal, he's smart and he's always trying."

Dependable, loyal and smart? Well, it looks as though the Rab's playing days are over. Bones don't knit as easily at forty-two as they do at twenty-two. Maybe there's an owner around looking for a 1935 manager. Maybe he can use a man who is dependable, loyal and smart. If he can, why there's the Rab with the look of a gnome about him, still wearing those banjo-like ears which gave him the name of Rabbit, still filled with the unquenchable fire of optimism and enthusiasm. Remember, the Rab didn't rust out. He's not a weary, jaded veteran who is tired and who has lost his zest for the game. Not the Rab. He's *through with one career and it is safe* to prophesy that he's on the verge of another which will add even more luster to his name.

So let's drink a toast to this man who didn't grow up until he was thirty-five, but we'll have to drink it in water or we'll hear the Rab's high-pitched voice saying, "Lay off that stuff, kid. Lay off it, it never did anybody any good."

Ask Yourself—

CAN YOU AFFORD NOT TO HAVE AN EDUCATION?

IN THIS day of shrinking incomes, of sobering readjustment, of savage competition for jobs, where only the fit make headway, of realignment of salaries, no man or woman can afford to be smugly satisfied with his or her present mental equipment. This difficult period tests us all as never before, it searches our capacities, measures our knowledge and is quick to detect our lack of preparedness at any point where we may be found wanting.

Now is the time to inventory ourselves and to see just what we have to offer the world, what kind of rating we are entitled to. What is fair pay for our services? Does our education make us acceptable socially? Are we interesting?

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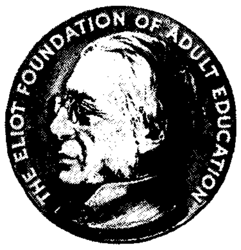

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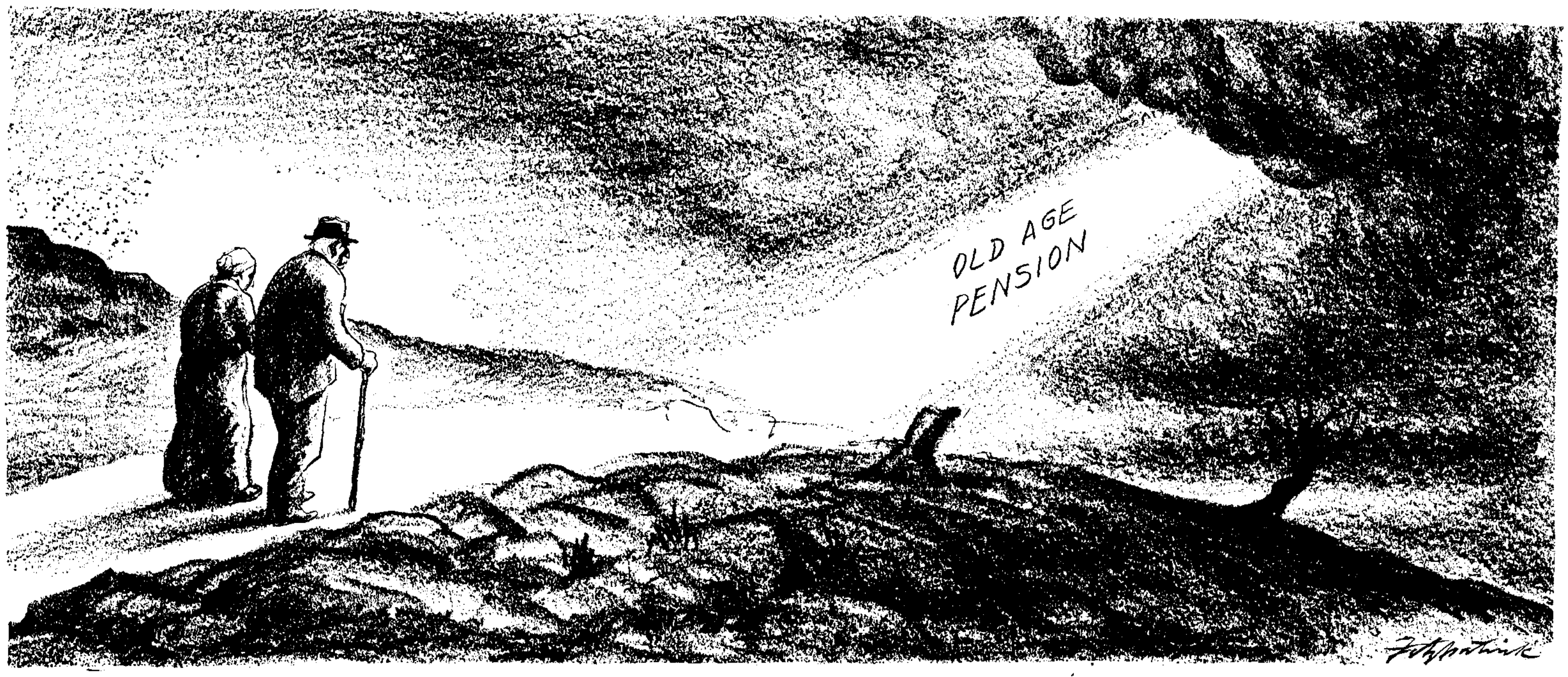


The Last Few Years

SO FAR as old people are concerned we are definitely abandoning our old notion of rugged individualism. We know that under modern conditions many old people cannot take care of themselves, that their families must support them, and that public provision must be made for their maintenance. This accounts for the swift and tremendous spread of old age pensions during the last few years.

Ten states passed pension laws last year. Two more states adopted the plan this year. Altogether twenty-eight states now have such laws. Congress is considering a general act applicable to all the states. Yet ten years ago old age pensions were just another vague plan for social reform.

The reason for this sudden development is plain enough. As a nation we are growing older. There were actually fewer young children in the United States in 1930 than in 1920. The total population increased more than 16 per cent during that decade but the increase was in the older age groups.

At the same time organized industry put more and more emphasis on youth. Many establishments refused to take on new employees over forty years old. Nearly everywhere preference is given the younger men and women.

The man who owns his own business or who as an individual practices his profession or follows his trade or industry doesn't have to worry about birthdays. He is his own employer. A farmer or a lawyer or a doctor may be as good or better at sixty than at thirty. But the fifty-year-old clerk or the factory worker who looks for a job finds his age a handicap. Furthermore, it is becoming increasingly difficult to establish a small independent business.

It is perfectly obvious that people who can't find remunerative work and who have no income from other sources must be supported. This is the "age of abundance." We can produce enough to feed, clothe and shelter the entire population. Where industry does not cover the load the government will and must assume it.

Hitherto we have assumed that by industry and thrift most people could protect themselves against the time of retirement. The disastrous fall in prices and destruction of values since 1929, however, wiped out the savings of a vast number of prudent people. Men and women who imagined themselves safe from need have seen their savings tragically melt away. Looking back over that experience it has been said that the grasshopper and the ant have had a common fate. Thrift did not protect.

Obviously we must do better. Congress and the legislatures already have passed new laws to correct these evils.

Not less important than laws is the building up of a public opinion in the investment industry which will provide safe ways of saving for old age. Other countries, notably Scotland, have been able to do this. We should have the intelligence and the character to accomplish as much. Certainly our life insurance companies, established under the better state laws, well withstood the strain of the emergency.

Teachers, policemen, firemen, and many other classes of public employees of various states and of the nation are safeguarded by retirement pension funds. Some large corporations provide retirement insurance for their employees. Such pensions or annuities are earned. They are deferred compensation.

Old age pensions designed for less fortunate groups were first tried out in New Zealand, Australia and Denmark. Very recently we took up the idea.

So far old age pensions in this country have been distributed by states and to some extent by counties. The old age pension organization on the whole has been nonpolitical and not costly.

Generally the age at which pensions may be allowed is fixed at sixty-five or seventy and only Americans long resident in the state are eligible. During 1932 thirteen states paid average monthly pensions of $22.35 to 100,959 old men and women. Maryland had the highest rate, $29.70 a month, but only 143 people had pensions. Utah was lowest with a rate of $8.03; New York during 1932 expended the largest sum, $15,454,308, to 54,185 people.

We may learn about old age protection from our experience with industrial accidents. The cost of workmen's accident insurance first compelled industry to promote safety. When the rate paid for compulsory accident insurance was based on the actual risk, good business management demanded new safeguards against personal injuries. The gains in safety which resulted from the desire to get a better accident insurance rating have been enormous.

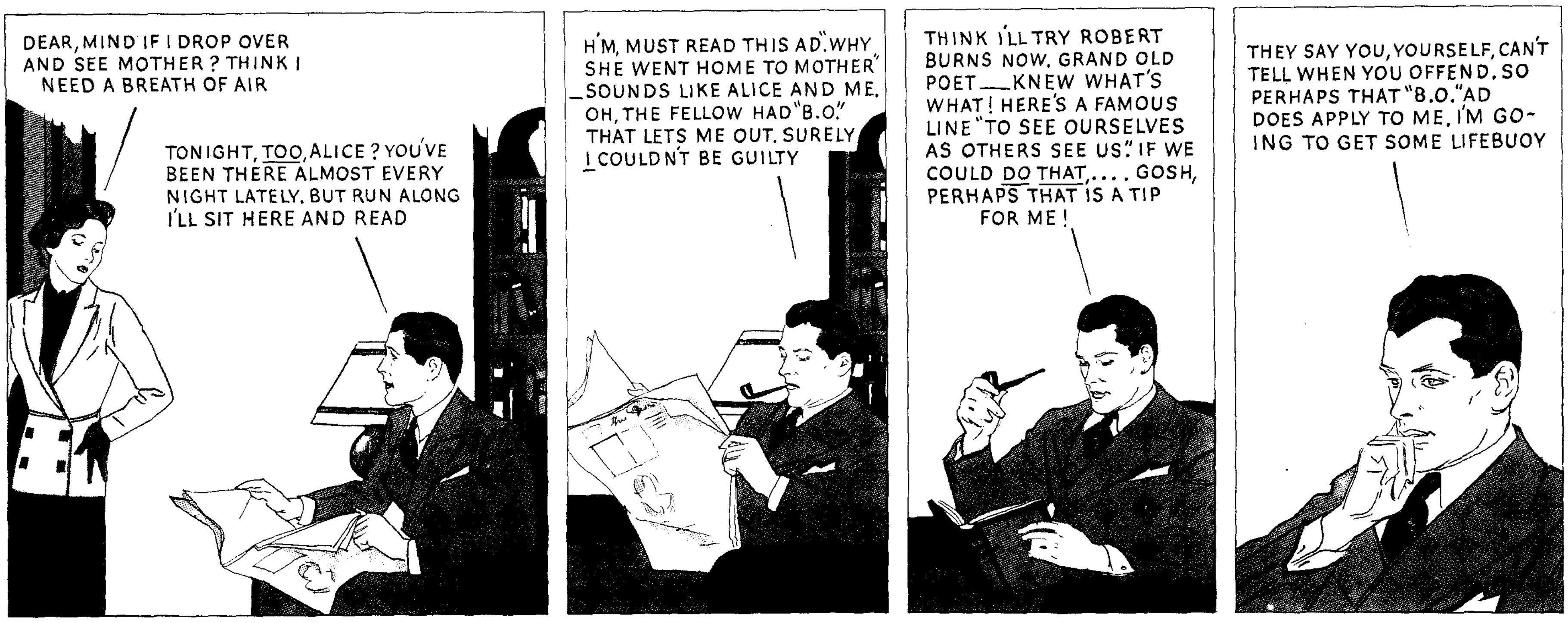
Similarly, old age pensions, and old age insurance where the system is established, will drive us to think fruitfully about protection for the last few years. Much can be done.

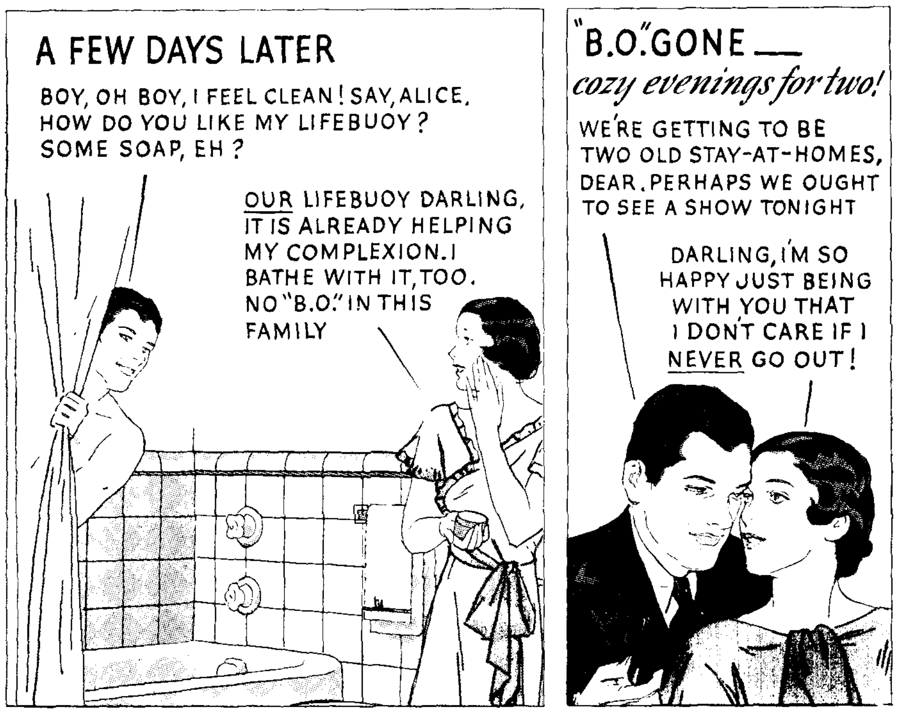
The prejudice against employing middle-aged and even old people in industry is very largely irrational. Nobody has any accumulated body of facts which shows that the middle-aged or older workers are less efficient, everything considered. The older worker may be a little slower but even speed varies much with individuals. Some old people are faster workers than some youngsters.

Certainly judgment improves with experience. At the present time the prejudice against older workers rests on no scientific basis. As we have to pay taxes or insurance premiums to support those who are discarded because of age, we shall naturally be impelled to reconsider their competence. We ought in justice to do this without compulsion.

Further, we must work out measures to protect the savings of those who earn enough and are foresighted enough to plan to provide for their own future needs.

IF WE COULD SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US


DEAR, MIND IF I DROP OVER AND SEE MOTHER? THINK I NEED A BREATH OF AIR
TONIGHT, TOO, ALICE? YOU'VE BEEN THERE ALMOST EVERY NIGHT LATELY. BUT RUN ALONG I'LL SIT HERE AND READ
H'M, MUST READ THIS AD". WHY SHE WENT HOME TO MOTHER" —SOUNDS LIKE ALICE AND ME. OH, THE FELLOW HAD "B.O." THAT LETS ME OUT. SURELY I COULDN'T BE GUILTY
THINK I'LL TRY ROBERT BURNS NOW. GRAND OLD POET — KNEW WHAT'S WHAT! HERE'S A FAMOUS LINE "TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US". IF WE COULD DO THAT, ... GOSH, PERHAPS THAT IS A TIP FOR ME!
THEY SAY YOU, YOURSELF, CAN'T TELL WHEN YOU OFFEND. SO PERHAPS THAT "B.O." AD DOES APPLY TO ME. I'M GOING TO GET SOME LIFEBUOY

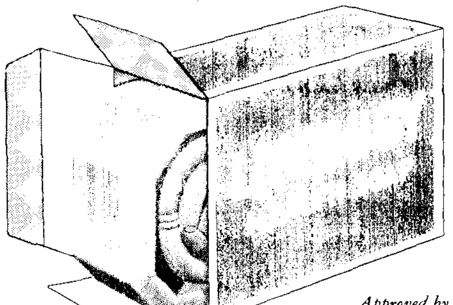

A FEW DAYS LATER
BOY, OH BOY, I FEEL CLEAN! SAY, ALICE, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY LIFEBUOY? SOME SOAP, EH?
OUR LIFEBUOY DARLING, IT IS ALREADY HELPING MY COMPLEXION. I BATHE WITH IT, TOO. NO "B.O." IN THIS FAMILY
"B.O." GONE — cozy evenings for two!
WE'RE GETTING TO BE TWO OLD STAY-AT-HOMES, DEAR. PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO SEE A SHOW TONIGHT
DARLING, I'M SO HAPPY JUST BEING WITH YOU THAT I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER GO OUT!

A COMPLEXION AS LOVELY AS YOURS JUST ASKS FOR KISSES, DEAR
I OWE THAT COMPLIMENT TO LIFEBUOY!

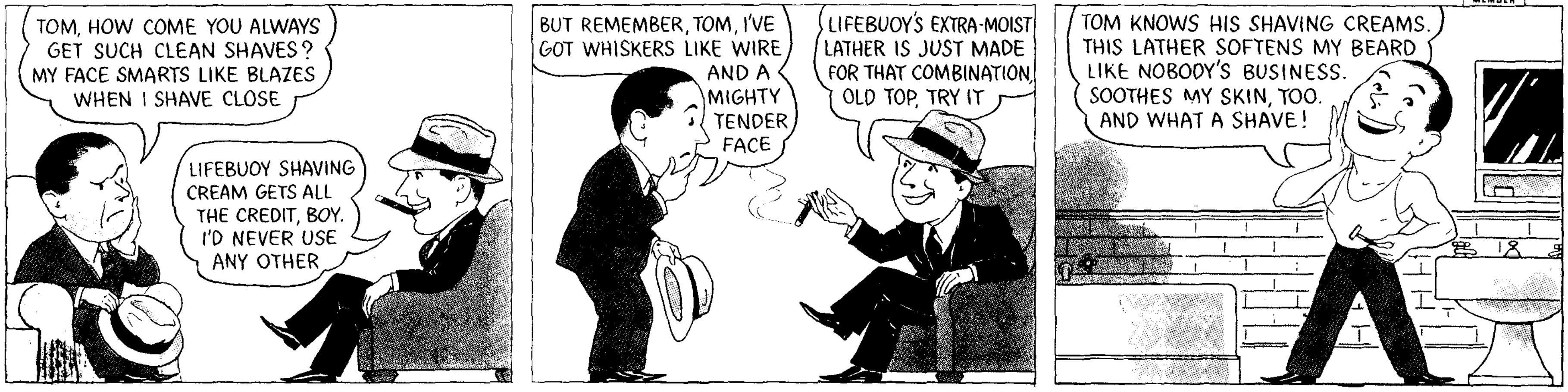
HOW much *soap* has to do with romance—especially when the soap is *Lifebuoy!* This famous, coral-pink soap brings to dull complexions new clearness—radiance that attracts. Its deep-cleansing, deodorizing lather guards daintiness, too. Ends that fault no sweetheart can forgive—"B.O." (*body odor*).

"B.O." weather here

Take no chances these warm, perspiry days. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You'll enjoy its rich, mild lather—abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft. And by its pleasant, quickly-vanishing scent you can tell you're safe from "B.O." Make Lifebuoy a daily habit for face, hands, bath.

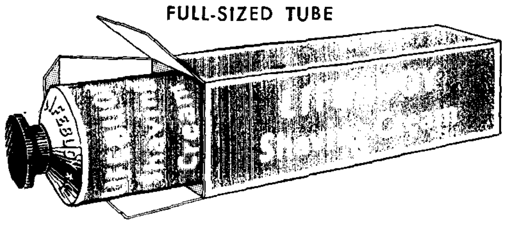


Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


TOM, HOW COME YOU ALWAYS GET SUCH CLEAN SHAVES? MY FACE SMARTS LIKE BLAZES WHEN I SHAVE CLOSE
LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM GETS ALL THE CREDIT, BOY. I'D NEVER USE ANY OTHER
BUT REMEMBER, TOM, I'VE GOT WHISKERS LIKE WIRE AND A MIGHTY TENDER FACE
LIFEBUOY'S EXTRA-MOIST LATHER IS JUST MADE FOR THAT COMBINATION, OLD TOP, TRY IT
TOM KNOWS HIS SHAVING CREAMS. THIS LATHER SOFTENS MY BEARD LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS. SOOTHES MY SKIN, TOO. AND WHAT A SHAVE!

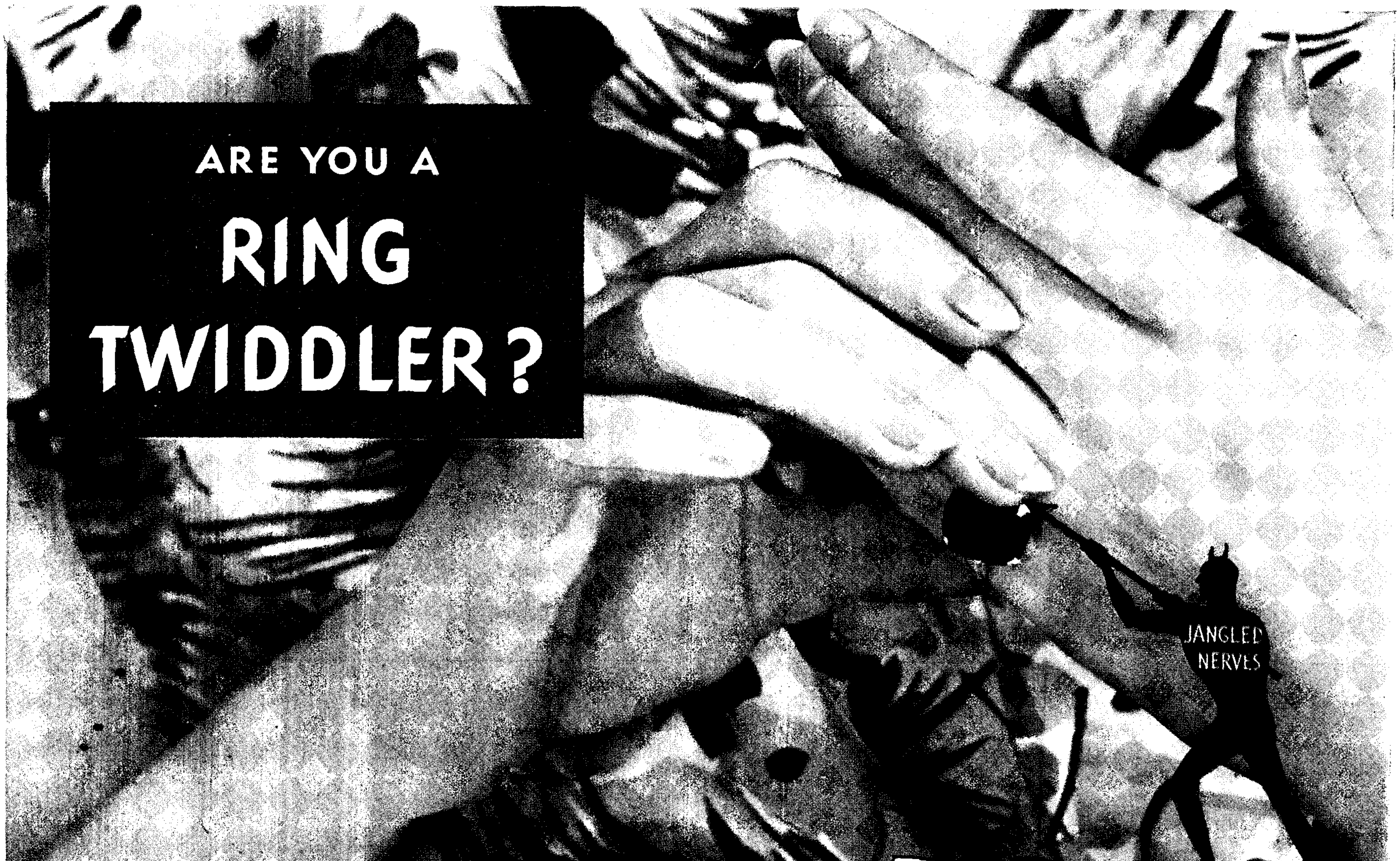
You can't beat this new, extra-moist lather for clean, lasting, soothing shaves!

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG, FULL-SIZED TUBE



DOES your face get that seedy "I need a shave" feel and look before evening? Then switch to this new extra-moist lather. Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather doesn't dry up or break down on your face like ordinary lather. It holds 52% more moisture. *Soaks* stiff beards soft—*extra soft.* That's why the razor gets off every whisker clean—right at the skin line—for close, easy, all-day shaves. And it soothes tender skin during the shave—leaves it soft, supple—without the dry, drawn after-feel. Economical, too, a little makes a lot of lather. Try it. Get the big, cheerful red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-116, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day trial tube. (*This offer is good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

ARE YOU A RING TWIDDLER?


JANGLED NERVES

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Check your nervous habits for signs of jangled nerves

Are you worried? Do you sometimes have trouble in getting to sleep? Have you any of those little nervous habits such as twisting your handkerchief—frowning—playing with your ring?

These may all be signs of jangled nerves. And jangled nerves can frequently make you look years older than you are.

So now is the time to check up. Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And watch your smoking.

Remember, if you smoke Camels—you can smoke as much as you like—for Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves.

NEW! *Game Book Sent FREE*

New—illustrated book of 20 ways to test your nerves ... Fascinating! Amazing! "Show up" your friends. See if *you* have healthy nerves. Send fronts from 2 packages of Camels with order-blank below. Free book is sent postpaid.

KNOW YOUR NERVES
20 NEW NERVE TESTS — FASCINATING! EDUCATIONAL! See if you can do them
CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

CLIP HERE...MAIL NOW

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Dept. 128-B, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Send me book of nerve tests postpaid.

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City ______________________ State ______________

Offer expires December 31, 1934

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Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT ...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES